THE

WORKS

OF

SHAKESPEARE.

VOLUME the SEVENTH.

CONTAINING

The LIFE of KING HENRY VIII.
The LIFE and DEATH of KING LEAR,
TIMON of ATHENS.

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M.DCC.LXVII.

WORKS

OF

SHAKESPEARE.

THE LIFE OF HENRY VIII.

Dramatis Perſonæ.

KING HENRY the Eighth.
Cardinal WOLSEY.
CRANMER, Archbiſhop of Canterbury.
Duke of NORFOLK.
Duke of BUCKINGHAM.
Duke of SUFFOLK.
Earl of SURREY.
Lord Chamberlain.
Cardinal CAMPEIUS, the Pope's Legate.
CAPUCIUS, Ambaſſador from the Emperor Charles the Fifth.
Sir THOMAS AUDLEY, Lord Keeper.
GARDINER, Biſhop of Wincheſter.
Biſhop of Lincoln.
Lord ABERGAVENNY.
Lord SANDS.
Sir HENRY GUILDFORD.
Sir THOMAS LOVEL.
Sir ANTHONY DENNY.
Sir NICHOLAS VAUX.
Sir WILLIAM SANDS,
CROMWELL, ſervant to Wolſey.
GRIFFITH, Gentleman-uſher to Queen Catharine.
Three Gentlemen.
Doctor BUTTS, Phyſician to the King.
GARTER, King at Arms.
Surveyor to the Duke of Buckingham.
BRANDON.
Serjeant at Arms.
Door-keeper to the Council-chamber.
Porter and his Man.

Queen CATHARINE.
ANNE BULLEN.
An old Lady, friend to Anne Bullen.
PATIENCE, woman to Queen Catharine.

Several Lords and Ladies in the dumb ſhows. Women attending upon the Queen; Spirits, which appear to her. Scribes, Officers, Guards, and other attendants.

The SCENE *lyes moſtly in London and Weſtminſter; once at Kimbolton.*

PROLOGUE.

I Come no more to make you laugh; things now
That bear a weighty and a ſerious brow,
Sad, high, and working, full of ſtate and woe,
Such noble ſcenes as draw the eye to flow,
We ſhall preſent. Thoſe that can pity, here
May, if they think it well, let fall a tear;
The ſubject will deſerve it. Such as give
Their money out of hope they may believe,
May here find truth too. Thoſe that come to ſee
Only a ſhow or two, and ſo agree
The play may paſs, if they be ſtill and willing,
I'll undertake may ſee away their ſhilling
Richly in two ſhort hours. Only they
That come to hear a merry baudy play,
A noiſe of targets, or to ſee a fellow *
In a long moatly coat, guarded with yellow,
Will be deceiv'd: for, gentle hearers, know,
To rank our choſen truth with ſuch a ſhow †,
As fool and fight is, beſides forfeiting
Our own brains, and the opinion that we bring

* Alluding to the *fools* and *buffoons* introduced for the generality in the plays a little before our author's time, and of whom he has left us a ſmall taſte in his own. *Theobald.*

† This is not the only paſſage in which Shakeſpeare has diſcovered his conviction of the impropriety of battles repreſented on the ſtage. He knew that five or ſix men with ſwords give a very unſatisfactory idea of an army; and therefore, without much care to excuſe his former practice, he allows, that a theatrical fight would deſtroy all *opinion* of *truth*, and *leave* him *never an underſtanding friend. Magnis ingeniis et multa nihilominus habituris ſimplex convenit erroris confeſſio.* Yet I know not whether the coronation ſhewn in this play may not be liable to all that can be objected againſt a battle. *Johnſon.*

PROLOGUE.

To make that only true we now intend,*
Will leave us ne'er an underſtanding friend.
Therefore, for Goodneſs' ſake, as you are known
The firſt and happieſt hearers of the town,
Be ſad, as we would make ye. Think ye ſee
The very perſons of our noble ſtory
As they were living; think you ſee them great,
And follow'd with the gen'ral throng and ſweat
Of thouſand friends; then, in a moment, ſee
How ſoon this mightineſs meets miſery!
And if you can be merry then, I'll ſay
A man may weep upon his wedding-day.

* Theſe lines I do not underſtand, and ſuſpect them of corruption. I believe we may better read thus:

———*the opinion which we bring*
Or make; that only truth *we now intend.* Johnſon.

The LIFE of KING HENRY VIII.

ACT I. SCENE I.

An Antechamber in the Palace.

Enter the Duke of Norfolk, *at one door; at the other the Duke of* Buckingham, *and the Lord* Abergavenny.

Buckingham.

GOOD morrow, and well met. How have you done,
Since laſt we ſaw in France?
Nor. I thank your Grace,
Healthful, and ever ſince a freſh admirer
Of what I ſaw there.
Buck. An untimely ague
Staid me a priſoner in my chamber when
Thoſe ſuns of glory, thoſe two lights of men,
Met in the vale of Arde.
Nor. 'Twixt Guynes and Arde:
I was then preſent, ſaw 'em ſalute on horſe-back,
Beheld them when they lighted, how they clung
In their embracement, as they grew together;
Which had they, what four thron'd ones could have weigh'd
Such a compounded one?
Buck. All the whole time
I was my chamber's priſoner.
Nor. Then you loſt
The view of earthly glory. Men might ſay,
'Till this time Pomp was ſingle, but now marry'd
To one above itſelf. Each following day

Became the next day's maſter, 'till the laſt *
Made former wonders it's. To-day the French,
All clinquant, all in gold, like heathen gods,
Shone down the Engliſh; and to-morrow they
Made Britain, India, every man that ſtood,
Shew'd like a mine. Their dwarfiſh pages were
As cherubins all gilt. The Madams too,
Not us'd to toil, did almoſt ſweat to bear
The pride upon them; that their very labour
Was to them as a painting. Now this maſk
Was cry'd incomparable; and th' enſuing night
Made it a fool and beggar. The two Kings,
Equal in luſtre, were now beſt, now worſt,
As preſence did preſent them; him in eye,
Still him in praiſe; and being preſent both,
'Twas ſaid they ſaw but one; and no diſcerner
Durſt wag his tongue in cenſure †. When theſe ſuns,
For ſo they phraſe 'em, by their heralds challeng'd
The noble ſpirits to arms, they did perform
Beyond Thought's compaſs; that old fabulous ſtory,
Being now ſeen poſſible enough, got credit,
That Bevis ‡ was believ'd.

Buck. Oh, you go far.

Nor. As I belong to worſhip, and affect
In honour honeſty, the tract of every thing
Would by a good diſcourſer loſe ſome life,
Which Action's ſelf was tongue to. All was royal,
To the diſpoſing of it; nought rebell'd,
Order gave each thing view: the office || did
Diſtinctly his full function.

Buck. Who did guide,
I mean, who ſet the body and the limbs
Of this great ſport together, as you gueſs?

* *Became the* laſt *day's maſter, till the* next, *&c.* Canons of Criticiſm.

† *Cenſure* for determination, of which had the nobleſt appearance. *Warburton.*

‡ The old romantic legend of Bevis of Southampton. *Pope.*

|| Each *office.* Canons of Criticiſm.

Nor. One, certes, that promiſes no element *
In ſuch a buſineſs.

Buck. Pray you, who, my Lord?

Nor. All this was order'd by the good diſcretion
Of the right rev'rend Cardinal of York.

Buck. The devil ſpeed him! no man's pye is freed
From his ambitious finger. What had he
To do in theſe fierce vanities? I wonder
That ſuch a keech † can with his very bulk
Take up the rays o' th' beneficial ſun,
And keep it from the earth.

Nor. Yet, ſurely, Sir,
There's in him ſtuff that puts him to thoſe ends.
For being not propt by anceſtry, whoſe grace
Chalks ſucceſſors their way; nor call'd upon
For high feats done to th' crown; neither ally'd
To eminent aſſiſtants; but ſpider-like
Out of his ſelf-drawing web;—this gives us note,
The force of his own merit makes his way;
A gift that Heaven gives for him, which buys
A place next to the King.

Aber. I cannot tell
What Heav'n hath giv'n him; let ſome graver eye
Pierce into that: but I can ſee his pride
Peep through each part of him; whence has he that?
If not from hell, the devil is a niggard,
Or has giv'n all before; and he begins
A new hell in himſelf.

Buck. Why the devil,
Upon this French going out, took he upon him,
Without the privity o' th' King, t' appoint
Who ſhould attend him? He makes up the file
Of all the gentry; for the moſt part ſuch,
To whom as great a charge as little honour
He meant to lay upon; and his own letter,

* No initiation, no previous practice *Johnſon.*

† A *keech* is a ſolid lump or maſs. A cake of wax or tallow, formed in a mould, is called yet in ſome places a *keech.* Johnſon.

The honourable board of council out,
Muſt fetch in him he papers *.
Aber. I do know
Kinſmen of mine, three at the leaſt, that have
By this ſo ſicken'd their eſtates, that never
They ſhall abound as formerly.
Buck. O, many
Have broke their backs with laying manors on 'em
For this great journey. What did this vanity
But miniſter communication of
A moſt poor iſſue?
Nor. Grievingly, I think,
The peace between the French and us not values
The coſt that did conclude it.
Buck. Every man,
After the hideous ſtorm that follow'd, was
A thing inſpir'd; and not conſulting, broke
Into a general prophecy, that this tempeſt,
Daſhing the garment of this peace, aboded
The ſudden breach on't.
Nor. Which is budded out;
For France hath flaw'd the league, and hath attach'd
Our merchants' goods at Bourdeaux.
Aber. Is it therefore
Th' ambaſſador is ſilenc'd?
Nor. Marry is't.
Aber. A proper title of a peace, and purchas'd
At a ſuperfluous rate!
Buck. Why, all this buſineſs
Our rev'rend Cardinal carried.
Nor. Like it your Grace,
The ſtate takes notice of the private difference
Betwixt you and the Cardinal. I adviſe you,
And take it from a heart that wiſhes tow'rds you
Honour and plenteous ſafety, that you read
The Cardinal's malice and his potency
Together: to conſider further, that
What his high hatred would effect, wants not

* He *papers*, a verb; his own letter, by his own ſingle authority and without the concurrence of the council, muſt fetch in him whom he papers down. *Pope.*

A miniſter in his pow'r. You know his nature,
That he's revengeful; and I know his ſword
Hath a ſharp edge; it's long, and 't may be ſaid
It reaches far; and where 'twill not extend,
Thither he darts it. Boſom up my counſel,
You'll find it wholeſome. Lo, where comes that rock
That I adviſe your ſhunning.

SCENE II.

Enter Cardinal Wolſey, *the purſe borne before him, certain of the guard, and two Secretaries with papers; the Cardinal in his paſſage fixeth his eye on* Buckingham, *and* Buckingham *on him, both full of diſdain.*

Wol. The Duke of Buckingham's Surveyor? ha!
Where's his examination?
Sec. Here, ſo pleaſe you.
Wol. Is he in perſon ready?
Sec. Ay, an't pleaſe your Grace.
Wol. Well, we ſhall then know more;
And Buckingham ſhall leſſen this big look.
[*Exeunt Cardinal and his train.*
Buck. This butcher's cur is venom-mouth'd, and I
Have not the power to muzzle him; therefore beſt
Not wake him in his ſlumber. A beggar's book
Out-worths a noble's blood.
Nor. What, are you chaf'd?
Aſk God for temp'rance; that's th' appliance only
Which your diſeaſe requires.
Buck. I read in's look
Matter againſt me, and his eye revil'd
Me as his abject object; at this inſtant
He bores * me with ſome trick. He's gone to th'
I'll follow and out-ſtare him. [King;
Nor. Stay, my Lord;
And let your reaſon with your choler queſtion
What 'tis you go about. To climb ſteep hills
Requires ſlow pace at firſt. Anger is like

* He ſtabs or wounds me by ſome artifice or fiction. *Johnſon.*

A full-hot horſe, who being allow'd his way,
Self-mettle tires him Not a man in England
Can adviſe me like you; be to yourſelf
As you would to your friend.

Buck. I'll to the King,
And from a mouth of honour quite cry down
This Ipſwich fellow's inſolence; or proclaim
There's diff'rence in no perſons.

Nor. Be adviſ'd;
Heat not a furnace for your foe ſo hot,
That it do ſinge yourſelf. We may out-run,
By violent ſwiftneſs, that which we run at,
And loſe by over-running; know you not
The fire that mounts the liquor 'till't run o'er,
Seeming t' augment it, waſtes it? be adviſ'd;
I ſay again, there is no Engliſh ſoul
More ſtronger to direct you than yourſelf,
If with the ſap of reaſon you would quench,
Or but allay the fire of paſſion.

Buck. Sir,
I'm thankful to you, and I'll go along
By your preſcription; but this top-proud fellow,
(Whom from the flow of gall I name not, but
From ſincere motions) by intelligence
And proofs as clear as founts in July, when
We ſee each grain of gravel, I do know
To be corrupt and treaſonous.

Nor. Say not treaſonous.

Buck. To th' King I'll ſay't, and make my vouch as ſtrong
As ſhore of rock.——Attend. This holy fox,
Or wolf, or both, for he is equal rav'nous
As he is ſubtle, and as prone to miſchief
As able to perform't; his mind and place
Infecting one another, yea reciprocally,
Only to ſhew his pomp, as well in France
As here at home, ſuggeſts the King our maſter
To this laſt coſtly treaty, th' interview
That ſwallow'd ſo much treaſure, and like a glaſs
Did break i' th' rinſing.

Nor. 'Faith, and ſo it did.

Buck. Pray, give me favour, Sir.——This cunning Cardinal
The articles o' th' combination drew,
As himſelf pleas'd, and they were ratify'd,
As he cry'd, *let it be*—to as much end,
As give a crutch to th' dead. But our Court-Cardinal
Has done this, and 'tis well; for worthy Wolſey,
Who cannot err, he did it Now this follows,
Which, as I take it, is a kind of puppy
To th' old dam, Treaſon; Charles the Emperor,
Under pretence to ſee the Queen his aunt,
(For 'twas indeed his colour, but he came
To whiſper Wolſey), here makes a viſitation:
His fears were, that the interview betwixt
England and France might, through their amity,
Breed him ſome prejudice; for from this league
Peep'd harms that menac'd him. He privily
Deals with our Cardinal, and, as I trow,
Which I do well, for I am ſure the Emperor
Paid ere he promis'd, whereby his ſuit was granted
Ere it was aſk'd. But when the way was made,
And pav'd with gold, the Emp'ror thus deſir'd,
That he would pleaſe to alter the King's courſe,
And break the foreſaid peace. Let the King know,
As ſoon he ſhall by me, that thus the Cardinal
Does buy and ſell his honour as he pleaſes,
And for his own advantage.

Nor. I am ſorry
To hear this of him; and could wiſh you were
Something miſtaken in't.

Buck. No, not a ſyllable:
I do pronounce him in that very ſhape
He ſhall appear in proof.

SCENE III.

Enter Brandon, *a Serjeant at Arms before him, and two or three of the Guard.*

Bran. Your office, Serjeant; execute it.

Serj. Sir,
My Lord the Duke of Buckingham, and Earl
Of Hertford, Stafford and Northampton, I

Arreſt thee of high treaſon, in the name
Of our moſt ſov'reign King.
Buck. Lo you, my Lord,
The net has fall'n upon me; I ſhall periſh
Under device and practice.
Bran. I am ſorry
To ſee you ta'en from liberty, to look on
The buſineſs preſent. 'Tis his Highneſs' pleaſure
You ſhall to th' Tower.
Buck. It will help me nothing
To plead mine innocence; for that dye is on me
Which makes my whit'ſt part black. The will of Heav'n
Be done in this and all things. I obey.
O my Lord Aberga'ny, fare ye well.
Bran. Nay, he muſt bear you company. The King [*To* Aberg.
Is pleas'd you ſhall to th' Tower, till you know
How he determines further.
Aber. As the Duke ſaid,
The will of Heav'n be done, and the King's pleaſure
By me obey'd.
Bran. Here is a warrant from
The King t' attach Lord Montague, and the bodies
Of the Duke's Confeſſor, John de la Court,
And Gilbert Peck his Chancellor.
Buck. So, ſo;
Theſe are the limbs o' th' plot. No more, I hope?
Bran. A monk o' th' Chartreux.
Buck. Nicholas Hopkins.
Bran. He.
Buck. My Surveyor is falſe; the o'er-great Cardinal
Hath ſhew'd him gold; my life is ſpann'd already.
I am the ſhadow of poor Buckingham,
Whoſe figure ev'n this inſtant cloud puts on,
By dark'ning my clear ſun.—My Lord, farewell.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Changes to the Council-Chamber.

Cornet. Enter King Henry, *leaning on the Cardinal's ſhoulder; the Nobles, and Sir* Thomas Lovel. *The Cardinal places himſelf under the King's feet, on his right-ſide.*

King. My life itſelf, and the beſt heart of it,
Thanks you for this great care. I ſtood i' th' level
Of a full-charg'd confed'racy, and give thanks
To you that choak'd it. Let be call'd before us
That gentleman of Buckingham's, in perſon
I'll hear him his confeſſions juſtify,
And point by point the treaſons of his maſter
He ſhall again relate.

A noiſe within, *crying*, Room for the Queen. *Enter the* Queen, *uſhered by the Dukes of* Norfolk *and* Suffolk: *ſhe kneels; the King riſeth from his ſtate, takes her up, kiſſes and places her by him.*

Queen. Nay, we muſt longer kneel; I am a ſuitor.
King. Ariſe, and take your place by us. Half your ſuit
Never name to us, you have half our power;
The other moiety, ere you aſk, is given:
Repeat your will, and take it.
Queen. Thank your Majeſty.
—That you would love yourſelf, and in that love
Not unconſider'd leave your honour, nor
The dignity of your office, is the point
Of my petition.
King. Lady mine, proceed.
Queen. I am ſollicited, not by a few,
And thoſe of true condition, that your ſubjects
Are in great grievance. There have been commiſſions
Sent down among 'em, which have flaw'd the heart
Of all their loyalties: wherein although, [*To* Wol.
My good Lord Cardinal, they vent reproaches
Moſt bitterly on you, as putter on
Of theſe exactions; yet the King our maſter,

Whoſe honour Heav'n ſhield from ſoil, ev'n he 'ſcapes not
Language unmannerly; yea ſuch which breaks
The ſides of loyalty, and almoſt appears
In loud rebellion.

Nor. Not almoſt appears,
It doth appear; for, upon theſe taxations,
The clothiers all, not able to maintain
The many to them 'longing, have put off
The ſpinſters, carders, fullers, weavers; who,
Unfit for other life, compell'd by hunger
And lack of other means, in deſp'rate manner
Daring th' event to th' teeth, are all in uproar,
And Danger ſerves among them.

King. Taxation?
Wherein? and what taxation? My Lord Cardinal,
You, that are blam'd for it alike with us,
Know you of this taxation?

Wol. Pleaſe you, Sir,
I know but of a ſingle part in aught
Pertains to th' ſtate, and front but in that file
Where others tell ſteps with me.

Queen. No, my Lord,
You know no more than others; but you frame
Things that are known alike, which are not whol-ſome
To thoſe which would not know them, and yet muſt
Perforce be their acquaintance. Theſe exactions,
Whereof my Sovereign would have note, they are
Moſt peſtilent to th' hearing; and, to bear 'em,
The back is ſacrifice to th' load. They ſay
They are devis'd by you, or elſe you ſuffer
Too hard an exclamation.

King. Still exaction!
The nature of it? In what kind let's know
Is this exaction?

Queen. I am much too vent'rous
In tempting of your patience, but am bolden'd
Under your promis'd pardon. The ſubjects' grief
Comes thro' commiſſions, which compel from each
The ſixth part of his ſubſtance, to be levy'd
Without delay; and the pretence for this

Is nam'd, your wars in France. This makes bold mouths,
Tongues ſpit their duties out, and cold hearts freeze
Allegiance in them; all their curſes now
Live where their pray'rs did; and its come to paſs,
That tractable obedience is a ſlave
To each incenſed will. I would your Highneſs
Would give it quick conſideration, for
There is no primer buſineſs.

King. By my life
This is againſt our pleaſure.

Wol. And for me,
I have no further gone in this, than by
A ſingle voice; and that not paſt me, but
By learned approbation of the judges.
If I'm traduc'd by tongues which neither know
My faculties nor perſon, yet will be
The chronicles of my doing; let me ſay
'Tis but the fate of place, and the rough brake
That virtue muſt go through. We muſt not ſtint
Our neceſſary actions, in the fear
To cope malicious cenſurers; which ever
As rav'nous fiſhes do a veſſel follow
That is new trimm'd, but benefit no further
Than vainly longing. What we oft do beſt,
By ſick interpreters, or weak ones, is
Not ours, or not allow'd; what worſt, as oft
Hitting a groſſer quality, is cry'd up
For our beſt act. If we ſtand ſtill, in fear
Our motion will be mock'd or carped at,
We ſhould take root here where we ſit, or ſit
State-ſtatues only.

King. Things done well,
And with a care, exempt themſelves from fear;
Things done without example, in their iſſue
Are to be fear'd. Have you a precedent
Of this commiſſion? I believe not any.
We muſt not rend our ſubjects from our laws,
And ſtick them in our will. Sixth part of each!
A trembling contribution!—Why, we take
From ev'ry tree, lop, bark, and part o' th' timber;
And though we leave it with a root, thus hack'd,

The air will drink the ſap. To ev'ry county
Where this is queſtion'd ſend our letters, with
Free pardon to each man that has deny'd
The force of this commiſſion. Pray, look to't;
I put it to your care.

Wol. A word with you. [*To the Secretary.*
Let there be letters writ to ev'ry ſhire,
Of the King's grace and pardon. The griev'd Com-
Hardly conceive of me; let it be nois'd, [mons,
That, through our interceſſion, this revokement
And pardon comes; I ſhall anon adviſe you
Further in the proceeding. [*Exit Secretary.*

SCENE V.

Enter Surveyor.

Queen. I'm ſorry that the Duke of Buckingham
Is run in your diſpleaſure.

King. It grieves many.
The gentleman is learn'd, a moſt rare ſpeaker,
To nature none more bound; his training ſuch,
That he may furniſh and inſtruct great teachers,
And never ſeek for aid out of himſelf.
Yet ſee, when noble benefits * ſhall prove
Not well diſpos'd, the mind growing once corrupt,
They turn to vicious forms, ten times more ugly
Than ever they were fair. This man ſo compleat,
Who was enroll'd 'mongſt wonders, and when we,
Almoſt with liſt'ning raviſh'd, could not find
His hour of ſpeech a minute; he, my Lady,
Hath into monſtrous habits put the graces
That once were his, and is become as black,
As if beſmear'd in hell. Sit by us, you ſhall hear
(This was his gentleman in truſt) of him
Things to ſtrike honour ſad. Bid him recount
The fore-recited practices, whereof
We cannot feel too little, hear too much.

Wol. Stand forth, and with bold ſpirit relate what
Moſt like a careful ſubject, have collected [you,

* Great gifts of nature and education, not joined with good diſpoſitions. *Johnſon.*

Out of the Duke of Buckingham.

King. Speak freely.

Surv. Firſt, it was uſual with him, ev'ry day
It would infect his ſpeech, that if the King
Should without iſſue die, he'd carry it ſo
To make the ſceptre his. Theſe very words
I've heard him utter to his ſon-in-law,
Lord Aberga'ny, t' whom by oath he menac'd
Revenge upon the Cardinal.

Wol. Pleaſe your Highneſs, note
This dangerous conception in this point:
Not friended by his wiſh to your high perſon,
His will is moſt malignant, and it ſtretches
Beyond you to your friends.

Queen. My learn'd Lord Cardinal,
Deliver all with charity.

King. Speak on.
How grounded he his title to the crown
Upon our fail? To this point haſt thou heard him
At any time ſpeak aught?

Surv. He was brought to this
By a vain propheſy of Nicholas Hopkins.

King. What was that Hopkins?

Surv. Sir, a Chartreux friar,
His confeſſor, who fed him every minute
With words of ſov'reignty.

King. How know'ſt thou this?

Surv. Not long before your Highneſs ſped to France,
The Duke being at the Roſe, within the pariſh
St Lawrence Poultney, did of me demand
What was the ſpeech among the Londoners
Concerning the French journey? I reply'd,
Men fear'd the French would prove perfidious,
To the King's danger. Preſently the Duke
Said, 'twas the fear indeed; and that he doubted
'Twould prove the verity of certain words
Spoke by a holy monk; that oft, ſays he,
Hath ſent to me wiſhing, me to permit
John de la Court, my chaplain, a choice hour
To hear from him a matter of ſome moment;
Whom, after under the confeſſion's ſeal

He ſolemnly had ſworn, that what he ſpoke
My chaplain to no creature living, but
To me, ſhould utter; with demure confidence,
Thus pauſingly enſu'd;—Neither the King, nor's heirs,
(Tell you the Duke) ſhall proſper: bid him ſtrive
To gain the love o' th' commonalty. The Duke
Shall govern England.———

Queen. If I know you well,
You were the Duke's ſurveyor, and loſt your office
On the complaint o' th' tenants. Take good heed
You charge not in your ſpleen a noble perſon,
And ſpoil your nobler ſoul. I ſay, take heed;
Yes, heartily I beſeech you.

King. Let him on.
—Go forward.

Surv. On my ſoul, I'll ſpeak but truth.
I told my Lord the Duke, by th' devil's illuſions
The monk might be deceiv'd; and that 'twas dang'rous
For him to ruminate on this, until
It forg'd him ſome deſign, which being believ'd,
It was much like to do; he anſwer'd, *Tuſh,*
It can do me no damage. Adding further,
That had the King in his laſt ſickneſs fail'd,
The Cardinal's and Sir Thomas Lovel's heads
Should have gone off.

King. Ha! what ſo rank? ah, ha———
There's miſchief in this man. Canſt thou ſay further?

Surv. I can, my Liege.

King. Proceed.

Surv. Being at Greenwich,
After your Highneſs had reprov'd the Duke
About Sir William Blomer——

King. I remember
Of ſuch a time. He being my ſworn ſervant,
The Duke retain'd him his. But on, what hence?

Surv. If, quoth he, I for this had been committed,
As to the Tower, I thought; I would have play'd
The part my father meant to act upon
Th' uſurper Richard, who, being at Saliſbury,

Made ſuit to come in's preſence; which, if granted,
As he made ſemblance of his duty, would
Have put his knife into him.

King. A giant traitor!

Wol. Now, Madam, may his Highneſs live in freedom,
And this man out of priſon?

Queen. God mend all!

King. There's ſomething more would out of thee; what ſay'ſt?

Surv. After the Duke his father with the knife,—
He ſtretch'd him, and with one hand on his dagger,
Another ſpread on's breaſt, mounting his eyes,
He did diſcharge a horrible oath, whoſe tenour
Was, were he evil-us'd, he would out-go
His father, by as much as a performance
Does an irreſolute purpoſe.

King. There's his period,
To ſheath his knife in us. He is attach'd;
Call him to preſent trial; if he may
Find mercy in the law, 'tis his; if none,
Let him not ſeek't of us. By day and night,
He's traitor to the height. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.

An Apartment in the Palace.

Enter Lord Chamberlain, and Lord Sands.

Cham. Is't poſſible the ſpells of France ſhould juggle
Men into ſuch ſtrange myſteries *?

Sands. New cuſtoms,
Though they be never ſo ridiculous,
Nay, let 'em be unmanly, yet are follow'd.

Cham. As far as I ſee, all the good our Engliſh
Have got by the laſt voyage, is but merely
A fit or two o' the face †; but they are ſhrewd ones;
For when they hold 'em, you would ſwear directly
Their very noſes had been counſellors

* Strange *mockeries.* Warburton.

† A fit of the face ſeems to be what we now term a *grimace*, an artificial caſt of the countenance. *Johnſon.*

To Pepin or Clotharius, they keep ſtate ſo.
Sands. They've all new legs, and lame ones; one would take it,
That never ſaw 'em pace before, the ſpavin
And ſpring-halt reign'd among 'em.
Cham. Death! my Lord.
Their cloaths are after ſuch a Pagan cut too,
That, ſure, they've worn out Chriſtendom. How now?
What news, Sir Thomas Lovel?

Enter Sir Thomas Lovel.

Lov. Faith, my Lord,
I hear of none, but the new proclamation
That's clap'd upon the court gate.
Cham. What is't for?
Lov. The reformation of our travell'd gallants,
That fill the court with quarrels, talk and tailors.
Cham. I'm glad 'tis there; now I would pray our Monſieurs
To think an Engliſh courtier may be wiſe,
And never ſee the Louvre.
Lov. They muſt either
(For ſo run the conditions) leave thoſe remnants
Of fool and feather that they got in France,
With all their honourable points of ignorance
Pertaining thereunto, as fights and fire-works,
Abuſing better men than they can be,
Out of a foreign wiſdom, clean renouncing
The faith they have in tennis, and tall ſtockings,
Short-bolſter'd breeches, and thoſe types of travel;
And underſtand again like honeſt men,
Or pack to their old play-fellows; there, I take it,
They may, *cum privilegio*, wear away
The lag-end of their lewdneſs, and be laugh'd at.
Sands. 'Tis time to give them phyſic, their diſeaſes
Are grown ſo catching.
Cham. What a loſs our ladies
Will have of theſe trim vanities?
Lov. Ay, marry,
There will be woe indeed, Lords; the ſly whoreſons
Have got a ſpeeding trick to lay down ladies.
A French ſong and a fiddle has no fellow.

Sands. The devil fiddle 'em! I'm glad they're going;
For, ſure, there's no converting 'em. Now, Sirs,
An honeſt country lord, as I am, beaten
A long time out of play, may bring his plain ſong,
And have an hour of hearing, and, by'r Lady,
Held current muſic too.

Cham. Well ſaid, Lord Sands;
Your colt's tooth is not caſt yet?

Sands. No, my Lord,
Nor ſhall not, while I have a ſtump.

Cham. Sir Thomas,
Whither are you going?

Lov. To the Cardinal's;
Your Lordſhip is a gueſt too.

Cham. O, 'tis true;
This night he makes a ſupper, and a great one,
To many lords and ladies; there will be
The beauty of this kingdom, I'll aſſure you.

Lov. That churchman bears a bounteous mind indeed,
A hand as fruitful as the land that feeds us;
His dew falls ev'ry where.

Cham. No doubt he's noble;
He had a black mouth that ſaid other of him.

Sands. He may, my Lord, h' as wherewithal; in him
Sparing would ſhew a worſe ſin than ill doctrine.
Men of his way ſhould be moſt liberal,
They're ſet here for examples.

Cham. True, they are ſo;
But few now give ſo great ones. My barge ſtays;
Your Lordſhip ſhall along. Come, good Sir Thomas,
We ſhall be late elſe, which I would not be;
For I was ſpoke to, with Sir Henry Guilford,
This night to be comptrollers.

Sands. I'm your Lordſhip's. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII.

Changes to York-*Houſe.*

Hautboys. A ſmall table under a ſtate for the Cardinal, a longer table for the gueſts. Then enter Anne Bullen, *and divers other Ladies and Gentlewomen, as gueſts, at one door; at another door, enter Sir* Henry Guilford.

Guil. Ladies, a gen'ral welcome from his Grace
Salutes ye all; this night he dedicates
To fair content and you; none here, he hopes,
In all this noble bevy, has brought with her
One care abroad; he would have all as merry
As, firſt, good company, then good wine, good welcome,
Can make good people.

Enter Lord Chamberlain, Lord Sands *and* Lovel.

O my Lord, y'are tardy;
The very thoughts of this fair company
Clap'd wings to me.
Cham. You're young, Sir Harry Guilford.
Sands. Sir Thomas Lovel, had the Cardinal
But half my lay-thoughts in him, ſome of theſe
Should find a running banquet, ere they reſted;
I think 'twould better pleaſe 'em. By my life
They are a ſweet ſociety of fair ones.
Lov. O, that your Lordſhip were but now confeſſor
To one or two of theſe.
Sands. I would I were;
They ſhould find eaſy penance.
Lov. 'Faith, how eaſy?
Sands. As eaſy as a down-bed would afford it.
Cham. Sweet Ladies, will it pleaſe you ſit? Sir Harry,
Place you that ſide, I'll take the charge of this.
His Grace is entring. Nay, you muſt not freeze;
Two women, placed together, make cold weather.
My Lord Sands, you are one will keep 'em waking;

Pray, ſit between theſe ladies.
Sands. By my faith,
And thank your Lordſhip. By your leave, ſweet Ladies—— [*Sits.*
If I chance to talk a little wild, forgive me,
I had it from my father.
Anne. Was he mad, Sir?
Sands. O, very mad, exceeding mad, in love too;
But he would bite none; juſt as I do now,
He'd kiſs you twenty with a breath. [*Kiſſes her.*
Cham. Well ſaid, my Lord.
So, now y'are fairly ſeated. Gentlemen,
The penance lyes on you, if theſe fair ladies
Paſs away frowning.
Sands. For my little cure,
Let me alone.

Hautboys. Enter Cardinal Wolſey, *and takes his ſtate.*

Wol. Y'are welcome, my fair gueſts. That noble lady
Or gentleman that is not freely merry,
Is not my friend. This, to confirm my welcome;
And to you all good health. [*Drinks.*
Sands. Your Grace is noble.
Let me have ſuch a bowl may hold my thanks,
And ſave me ſo much talking.
Wol. My Lord Sands,
I am beholden to you; cheer your neighbour.
—Ladies, you are not merry.—Gentlemen,
Whoſe fault is this?
Sands. The red wine firſt muſt riſe
In their fair cheeks, my Lord; then we ſhall have 'em
Talk us to ſilence.
Anne. You're a merry gameſter,
My Lord Sands.
Sands. Yes, if I make my play.
Here's to your Ladyſhip, and pledge it, Madam,
For 'tis to ſuch a thing——
Anne. You cannot ſhew me.
Sands. I told your Grace that they would talk anon.
[*Drum and trumpets, chambers diſcharg'd.*

Wol. What's that?
Cham. Look out there, ſome of ye.
Wol. What warlike voice,
And to what end is this? Nay, Ladies, fear not;
By all the laws of war y' are privileg'd.

Enter a Servant.

Cham. How now? what is't?
Serv. A noble troop of ſtrangers,
For ſo they ſeem; they have left their barge and landed,
And hither make, as great ambaſſadors
From foreign princes.
Wol. Good Lord Chamberlain,
Go give 'em welcome; you can ſpeak the French tongue;
And, pray, receive them nobly, and conduct 'em
Into our preſence, where this heav'n of beauty
Shall ſhine at full upon them Some attend him.
[*All ariſe, and tables removed.*
—You've now a broken banquet, but we'll mend it.
A good digeſtion to you all; and, once more,
I ſhow'r a welcome on ye. Welcome all.

Hautboys. Enter King and others as Maſkers, habited like Shepherds, uſher'd by the Lord Chamberlain. They paſs directly before the Cardinal, and gracefully ſalute him.

A noble company! what are their pleaſures?
Cham. Becauſe they ſpeak no Engliſh, thus they pray'd
To tell your Grace, that having heard by fame
Of this ſo noble and ſo fair aſſembly,
This night to meet here, they could do no leſs,
Out of the great reſpect they bear to beauty,
But leave their flocks, and under your fair conduct
Crave leave to view theſe ladies, and entreat
An hour of revels with 'em.
Wol. Say, Lord Chamberlain,
They've done my poor houſe grace, for which I pay 'em

A thouſand thanks, and pray 'em take their pleaſures.

[*Chuſes ladies. King and* Anne Bullen.

King. The faireſt hand I ever touch'd! O beauty,
'Till now I never knew thee. [*Muſic. Dance.*

Wol. My Lord,——

Cham. Your Grace—

Wol. Pray tell 'em thus much from me:
There ſhould be one amongſt 'em by his perſon
More worthy this place than myſelf, to whom,
If I but knew him, with my love and duty
I would ſurrender it. [*Whiſper.*

Cham. I will, my Lord.

[*Chamb. goes to the company, and returns.*

Wol. What ſay they?

Cham. Such a one, they all confeſs,
There is, indeed; which they would have your Grace
Find out, and he will take it.

Wol. Let me ſee then.
By all your good leaves, Gentlemen, here I'll make
My royal choice.

King. You've found him, Cardinal.
You hold a fair aſſembly; you do well, Lord.
You are a churchman, or, I'll tell you, Cardinal,
I ſhould judge now unhappily *.

Wol. I'm glad
Your Grace is grown ſo pleaſant.

King. My Lord Chamberlain,
Pr'ythee come hither. What fair lady's that?

Cham. An't pleaſe your Grace, Sir Thomas Bullen's daughter,
The Viſcount Rochford, one of her Highneſs' women.

King. By Heaven ſhe's a dainty one. Sweet heart,
I were unmannerly to take you out,
[*To* Anne Bullen.
And not to kiſs you. A health, gentlemen——
Let it go round.

* That is, *unluckily, miſchievouſly.*

Wol. Sir Thomas Lovel, is the banquet ready
I' th' privy chamber?
Lov. Yes, my Lord.
Wol. Your Grace,
I fear, with dancing is a little heated.
King. I fear too much.
Wol. There's freſher air, my Lord,
In the next chamber.
King. Lead in your ladies every one. Sweet partner,
I muſt not yet forſake you. Let's be merry:
Good my Lord Cardinal, I have half a dozen healths
To drink to theſe fair ladies, and a meaſure
To lead them once again; and then let's dream
Who's beſt in favour. Let the muſic knock it.
[*Exeunt with trumpets.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

A Street.

Enter two Gentlemen at ſeveral doors.

1 *Gentleman.*

WHither away ſo faſt?
2 *Gen.* O Sir, God ſave ye:
Ev'n to the hall, to hear what ſhall become
Of the great Duke of Buckingham.
1 *Gen.* I'll ſave you
That labour, Sir. All's now done, but the ceremony
Of bringing back the priſ'ner.
2 *Gen.* Were you there?
1 *Gen.* Yes, indeed, was I.
2 *Gen.* Pray, ſpeak, what has happen'd?
1 *Gen.* You may gueſs quickly what.
2 *Gen.* Is he found guilty?
1 *Gen.* Yes, truly is he, and condemn'd upon't.
2 *Gen.* I'm ſorry for't.
1 *Gen.* So are a number more.
2 *Gen.* But, pray, how paſs'd it?
1 *Gen.* I'll tell you in a little. The great Duke

Came to the bar, where, to his accuſations,
He pleaded ſtill *Not guilty*, and alledg'd
Many ſharp reaſons to defeat the law.
The King's attorney, on the contrary,
Urg'd on examinations, proofs, confeſſions
Of divers witneſſes, which the Duke deſir'd
To have brought *viva voce* to his face;
At which appear'd againſt him, his ſurveyor,
Sir Gilbert Peck his chancellor, and John Court
Confeſſor to him, with that devil-monk
Hopkins, that made this miſchief.

2 *Gen.* That was he
That fed him with his prophecies.

1 *Gen.* The ſame.
All theſe accus'd him ſtrongly, which he fain
Would have flung from him, but, indeed, he could not:
And ſo his peers, upon this evidence,
Have found him guilty of high treaſon. Much
He ſpoke, and learnedly, for life; but all
Was either pitied in him, or forgotten.

2 *Gen.* After all this, how did he bear himſelf?

1 *Gen.* When he was brought again to th' bar, to hear
His knell rung out, his judgment, he was ſtirr'd
With ſuch an agony, he ſweat extremely;
And ſomething ſpoke in choler, ill and haſty;
But he fell to himſelf again, and ſweetly
In all the reſt ſhew'd a moſt noble patience.

2 *Gen.* I do not think he fears death.

1 *Gen.* Sure he does not,
He never was ſo womaniſh; the cauſe
He may a little grieve at.

2 *Gen.* Certainly
The Cardinal is the end of this.

1 *Gen.* 'Tis likely,
By all conjectures. Firſt, Kildare's attainder,
Then Deputy of Ireland; who remov'd,
Earl Surrey was ſent thither, and in haſte too,
Leſt he ſhould help his father.

2 *Gen.* That trick of ſtate
Was a deep envious one.

1 *Gen.* At his return,
No doubt he will requite it; this is noted,
And, generally, whoever the King favours,
The Cardinal inſtantly will find employment for,
And far enough from court too.
2 *Gen.* All the Commons
Hate him perniciouſly, and, o' my conſcience,
Wiſh him ten fathom deep; this Duke as much
They love and doat on, call him bounteous Buck-
The mirror of all curteſy. [ingham,

SCENE II.

Enter Buckingham *from his arraignment, (Tipſtaves before him, the axe with the edge toward him, halberds on each ſide) accompanied with Sir* Thomas Lovel, *Sir* Nicholas Vaux, *Sir* William Sands, *and common people*, &c.

1 *Gen.* Stay there, Sir,
And ſee the noble ruin'd man you ſpeak of.
2 *Gen.* Let's ſtand cloſe, and behold him.
Buck. All good people,
You that thus far have come to pity me,
Hear what I ſay, and then go home and loſe me:
I have this day received a traitor's judgment,
And by that name muſt die; yet, Heav'n bear wit-
And if I have a conſcience, let it ſink me [neſs,
Even as the axe falls, if I be not faithful.
To the law I bear no malice for my death,
It has done, upon the premiſes, but juſtice;
But thoſe that ſought it I could wiſh more Chriſtians:
Be what they will, I heartily forgive 'em;
Yet let 'em look they glory not in miſchief,
Nor build their evils on the graves of great men;
For then my guiltleſs blood muſt cry againſt 'em.
For further life in this world I ne'er hope,
Nor will I ſue, although the King have mercies
More than I dare make faults. Ye few that lov'd me,
And dare be bold to weep for Buckingham,
His noble friends and fellows, whom to leave
Is only bitter to him, only dying,
Go with me, like good angels, to my end:

And as the long divorce of ſteel falls on me,
Make of your prayers one ſweet ſacrifice,
And lift my ſoul to heav'n.——Lead on, o' God's name.

Lov. I do beſeech your Grace for charity;
If ever any malice in your heart
Were hid againſt me, now forgive me frankly.

Buck. Sir Thomas Lovel, I as free forgive you,
As I would be forgiv'n; I forgive all.
There cannot be thoſe numberleſs offences
'Gainſt me, I can't take peace with: no black envy
Shall make * my grave.——Commend me to his Grace;
And if he ſpeak of Buckingham, pray tell him,
You met him half in heav'n: my vows and pray'rs
Yet are the King's; and, till my ſoul forſake me,
Shall cry for bleſſings on him. May he live
Longer than I have time to tell his years!
Ever belov'd and loving may his rule be!
And when old Time ſhall lead him to his end,
Goodneſs and he fill up one monument!

Lov. To th' water-ſide I muſt conduct your Grace,
Then give my charge up to Sir Nicholas Vaux,
Who undertakes you to your end.

Vaux. Prepare there,
The Duke is coming. See the barge be ready,
And fit it with ſuch furniture as ſuits
The greatneſs of his perſon.

Buck. Nay, Sir Nicholas,
Let it alone; my ſtate now will but mock me.
When I came hither I was Lord High Conſtable,
And Duke of Buckingham; now poor Edward Bohun:
Yet I am richer than my baſe accuſers,
That never knew what truth meant; I now ſeal it,
And with that blood will make 'em one day groan for't.
My noble father, Henry of Buckingham,
Who firſt rais'd head againſt uſurping Richard,
Flying for ſuccour to his ſervant Baniſter,
Being diſtreſs'd, was by that wretch betray'd,
And without trial fell; God's peace be with him!

* Shall *mark* my grave. *Warburton.*

Henry the Seventh ſucceeding, truly pitying
My father's loſs, like a moſt royal Prince,
Reſtor'd to me my honours; and, from ruins,
Made my name once more noble. Now his ſon,
Henry the Eighth, life, honour, name, and all
That made me happy, at one ſtroke has taken
For ever from the world. I had my trial,
And muſt needs ſay, a noble one, which makes me
A little happier than my wretched father;
Yet thus far we are one in fortune, both
Fell by our ſervants, by thoſe men we lov'd moſt.
A moſt unnatural and faithleſs ſervice!
Heav'n has an end in all: yet, you that hear me,
This from a dying man receive as certain;
Where you are lib'ral of your loves and counſels,
Be ſure you be not looſe; thoſe you make friends,
And give your hearts to, when they once perceive
The leaſt rub in your fortunes, fall away
Like water from ye, never found again,
But where they mean to ſink ye. All good people
Pray for me! I muſt leave ye; the laſt hour
Of my long weary life is come upon me.
Farewell; and when you would ſay ſomething ſad,
Speak how I fell.—I've done; and God forgive me!
[*Exeunt* Buckingham *and Train.*

1 *Gen.* O this is full of pity; Sir, it calls,
I fear, too many curſes on their heads
That were the authors.

2 *Gen.* If the Duke be guiltleſs,
'Tis full of woe; yet I can give you inkling
Of an enſuing evil, if it fall,
Greater than this.

1 *Gen.* Good angels keep it from us!
What may it be? You do not doubt my faith, Sir?

2 *Gen.* This ſecret is ſo weighty, 'twill require
A ſtrong faith * to conceal it.

1 *Gen.* Let me have it;
I do not talk much.

2 *Gen.* I am confident;
You ſhall, Sir. Did you not of late days hear

* *Strong faith* is great fidelity. *Johnſon.*

A buzzing of a ſeparation
Between the King and Catharine?
1 *Gen.* Yes, but it held not;
For when the King once heard it, out of anger
He ſent command to the Lord Mayor ſtrait
To ſtop the rumour, and allay thoſe tongues
That durſt diſperſe it.
2 *Gen.* But that ſlander, Sir,
Is found a truth now; for it grows again
Freſher than e'er it was, and held for certain
The King will venture at it. Either the Cardinal,
Or ſome about him near, have, out of malice
To the good Queen, poſſeſs'd him with a ſcruple
That will undo her. To confirm this too,
Cardinal Campeius is arriv'd, and lately,
As all think, for this buſineſs.
1 *Gen.* 'Tis the Cardinal;
And merely to revenge him on the Emperor,
For not beſtowing on him, at his aſking,
The Archbiſhopric of Toledo, this is purpos'd.
2 *Gen.* I think you've hit the mark; but is't not cruel
That ſhe ſhould feel the ſmart of this? The Car-
Will have his will, and ſhe muſt fall. [dinal
1 *Gen.* 'Tis woful.
We are too open here to argue this:
Let's think in private more. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

An Antechamber in the Palace.

Enter Lord Chamberlain reading a letter.

My Lord, the horſes your Lordſhip ſent for, with all the care I had I ſaw well choſen, ridden, and furniſhed. They were young and handſome, and of the beſt breed in the North. When they were ready to ſet out for London, a man of my Lord Cardinal's, by commiſſion and main power, took 'em from me, with this reaſon, his maſter would be ſerv'd before a ſubject, if not before the King; which ſtopped our mouths, Sir.

I fear he will, indeed. Well, let him have them;
He will have all, I think.

Enter to the Lord Chamberlain the Dukes of Norfolk *and* Suffolk.

Nor. Well met, my Lord Chamberlain.
Cham. Good day to both your Graces.
Suf. How is the King employ'd?
Cham. I left him private,
Full of ſad thoughts and troubles.
Nor. What's the cauſe?
Cham. It ſeems the marriage with his brother's wife
Has crept too near his conſcience.
Suf. No, his conſcience
Has crept too near another lady.
Nor. 'Tis ſo:
This is the Cardinal's doing; the King-Cardinal!
That blind prieſt, like the eldeſt ſon of Fortune,
Turns what he liſts. The King will know him one day.
Suf. Pray God he do! he'll never know himſelf elſe.
Nor. How holily he works in all his buſineſs,
And with what zeal! for now he has crack'd the league
'Tween us and th' Emperor, the Queen's great nephew.
He dives into the King's ſoul, and there ſcatters
Doubts, dangers, wringing of the conſcience,
Fears and deſpair, and all theſe for his marriage;
And out of all theſe, to reſtore the King,
He counſels a divorce; a loſs of her
That, like a jewel, has hung twenty years
About his neck, yet never loſt her luſtre;
Of her that loves him with that excellence,
That angels love good men with; even of her
That, when the greateſt ſtroke of fortune falls,
Will bleſs the King. And is not this courſe pious?
Cham. Heav'n keep me from ſuch counſel! 'tis moſt true,
Theſe news are every where; every tongue ſpeaks 'em,

And ev'ry true heart weeps for't. All that dare
Look into theſe affairs ſee his main end,
The French King's ſiſter. Heav'n will one day open
The King's eyes, that ſo long have ſlept upon
This bold bad man.
Suf. And free us from his ſlavery.
Nor. We had need pray, and heartily, for de-
Or this imperious man will work us all [liv'rance;
From princes into pages; all men's honours
Ly like one lump before him, to be faſhion'd
Into what pitch he pleaſe.
Suf. For me, my Lords,
I love him not, nor fear him, there's my creed.
As I am made without him, ſo I'll ſtand,
If the King pleaſe; his curſes and his bleſſings
Touch me alike; they're breath I not believe in.
I knew him, and I know him; ſo I leave him
To him that made him proud, the Pope.
Nor. Let's in,
And with ſome other buſineſs put the King
From theſe ſad thoughts that work too much upon
—My Lord, you'll bear us company? [him.
Cham. Excuſe me,
The King hath ſent me other-where; beſides,
You'll find a moſt unfit time to diſturb him.
Health to your Lordſhips. [*Exit Lord Chamberlain.*
Nor. Thanks, my good Lord Chamberlain.

SCENE IV.

The Scene draws, and diſcovers the King ſitting, and reading penſively.

Suf. How ſad he looks! ſure he is much afflicted.
King. Who's there? ha!
Nor. Pray God he be not angry.
King. Who's there, I ſay? how dare you thruſt
Into my private meditations? [yourſelves
Who am I? ha!
Nor. A gracious King, that pardons all offences
Malice ne'er meant. Our breach of duty this way
Is buſineſs of eſtate, in which we come
To know your royal pleaſure.

King. Ye are too bold;
Go to; I'll make you know your times of buſineſs.
Is this an hour for temporal affairs? ha!

Enter Wolſey, *and* Campeius *the Pope's legate, with a commiſſion.*

Who's there? my good Lord Cardinal?——O my
The quiet of my wounded conſcience! [Wolſey,
Thou art a cure fit for a King.——You're wel-
come, [*To* Campeius.
Moſt learned, reverend Sir, into our kingdom;
Uſe us and it. My good Lord, have great care
I be not found a talker. [*To* Wolſey.
Wol. Sir, you cannot.
I would your Grace would give us but an hour
Of private conf'rence.
King. We are buſy; go. [*To* Norf. *and* Suff.
Nor. This prieſt has no pride in him?
Suf. Not to ſpeak of:
I would not be ſo ſick * though, for his place.
But this cannot continue.
Nor. If it do,
I'll venture one heave at him.
Suf. I another. [*Exeunt* Norf. *and* Suff.
Wol. Your Grace has given a precedent of wiſdom
Above all princes, in committing freely
Your ſcruple to the voice of Chriſtendom.
Who can be angry now? what envy reach you?
The Spaniard, ty'd by blood and favour to her,
Muſt now confeſs, if he have any goodneſs,
The trial juſt and noble. All the clerks,
I mean the learned ones, in Chriſtian kingdoms,
Have their free voices. Rome, the nurſe of judg-
Invited by your noble ſelf, hath ſent [ment,
One general tongue unto us; this good man,
This juſt and learned prieſt, Cardinal Campeius;
Whom once more I preſent unto your Highneſs.
King. And once more in mine arms I bid him
welcome,
And thank the holy conclave for their loves;

* That is, *ſo ſick* as he is proud. *Johnſon*.

They've ſent me ſuch a man I would have wiſh'd for.

Cam. Your Grace muſt needs deſerve all ſtrangers' loves,
You are ſo noble. To your Highneſs' hand
I tender my commiſſion; by whoſe virtue,
The court of Rome commanding, you, my Lord
Cardinal of York, are join'd with me, their ſervant,
In the impartial judging of this buſineſs.

King. Two equal men. The Queen ſhall be acquainted
Forthwith for what you come. Where's Gardiner?

Wol. I know your Majeſty has always lov'd her
So dear in heart, not to deny her what
A woman of leſs place might aſk by law,
Scholars allow'd freely to argue for her.

King. Ay, and the beſt ſhe ſhall have; and my favour
To him that does beſt; God forbid elſe! Cardinal,
Pr'ythee: call Gardiner to me, my new ſecretary
I find him a fit fellow.

Cardinal goes out, and re-enters with Gardiner.

Wol. Give me your hand; much joy and favour to you;
You are the King's now.

Gard. But to be commanded
For ever by your Grace, whoſe hand has rais'd me.

King. Come hither, Gardiner.

[*Walks and whiſpers.*

Cam. My Lord of York, was not one Doctor Pace
In this man's place before him?

Wol. Yes, he was.

Cam. Was he not held a learned man?

Wol. Yes ſurely.

Cam. Believe me, there's an ill opinion ſpread then,
Ev'n of yourſelf, Lord Cardinal.

Wol. How? of me!

Cam. They will not ſtick to ſay you envy'd him;
And fearing he would riſe, he was ſo virtuous,
Kept him a foreign man ſtill, which ſo griev'd him,
That he ran mad and dy'd.

Wol. Heav'n's peace be with him!

That's Chriſtian care enough. For living murmurers
There's places of rebuke. He was a fool;
For he would needs be virtuous. That good fellow,
If I command him, follows my appointment;
I will have none ſo near elſe. Learn this, brother,
We live not to be grip'd by meaner perſons.

King. Deliver this with modeſty to th' Queen.

[*Exit* Gardiner.

The moſt convenient place that I can think of,
For ſuch receipt of learning, is Black-Friar's;
There ye ſhall meet about this weighty buſineſs.
My Wolſey, ſee it furniſh'd. O my Lord,
Would it not grieve an able man to leave
So ſweet a bedfellow? But conſcience! conſcience!
O, 'tis a tender place, and I muſt leave her.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

An Antechamber of the Queen's Apartment.

Enter Anne Bullen, *and an old Lady.*

Anne. Not for that neither—here's the pang that pinches.
His Highneſs having liv'd ſo long with her, and ſhe
So good a lady that no tongue could ever
Pronounce diſhonour of her, (by my life,
She never knew harm-doing) oh, now after
So many courſes of the ſun, enthron'd,
Still growing in a majeſty and pomp,
The which to leave's a thouſand-fold more bitter
Than ſweet at firſt t'acquire; after this proceſs,
To give her the avant! it is a pity
Would move a monſter.

Old L. Hearts of moſt hard temper
Melt and lament for her.

Anne. In God's will, better
She ne'er had known pomp: though 't be temporal,
Yet if that quarrel * Fortune, do divorce

* Quarrel, for *quarreller.* Johnſon.

It from the bearer, 'tis a ſuff'rance panging
As ſoul and body's ſev'ring.
Old L. Ah! poor lady,
She's ſtranger now again.
Anne. So much the more
Muſt pity drop upon her: verily,
I ſwear 'tis better to be lowly born,
And range with humble livers in content,
Than to be perk'd up in a gliſt'ring grief,
And wear a golden ſorrow.
Old L. Our content
Is our beſt having.
Anne. By my troth and maidenhead
I would not be a Queen.
Old L. Beſhrew me, I would,
And venture maidenhead for't; and ſo would you,
For all this ſpice of your hypocriſy.
You, that have ſo fair parts of woman on you,
Have too a woman's heart, which ever yet
Affected eminence, wealth, ſovereignty,
Which, to ſay ſooth, are bleſſings; and which gifts,
Saving your mincing, the capacity
Of your ſoft cheveril conſcience would receive,
If you might pleaſe to ſtretch it.
Anne. Nay, good troth——
Old L. Yes, troth and troth, you would not be
a Queen?
Anne. No, not for all the riches under heav'n.
Old L. 'Tis ſtrange; a three-pence bow'd would
hire me,
Old as I am, to queen it. But, I pray you,
What think you of a duchеſs? have you limbs
To bear that load of title?
Anne. No, in truth.
Old L. Then you are weakly made; pluck off †
a little.
I would not be a young Count in your way,

† I think we may better read,
——*pluck* up *a little.*
Pluck up! is an idiomatical expreſſion for *take courage.*
Johnſon.

For more than bluſhing comes to. If your back
Cannot vouchſafe this burden, 'tis too weak
Ever to get a boy.
Anne. How you do talk!
I ſwear again I would not be a queen
For all the world.
Old L. In faith, for little England
You'd venture an emballing: I myſelf
Would for Carnarvonſhire, though there belong'd
No more to th' crown but that. Lo, who comes here?

Enter Lord Chamberlain.

Cham. Good morrow, Ladies; what were't worth to know
The ſecret of your conf'rence?
Anne. My good Lord,
Not your demand; it values not your aſking:
Our miſtreſs' ſorrows we were pitying.
Cham. It was a gentle buſineſs, and becoming
The action of good women. There is hope
All will be well.
Anne. Now, I pray God, amen!
Cham. You bear a gentle mind, and heav'nly bleſſings
Follow ſuch creatures. That you may, fair Lady,
Perceive I ſpeak ſincerely, an high note's
Ta'en of your many virtues; the King's Majeſty
Commends his good opinion to you, and
Does purpoſe honour to you, no leſs flowing
Than Marchioneſs of Pembroke; to which title
A thouſand pounds a year, annual ſupport,
Out of his grace he adds.
Anne. I do not know
What kind of my obedience I ſhould tender.
More than my all is nothing; nor my prayers
Are not words duly hallow'd, nor my wiſhes
More worth than vanities; yet pray'rs and wiſhes
Are all I can return. 'Beſeech your Lordſhip,
Vouchſafe to ſpeak my thanks and my obedience,
As from a bluſhing handmaid to his Highneſs,
Whoſe health and royalty I pray for.

Cham. Lady,
I ſhall not fail t' approve the fair conceit
The King hath of you.—I've perus'd her well.
Beauty and honour are in her ſo mingled, [*Aſide.*
That they have caught the King? and who knows yet,
But from this Lady may proceed a gem
To lighten all this iſle?—I'll to the King,
And ſay I ſpoke with you.
[*Exit Lord Chamberlain.*
Anne. My honour'd Lord.
Old L. Why, this it is: ſee, ſee!
I have been begging ſixteen years in court,
Am yet a courtier beggarly, nor could
Come pat betwixt *too early* and *too late*,
For any ſuit of pounds; and you, oh fate!
A very freſh fiſh here; fy, fy upon
This compell'd fortune, have your mouth fill'd up
Before you open it.
Anne. This is ſtrange to me.
Old L. How taſtes it? is it bitter? forty pence *,
There was a lady once ('tis an old ſtory), [no.
That would not be a queen, that would ſhe not,
For all the mud in Egypt. Have you heard it?
Anne. Come, you are pleaſant.
Old L. With your theme I could
O'er-mount the lark. The Marchioneſs of Pembroke!
A thouſand pounds a year, for pure reſpect!
No other obligation? By my life,
That promiſes more thouſands; Honour's train
Is longer than his fore-ſkirt. By this time
I know your back will bear a ducheſs. Say,
Are you not ſtronger than you were?
Anne. Good Lady,
Make yourſelf mirth with your particular fancy,
And leave me out on't. 'Would I had no being,
If this ſalute my blood a jot; it faints me
To think what follows.

* Mr Roderick hath undoubtedly reſtored the true reading: "*for two pence*, no." *Reviſal.*

The Queen is comfortleſs, and we forgetful
In our long abſence. Pray do not deliver
What here y'ave heard to her.
Old L. What do you think me?— [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.

Changes to Black-Friar's.

*Trumpets, ſennet * and cornets. Enter two Vergers with ſhort ſilver wands; next them two Scribes in the habits of doctors; after them the Archbiſhop of* Canterbury *alone; after him the Biſhops of* Lincoln, Ely, Rocheſter, *and St* Aſaph; *next them, with ſome ſmall diſtance, follows a Gentleman bearing the purſe, with the great ſeal, and the Cardinal's hat; then two Prieſts, bearing each a ſilver croſs; then a Gentleman-uſher bare-headed, accompanied with a Serjeant at Arms, bearing a mace; then two Gentlemen, bearing two great ſilver pillars; after them, ſide by ſide, the two Cardinals; two Noblemen with the ſword and mace. The King takes place under the cloth of ſtate; the two Cardinals ſit under him, as judges. The Queen takes place, ſome diſtance from the King. The Biſhops place themſelves on each ſide the Court, in manner of a conſiſtory; below them the Scribes. The Lords ſit next the Biſhops. The reſt of the Attendants ſtand in convenient order about the ſtage.*

Wol. Whilſt our commiſſion from Rome is read,
Let ſilence be commanded.
King. What's the need?
It hath already publicly been read,
And on all ſides th' authority allow'd:
You may then ſpare that time.
Wol. Be't ſo; proceed.

* Sennet was an inſtrument of muſic, as appears from other places of this author, but of what kind I know not. *Johnſon.*

Scrib. Say, Henry King of England,
Come into the court.
Crier. Henry King of England, *&c.*
King. Here.
Scrib. Say, Catharine Queen of England,
Come into the court.
Crier. Catharine Queen of England, *&c.*

[*The Queen makes no anſwer, riſes out of her chair, goes about the court, comes to the King, and kneels at his feet; then ſpeaks.*]

Queen. Sir, I deſire you do me right and juſtice,
And to beſtow your pity on me; for
I am a moſt poor woman, and a ſtranger,
Born out of your dominions; having here
No judge indiff'rent, and no more aſſurance
Of equal friendſhip and proceeding. Alas, Sir,
In what have I offended you? what cauſe
Hath my behaviour giv'n to your diſpleaſure,
That thus you ſhould proceed to put me off,
And take your good grace from me? Heaven wit-
I've been to you a true and humble wife, [neſs,
At all times to your will conformable,
Ever in fear to kindle your diſlike;
Yea, ſubject to your count'nance, glad or ſorry
As I ſaw it inclin'd. When was the hour
I ever contradicted your deſire,
Or made it not mine too? which of your friends
Have I not ſtrove to love, although he knew
He were mine enemy? what friend of mine,
That had to him deriv'd your anger, did I
Continue in my liking? nay, gave not notice
He was from thence diſcharg'd? Sir, call to mind
That I have been your wife, in this obedience,
Upward of twenty years; and have been bleſt
With many children by you: if in the courſe
And proceſs of this time you can report,
And prove it too, againſt mine honour aught,
My bond of wedlock, or my love and duty,
Againſt your ſacred perſon, in God's name,
Turn me away, and let the foul'ſt contempt
Shut door upon me, and ſo give me up

To th' ſharpeſt kind of juſtice. Pleaſe you, Sir,
The King your father was reputed for
A Prince moſt prudent, of an excellent
And unmatch'd wit and judgment. Ferdinand
My father, King of Spain, was reckon'd one
The wiſeſt Prince that there had reign'd by many
A year before. It is not to be queſtion'd
That they had gather'd a wiſe council to them,
Of ev'ry realm, that did debate this buſineſs,
Who deem'd our marriage lawful. Wherefore humbly,
Sir, I beſeech you, ſpare me, till I may
Be by my friends in Spain advis'd, whoſe counſel
I will implore. If not, i'th' name of God,
Your pleaſure be fulfill'd!

Wol. You have here, Lady,
And of your choice, theſe rev'rend fathers, men
Of ſingular integrity and learning;
Yea, the elect o' th' land, who are aſſembled
To plead your cauſe. It ſhall be therefore boot-leſs
That longer you defer the court, as well
For your own quiet, as to rectify
What is unſettled in the King.

Cam. His Grace
Hath ſpoken well and juſtly; therefore, Madam,
It's fit this royal ſeſſion do proceed;
And that, without delay, their arguments
Be now produc'd and heard.

Queen. Lord Cardinal,
To you I ſpeak.

Wol. Your pleaſure, Madam?

Queen. Sir,
I am about to weep; but thinking that
We are a Queen, or long have dream'd ſo; certain
The daughter of a King; my drops of tears
I'll turn to ſparks of fire.

Wol. Be patient yet——

Queen. I will, when you are humble: nay, before.——
Induc'd by potent circumſtances that

You are mine enemy, and make my challenge *,
You ſhall not be my judge. For it is you
Have blown this coal betwixt my Lord and me,
Which God's dew quench! Therefore, I ſay again,
I utterly abhor, yea, from my ſoul
Refuſe you for my judge, whom yet once more
I hold my moſt malicious foe, and think not
At all a friend to truth.

Wol. I do profeſs
You ſpeak not like yourſelf, who ever yet
Have ſtood to charity, and diſplay'd th' effects
Of diſpoſition gentle, and of wiſdom
O'er-topping woman's power. Madam, you wrong me.
I have no ſpleen againſt you, nor injuſtice
For you or any. How far I've proceeded,
Or how far further ſhall, is warranted
By a commiſſion from the conſiſtory,
Yea, the whole conſiſt'ry of Rome. You charge me,
That I have blown this coal: I do deny it:
The King is preſent; if't be known to him
That I gainſay my deed, how may he wound,
And worthily, my falſehood? yea, as much
As you have done my truth. But if he know
That I am free of your report, he knows
I am not of your wrong. Therefore in him
It lyes to cure me, and the cure is to
Remove theſe thoughts from you: the which before
His Highneſs ſhall ſpeak in, I do beſeech
You, gracious Madam, to unthink your ſpeaking,
And to ſay ſo no more.

Queen. My Lord, my Lord,
I am a ſimple woman, much too weak
T' oppoſe your cunning. You are meek, and humble-
mouth'd;

* *Challenge* is here a *verbum juris*, a law term. The criminal, when he refuſes a juryman, ſays, *I* challenge *him.* I think there is a ſlight error which deſtroys the connection, and would read,

Induc'd by potent circumſtances, that
You are mine enemy, I make my challenge.
—You ſhall not be my judge.

You ſign * your place and calling, in full ſeeming,
With meekneſs and humility; but your heart
Is cramm'd with arrogancy, ſpleen, and pride.
You have by fortune, and his Highneſs' favours,
Gone ſlightly o'er low ſteps, and now are mounted,
Where pow'rs are your retainers; and your words,
Domeſtics to you †, ſerve your will, as't pleaſe
Yourſelf pronounce their office. I muſt tell you,
You tender more your perſon's honour, than
Your high profeſſion ſpiritual; that again
I do refuſe you for my judge; and here,
Before you all, appeal unto the Pope,
To bring my whole cauſe 'fore his Holineſs,
And to be judg'd by him.

[*She curt'ſies to the King, and offers to depart.*

Cam. The Queen is obſtinate,
Stubborn to juſtice, apt t' accuſe it, and
Diſdainful to be try'd by't: 'tis not well.
She's going away.

King. Call her again.

Crier. Catharine Queen of England, come into the court.

Uſher. Madam, you are call'd back.

Queen. What need you note it? Pray you keep your way.
When you are call'd, return.—Now the Lord help,
They vex me paſt my patience!—Pray you, paſs on.
I will not tarry; no, nor ever more
Upon this buſineſs my appearance make
In any of their courts.

[*Exeunt Queen and her Attendants.*

SCENE VII.

King. Go thy ways, Kate.
That man i' th' world who ſhall report he has
A better wife, let him in nought be truſted,
For ſpeaking falſe in that. Thou art alone,
If thy rare qualities, ſweet gentleneſs,

* *i. e.* you teſtify. *Reviſal.*

† i. e. *having now got* power, *you do not regard your word.* Johnſon.

Thy meekneſs ſaint-like, wife-like government,
Obeying in commanding, and thy parts
Sov'reign and pious elſe, could ſpeak thee out
The queen of earthly queens. She's noble born;
And, like her true nobility, ſhe has
Carried herſelf tow'rds me.

Wol. Moſt gracious Sir,
In humbleſt manner I require your Highneſs,
That it ſhall pleaſe you to declare in hearing
Of all theſe ears, (for where I'm robb'd and bound,
There muſt I be unloos'd, although not there
At once ‡ and fully ſatisfy'd) if I
Did broach this buſineſs to your Highneſs, or
Laid any ſcruple in your way, which might
Induce you to the queſtion on't, or ever
Have to you, but with thanks to God for ſuch
A royal lady, ſpake one the leaſt word
That might be prejudice of her preſent ſtate,
Or touch of her good perſon?

King. My Lord Cardinal,
I do excuſe you; yea, upon mine honour
I free you from't. You are not to be taught
That you have many enemies that know not
Why they are ſo; but, like the village curs,
Bark when their fellows do; by ſome of theſe
The queen is put in anger. Y'are excus'd;
But will you be more juſtify'd? you ever
Have wiſh'd the ſleeping of this buſineſs, never
Deſir'd it to be ſtirr'd; but oft have hind'red
The paſſages made tow'rds it.—On my honour,
I ſpeak my good Lord Cardinal to this point;
And thus far clear him. Now, what mov'd me to't—
I will be bold with time and your attention.—
Then mark th' inducement. Thus it came—give
heed to't——
My conſcience firſt receiv'd a tenderneſs,
Scruple and prick, on certain ſpeeches utter'd
By th' Biſhop of Bayon, then French ambaſſador;

‡ The ſenſe is no more than this. I muſt be *looſed*, though when ſo *looſed* I ſhall not be *ſatisfied* fully and *at once*; that is, I ſhall not be *immediately* ſatisfied. *Johnſ.*

Who had been hither ſent on the debating
A marriage 'twixt the Duke of Orleans and
Our daughter Mary. I' th' progreſs of this buſineſs,
Ere a determinate reſolution, he
(I mean the Biſhop) did require a reſpite;
Wherein he might the King his Lord advertiſe,
Whether our daughter were legitimate,
Reſpecting this our marriage with the dowager,
Sometime our brother's wife. This reſpite ſhook
The boſom of my conſcience, enter'd me,
Yea, with a ſplitting power, and made me tremble
The region of my breaſt; which forc'd ſuch way,
That many maz'd conſiderings did throng,
And preſt in with this caution. Firſt, methought,
I ſtood not in the ſmile of heav'n, which had
Commanded nature, that my Lady's womb,
If it conceiv'd a male-child by me, ſhould
Do no more offices of life to't, than
The grave does to the dead; for her male-iſſue
Or died where they were made, or ſhortly after
This world had air'd them. Hence I took a thought,
This was a judgment on me, that my kingdom,
Well worthy the beſt heir o' th' world, ſhould not
Be gladded in't by me. Then follows, that
I weigh'd the danger which my realms ſtood in
By this my iſſue's fail; and that gave to me
Many a groaning throe. Thus hulling in
The wild ſea of my conſcience, I did ſteer
Towards this remedy, whereupon we are
Now preſent here together; that's to ſay,
I mean to rectify my conſcience, which
I then did feel full-ſick, and yet not well,
By all the rev'rend fathers of the land
And doctors learn'd. Firſt, I began in private
With you, my Lord of Lincoln; you remember
How, under my oppreſſion, I did reek,
When I firſt mov'd you.

Lin. Very well, my Liege.

King. I have ſpoke long; be pleas'd yourſelf to ſay,
How far you ſatisfy'd me.

Lin. Pleaſe your Highneſs,
The queſtion did at firſt ſo ſtagger me,

Bearing a ſtate of mighty moment in't,
And conſequence of dread, that I committed
The daring'ſt counſel which I had to doubt,
And did entreat your Highneſs to this courſe
Which you are running here.

King. I then mov'd you,
My Lord of Canterbury, and got your leave
To make this preſent ſummons. Unſollicited
I left no rev'rend perſon in this court,
But by particular conſent proceeded
Under your hands and ſeals. Therefore go on;
For no diſlike i' th' world againſt the perſon
Of our good Queen, but the ſharp thorny points
Of my alledged reaſons drive this forward.
Prove but our marriage lawful, by my life
And kingly dignity we are contented
To wear our mortal ſtate to come with her,
Catharine our Queen, before the primeſt creature
That's paragon'd † i' th' world.

Cam. So pleaſe your Highneſs,
The Queen being abſent, 'tis a needful fitneſs
That we adjourn this Court to further day;
Mean while muſt be an earneſt motion
Made to the Queen, to call back her appeal
She intends to his Holineſs.

[*They riſe to depart. The King ſpeaks to* Cranmer.

King. I may perceive
Theſe Cardinals trifle with me; I abhor
This dilatory ſloth, and tricks of Rome.
My learn'd and well-beloved ſervant Cranmer,
Pr'ythee return! with thy approach, I know,
My comfort comes along.—Break up the court.
—I ſay, ſet on. [*Exeunt, in manner as they enter'd.*

† Hanmer reads, I think, better,
——*The primeſt creature*
That's paragon o' th' world. Johnſon.

ACT III. SCENE I.

The Queen's Apartments.

The Queen and her women, as at work.

Queen.

TAKE thy lute, wench, my ſoul grows ſad with troubles:
Sing, and diſperſe 'em, if thou canſt. Leave working.

SONG.

ORpheus with his lute made trees,
And the mountain-tops that freeze,
Bow themſelves when he did ſing.
To his muſic, plants and flowers
Ever ſprung, as ſun and ſhowers
There had made a laſting ſpring.
Ev'ry thing that heard him play,
Ev'n the billows of the ſea,
Hung their heads, and then lay by.
In ſweet muſic is ſuch art,
Killing care, and grief of heart
Fall aſleep, or hearing die.

Enter a Gentleman.

Queen. How now?
Gent. An't pleaſe your Grace, the two great Cardinals
Wait in the preſence.
Queen. Would they ſpeak with me?
Gent. They will'd me ſay ſo, Madam.
Queen. Pray their Graces
To come near. What can be their buſineſs
With me, a poor weak woman, fall'n from favour?
[*Exit Meſſenger.*
I do not like their coming. Now I think on't,
They ſhould be good men, their affairs * are righteous:
But all hoods make not monks.

* *Affairs* for *profeſſions.* Warb.

Enter the Cardinals Wolſey *and* Campeius.

Wol. Peace to your Highneſs!

Queen. Your Graces find me here part of a houſe-wife;
I would be all, againſt the worſt may happen.
What are your pleaſures with me, rev'rend Lords?

Wol. May't pleaſe you, noble Madam, to withdraw
Into your private chamber, we ſhall give you
The full cauſe of our coming.

Queen. Speak it here.
There's nothing I have done yet, o' my conſcience,
Deſerves a corner: 'would all other women
Could ſpeak this with as free a ſoul as I do!
My Lords, I care not, ſo much I am happy
Above a number, if my actions
Were try'd by ev'ry tongue, ev'ry eye ſaw 'em,
Envy and baſe opinion ſet againſt 'em;
I know my life ſo even. If your buſineſs
Do ſeek me out, and that way I am wiſe in,
Out with it boldly. Truth loves open dealing.

Wol. Tanta eſt ergà te mentis integritas, Reginæ ſereniſſima, ———

Queen. O, good my Lord, no Latin;
I am not ſuch a truant, ſince my coming,
As not to know the language I have liv'd in.
A ſtrange tongue makes my cauſe more ſtrange, ſuſpicious.
Pray, ſpeak in Engliſh; here are ſome will thank you,
If you ſpeak truth, for their poor miſtreſs' ſake.
Believe me, ſhe has had much wrong. Lord Car-[dinal,
The willing'ſt ſin I ever yet committed,
May be abſolv'd in Engliſh.

Wol. Noble Lady,
I'm ſorry my integrity ſhould breed,
And ſervice to his Majeſty and you,
So deep ſuſpicion, where all faith was meant.
We come not, by the way of accuſation,
To taint that honour every good tongue bleſſes,
Nor to betray you any way to ſorrow,
(You have too much, good Lady); but to know
How you ſtand minded in the weighty difference

Between the King and you; and to deliver,
Like free and honeſt men, our juſt opinions
And comforts to your cauſe.

Cam. Moſt honour'd Madam,
My Lord of York, out of his noble nature,
Zeal and obedience he ſtill bore your Grace,
Forgetting, like a good man, your late cenſure
Both of his truth and him, which was too far,
Offers, as I do, in a ſign of peace,
His ſervice and his counſel.——

Queen. To betray me.
My Lords, I thank you both for your good wills:
Ye ſpeak like honeſt men; pray God ye prove ſo!
But how to make you ſuddenly an anſwer
In ſuch a point of weight, ſo near mine honour,
More near my life I fear, with my weak wit,
And to ſuch men of gravity and learning,
In truth I know not. I was ſet at work
Among my maids; full little, God knows, looking
Either for ſuch men, or ſuch buſineſs.
For her ſake that I have been, for I feel
The laſt fit of my greatneſs, good your Graces,
Let me have time and counſel for my cauſe.
Alas! I am a woman, friendleſs, hopeleſs.

Wol. Madam, you wrong the King's love with thoſe fears;
Your hopes and friends are infinite.

Queen In England,
But little for my profit. Can you think, Lords,
That any Engliſhman dare give me counſel?
Or be a known friend 'gainſt his Highneſs' pleaſure,
Though he be grown ſo deſp'rate to be honeſt,
And live a ſubject? Nay, forſooth, my friends;
They that muſt weigh out my afflictions,
They that my truſt muſt grow to, live not here;
They are, as all my comforts are, far hence,
In my own country, Lords.

Cam. I would your Grace
Would leave your griefs, and take my counſel.

Queen. How, Sir?

Cam. Put your main cauſe into the King's protection;

He's loving, and moſt gracious: 'twill be much
Both for your honour better, and your cauſe;
For if the trial of the law o'ertake you,
You'll part away diſgrac'd.

Wol. He tells you rightly.

Queen. Ye tell me what ye wiſh for both, my ruin.
Is this your Chriſtian counſel? Out upon you!
Heav'n is above all yet; there ſits a Judge
That no King can corrupt.

Cam. Your rage miſtakes us.

Queen. The more ſhame for you: holy men I thought you;
Upon my ſoul, two rev'rend Cardinal Virtues;
But Cardinal ſins, and hollow hearts, I fear you;
Mend 'em for ſhame, my Lords. Is this your comfort;
The cordial that you bring a wretched lady?
A woman loſt among you, laugh'd at, ſcorn'd:
I will not wiſh you half my miſeries.
I have more charity; but ſay I warn'd ye;
Take heed, take heed, for Heav'n's ſake, leſt at once
The burden of my ſorrows fall upon you.

Wol. Madam, this is a mere diſtraction;
Ye turn the good we offer into envy.

Queen. Ye turn me into nothing Wo upon you,
And all ſuch falſe profeſſors! Would you have me,
If ye have any juſtice, any pity,
If ye be any thing but churchmen's habits,
Put my ſick cauſe into his hands that hates me?
Alas! h'as baniſh'd me his bed already;
His love too, long ago. I'm old, my Lords;
And all the fellowſhip I hold now with him
Is only my obedience. What can happen
To me above this wretchedneſs? all your ſtudies
Make me a curſe like this!

Cam. Your fears are worſe——

Queen. Have I liv'd thus long—let me ſpeak myſelf,
Since virtue finds no friends—a wife, a true one?
A woman, I dare ſay, without vain-glory,
Never yet branded with ſuſpicion?
Have I with all my full affections

Still met the King? lov'd him next Heav'n? obey'd
Been, out of fondneſs, ſuperſtitious to him? [him?
Almoſt forgot my prayers to content him?
And am I thus rewarded? 'Tis not well, Lords.
Bring me a conſtant woman to her huſband,
One that ne'er dream'd a joy beyond his pleaſure;
And to that woman, when ſhe has done moſt,
Yet will I add an honour, a great patience.

Wol. Madam, you wander from the good we aim at.

Queen. My Lord, I dare not make myſelf ſo guilty,
To give up willingly that noble title
Your maſter wed me to: nothing but death
Shall e'er divorce my dignities.

Wol. Pray hear me——

Queen. 'Would I had never trod this Engliſh earth,
Or felt the flatteries that grow upon it!
Ye've angels' faces, but Heav'n knows your hearts.
What ſhall become of me now! wretched lady!
I am the moſt unhappy woman living.
—Alas! poor wenches, where are now your fortunes? [*To her women.*
Ship-wreck'd upon a kingdom where no pity,
No friends, no hope, no kindred weep for me,
Almoſt no grave allow'd me. Like the lily,
That once was miſtreſs of the field and flouriſh'd,
I'll hang my head, and periſh.

Wol. If your Grace
Could but be brought to know our ends are honeſt,
You'd feel more comfort. Why ſhould we, good Lady,
Upon what cauſe, wrong you? Alas! our places,
The way of our profeſſion is againſt it;
We are to cure ſuch ſorrows, not to ſow 'em.
For goodneſs' ſake conſider what you do;
How you may hurt yourſelf, nay, utterly
Grow from the King's acquaintance by this carriage.
The hearts of Princes kiſs obedience,
So much they love it; but to ſtubborn ſpirits
They ſwell and grow as terrible as ſtorms.
I know you have a gentle, noble temper,
A ſoul as even as a calm; pray think us
Thoſe we profeſs, peace-makers, friends and ſervants.

Cam. Madam, you'll find it ſo. You wrong your virtues
With theſe weak women's fears. A noble ſpirit,
As yours was put into you, ever caſts
Such doubts, as falſe coin, from it. The King loves you;
Beware you loſe it not. For us, if you pleaſe
To truſt us in your buſineſs, we are ready
To uſe our utmoſt ſtudies in your ſervice.

Queen. Do what you will, my Lords; and pray forgive me,
If I have us'd myſelf unmannerly.
You know I am a woman, lacking wit
To make a ſeemly anſwer to ſuch perſons.
Pray do my ſervice to his Majeſty:
He has my heart yet; and ſhall have my pray'rs,
While I ſhall have my life. Come, rev'rend fathers,
Beſtow your counſels on me. She now begs,
That little thought, when ſhe ſet footing here,
She ſhould have bought her dignities ſo dear.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Antechamber to the King's Apartments.

Enter Duke of Norfolk, *Duke of* Suffolk, *Lord* Surrey, *and Lord Chamberlain.*

Nor. If you will now unite in your complaints,
And force them with a conſtancy, the Cardinal
Cannot ſtand under them. If you omit
The offer of this time, I cannot promiſe
But that you ſhall ſuſtain more new diſgraces,
With theſe you bear already.

Sur. I am joyful
To meet the leaſt occaſion that may give me
Remembrance of my father-in-law, the Duke,
To be reveng'd on him.

Suf. Which of the peers
Have uncontemn'd gone by him or at leaſt
Strangely neglected? when did he regard
The ſtamp of nobleneſs in any perſon,
Out of himſelf?

Cham. My Lords, you ſpeak your pleaſures.
What he deſerves of you and me, I know;
What we can do to him, though now the time
Give way to us, I much fear. If you cannot
Bar his acceſs to the King, never attempt
Any thing on him; for he hath a witchcraft
Over the King in's tongue.

Nor. O, fear him not;
His ſpell in that is out; the King hath found
Matter againſt him that for ever mars
The honey of his language. No, he's ſettled,
Not to come off in his moſt high diſpleaſure.

Sur. I ſhould be glad to hear ſuch news as this
Once every hour.

Nor. Believe it, this is true.
In the divorce his contrary proceedings *
Are all unfolded; wherein he appears
As I would wiſh mine enemy.

Sur. How came
His practices to light?

Suf. Moſt ſtrangely.

Sur. How?

Suf. The Cardinal's letters to the Pope miſcarried,
And came to th' eye o' th' King; wherein was read,
How that the Cardinal did intreat his Holineſs
To ſtay the judgment o' th' divorce; for if
It did take place, I do, quoth he, perceive
My King is 'tangled in affection to
A creature of the Queen's, Lady Anne Bullen.

Sur. Has the King this?

Suf. Believe it.

Sur Will this work?

Cham. The King in this perceives him, how he coaſts
And hedges his own way. But in this point
All his tricks founder, and he brings his phyſic
After his patient's death: the King already
Hath married the fair Lady.

Sur. Would he had!

* Private practices oppoſite to his public procedure.
Johnſon.

Suf. May you be happy in your wiſh, my Lord;
For, I profeſs, you have it.
Sur. Now all joy
Trace * the conjunction!
Suf. My Amen to't!
Nor. All mens'!
Suf. There's order given for her coronation.
Marry, this is yet but young, and may be left
To ſome ears unrecounted: but, my Lords,
She is a gallant creature, and compleat
In mind and feature. I perſuade me from her
Will fall ſome bleſſing to this land, which ſhall
In it be memoriz'd.
Sur. But will the King
Digeſt this letter of the Cardinal's?
The Lord forbid!
Nor Marry, Amen!
Suf. No, no:
There be more waſps that buz about his noſe,
Will make this ſting the ſooner. Cardinal Cam-
Is ſtoln away to Rome, has ta'en no leave, [peius
Hath left the cauſe o' th' King unhandled; and
Is poſted, as the agent of our Cardinal,
To ſecond all his plot. I do aſſure you
The King cry'd *Ha!* at this.
Cham. Now, God incenſe him;
And let him cry ha, louder!
Nor. But, my Lord,
When returns Cranmer?
Suf. He is return'd with his opinions, which
Have ſatisfy'd the King for his divorce,
Gather'd from all the famous colleges
Almoſt in Chriſtendom: ſhortly, I believe,
His ſecond marriage ſhall be publiſh'd, and
Her coronation. Catharine no more
Shall be call'd Queen; but Princeſs dowager,
And widow to Prince Arthur.
Nor. This ſame Cranmer's
A worthy fellow, and hath ta'en much pain
In the King's buſineſs.

* To *trace*, is to *follow*. Johnſon.

Suf. He has, and we ſhall ſee him
For it an Archbiſhop.
Nor. So I hear.
Suf. 'Tis ſo.

Enter Wolſey *and* Cromwell.

The Cardinal——
Nor. Obſerve, obſerve, he's moody.
Wol. The packet, Cromwell,
Gave it you the King?
Crom. To his own hand, in's bed-chamber.
Wol. Look'd he o'th' inſide of the paper?
Crom. Preſently
He did unſeal them, and the firſt he view'd,
He did it with a ſerious mind; a heed
Was in his countenance. You he bade
Attend him here this morning.
Wol. Is he ready
To come abroad?
Crom. I think by this he is.
Wol. Leave me a while. [*Exit* Crom.
It ſhall be to the Ducheſs of Alanſon,
The French King's ſiſter; he ſhall marry her.
Anne Bullen! no, I'll no Anne Bullens for him,—
There's more in't than fair viſage—Bullen!——
No, we'll no Bullens!—ſpeedily I wiſh
To hear from Rome——The Marchioneſs of Pembroke——
Nor. He's diſcontented.
Suf. May be he hears the King
Does whet his anger to him.
Sur. Sharp enough,
Lord, for thy juſtice!
Wol. aſide. The late Queen's gentlewoman, a knight's daughter,
To be her miſtreſs' miſtreſs? the Queen's queen?
This candle burns not clear; 'tis I muſt ſnuff it,
Then out it goes.——What though I know her virtuous,
And well deſerving? yet I know her for
A ſpleeny Lutheran, and not wholeſome to

Our cauſe, that ſhe ſhould lv i'th' boſom of
Our hard-rul'd King. Again, there is ſprung up
An heretic, an arch one, Cranmer; one
Hath crawl'd into the favour of the King,
And is his oracle.

Nor. He's vex'd at ſomething.

SCENE III.

Enter King reading of a ſchedule, and Lovel.

Sur. I would 'twere ſomething that would fret the ſtring,
The maſter cord of's heart!

Suf. The King, the King.

King. What piles of wealth hath he accumulated
To his own portion! what expence by the hour
Seems to flow from him! How, i' th' name of thrift,
Does he rake this together!—Now, my Lords,
Saw you the Cardinal?

Nor. My Lord, we have
Stood here obſerving him; ſome ſtrange commo-
Is in his brain: he bites his lip, and ſtarts, [tion
Stops on a ſudden, looks upon the ground,
Then lays his finger on his temple; ſtrait
Springs out into faſt gait, then ſtops again,
Strikes his breaſt hard, and then anon he caſts
His eye againſt the moon: in moſt ſtrange poſtures
We've ſeen him ſet himſelf.

King. It may well be
There is a mutiny in's mind. This morning
Papers of ſtate he ſent me to peruſe,
As I requir'd; and wot you what I found
There, on my conſcience, put unwittingly?
Forſooth, an inventory, thus importing,
The ſeveral parcels of his plate, his treaſure,
Rich ſtuffs and ornaments of houſhold, which
I find at ſuch proud rate, that it out-ſpeaks
Poſſeſſion of a ſubject.

Nor. Its Heav'n's will;
Some ſpirit put this paper in the packet,
To bleſs your eye withal.

King. If we did think
His contemplations were above the earth,
And fix'd on ſpiritual objects, he ſhould ſtill
Dwell in his muſings; but I am afraid
His thinkings are below the moon, nor worth
His ſerious conſidering.

[*He takes his ſeat, whiſpers* Lovel, *who goes to* Wolſey.

Wol. Heav'n forgive me——
Ever God bleſs your Highneſs!——

King. Good my Lord,
You are full of heav'nly ſtuff, and bear the inven-
Of your beſt graces in your mind, the which [tory
You were now running o'er: you have ſcarce time
To ſteal from ſpiritual leiſure a brief ſpan,
To keep your earthly audit; ſure, in that
I deem you an ill huſband, and am glad
To have you therein my companion.

Wol. Sir,
For holy offices I have a time;
A time to think upon the part of buſineſs
I bear i' th' ſtate; and nature does require
Her times of preſervation, which perforce
I, her frail ſon, amongſt my brethren mortal,
Muſt give my tendence to.

King. You have ſaid well.

Wol. And ever may your Highneſs yoke together,
As I will lend you cauſe, my doing well
With my well ſaying!

King. 'Tis well ſaid again;
And tis a kind of good deed to ſay well;
And yet words are no deeds. My father lov'd you;
He ſaid he did, and with his deed did crown
His word upon you. Since I had my office,
I've kept you next my heart; have not alone
Employ'd you where high profits might come home,
But par'd my preſent havings, to beſtow
My bounties upon you.

Wol. What ſhould this mean? [*Aſide.*

Sur. The Lord increaſe this buſineſs! [*Aſide.*

King. Have I not made you
The prime man of the ſtate? I pray tell me

If what I now pronounce you have found true;
And, if you may confeſs it, ſay, withal,
If you are bound to us, or no. What ſay you?

Wol. My Sovereign, I confeſs your royal graces,
Show'r'd on me daily, have been more than could
My ſtudied purpoſes requite, which went
Beyond all man's endeavours. My endeavours
Have ever come too ſhort of my deſires,
Yet fil'd * with my abilities: mine own ends
Have been mine ſo, that evermore they pointed
To th' good of your moſt ſacred perſon, and
The profit of the ſtate. For your great graces
Heap'd upon me, poor undeſerver, I
Can nothing render but allegiant thanks,
My prayers to Heav'n for you; my loyalty,
Which ever has and ever ſhall be growing,
Till death, that winter, kill it.

King. Fairly anſwer'd:
A loyal and obedient ſubject is
Therein illuſtrated; the honour of it
Does pay the act of it, as, o' th' contrary,
The foulneſs is the puniſhment. I preſume
That as my hand has open'd bounty to you,
My heart dropp'd love, my pow'r rain'd honour more
On you that any; ſo your hand and heart,
Your brain, and every function of your power,
Should notwithſtanding † that your bond of duty,
As 'twere in love's particular, be more
To me, your friend, than any.

Wol. I profeſs
That for your Highneſs' good I ever labour'd,
More than mine own; that am I, have been, will be:
Tho' all the world ſhould crack their duty to you,

* My endeavours, though leſs than my deſires, have *filed*, that is, gone an equal pace with my abilities. *Johnſon.*

† *Notwithſtanding* here ſignifies, ſetting aſide, not conſidering. *Roderick.*

And throw it from their ſoul; though perils did
Abound, as thick as thought could make 'em, and
Appear in forms more horrid; yet my duty,
As doth a rock againſt the chiding flood,
Should the approach of this wild river break,
And ſtand unſhaken yours.

King. 'Tis nobly ſpoken.
Take notice, Lords, he has a loyal breaſt,
For you have ſeen him open't. Read o'er this,
[*Giving him papers.*
And, after, this; and then to breakfaſt, with
What appetite you may.

[*Exit King, frowning upon Cardinal* Wolſey. *The nobles throng after him, whiſpering and ſmiling.*

SCENE IV.

Wol. What ſhould this mean?
What ſudden anger's this? how have I reap'd it?
He parted frowning from me, as if ruin
Leap'd from his eyes. So looks the chafed lion
Upon the daring huntſman that has gall'd him,
Then makes him nothing. I muſt read this paper:
I fear the ſtory of his anger—'tis ſo—
This paper has undone me.—'Tis th' account
Of all that world of wealth I've drawn together
For mine own ends; indeed, to gain the Popedom,
And ſee my friends in Rome. O negligence,
Fit for a fool to fall by! What croſs devil
Made me put this main ſecret in the packet
I ſent the King? Is there no way to cure this?
No new device to beat this from his brains?
I know 'twill ſtir him ſtrongly; yet I know
A way, if it take right, in ſpight of fortune
Will bring me off again. What's this—*To the Pope?*
The letter, as I live, with all the buſineſs
I writ to's Holineſs. Nay, then farewell;
I've touch'd the higheſt point of all my greatneſs,
And from that full meridian of my glory
I haſte now to my ſetting. I ſhall fall

Like a bright exhalation in the evening,
And no man ſee me more.

SCENE V.

Enter to Wolſey *the Dukes of* Norfolk *and* Suffolk, *the Earl of* Surrey, *and the Lord Chamberlain.*

Nor. Hear the King's pleaſure, Cardinal, who commands you
To render up the great ſeal preſently
Into our hands, and to confine yourſelf
To Aſher-houſe, my Lord of Wincheſter's,
Till you hear further from his Highneſs.
Wol. Stay;
Where's your commiſſion, Lords? words cannot carry
Authority ſo mighty.
Suf. Who dare croſs 'em,
Bearing the King's will from his mouth expreſsly?
Wol. Till I find more than will or words to do it,
(I mean your malice), know, officious Lords,
I dare and muſt deny it. Now I feel
Of what coarſe metal ye are moulded,—Envy;
How eagerly ye follow my diſgrace,
As if it fed ye; and how ſleek and wanton
Y' appear in every thing may bring my ruin.
Follow your envious courſes, men of malice;
You've Chriſtian warrant for 'em, and no doubt,
In time, will find their fit rewards. That ſeal
You aſk with ſuch a violence, the King,
Mine and your maſter, with his own hand gave me,
Bad me enjoy it, with the place and honours,
During my life; and, to confirm his goodneſs,
Ty'd it by letters-patent. Now, who'll take it?
Sur. The King that gave it.
Wol. It muſt be himſelf, then.
Sur. Thou'rt a proud traitor, prieſt.
Wol. Proud Lord, thou lieſt;
Within theſe forty hours Surrey durſt better
Have burnt that tongue, than ſaid ſo.
Sur. Thy ambition,

Thou ſcarlet ſin, robb'd this bewailing land
Of noble Buckingham, my father-in-law.
The heads of all thy brother Cardinals,
With thee and all thy beſt parts bound together,
Weigh'd not a hair of his. Plague on your policy!
You ſent me Deputy for Ireland,
Far from his ſuccour, from the King, from all
That might have mercy on the fault thou gav'ſt him,
Whilſt your great goodneſs, out of holy pity,
Abſolv'd him with an ax.
Wol. This, and all elſe
This talking Lord can lay upon my credit,
I anſwer, is moſt falſe. The Duke by law
Found his deſerts. How innocent I was
From any private malice in his end,
His noble jury and foul cauſe can witneſs.
If I lov'd many words, Lord, I ſhould tell you,
You have as little honeſty as honour,
That, I i' th' way of loyalty and truth
Toward the King, my ever royal maſter,
Dare mate a ſounder man than Surrey can be,
And all that love his follies.
Sur. By my ſoul
Your long coat, prieſt, protects you; thou ſhould'ſt feel
My ſword i' th' life blood of thee elſe. My Lords,
Can ye endure to hear this arrogance?
And from this fellow? If we live thus tamely,
To be thus jaded by a piece of ſcarlet,
Farewell nobility; let his Grace go forward,
And dare us with his cap, like larks.
Wol. All goodneſs
Is poiſon to thy ſtomach.
Sur. Yes, that goodneſs
Of gleaning all the land's wealth into one,
Into your own hands, Card'nal, by extortion;
The goodneſs of your intercepted packets
You writ to th' Pope againſt the King; your goodneſs,
Since you provoke me, ſhall be moſt notorious.

My Lord of Norfolk, as you're truly noble,
As you reſpect the common good, the ſtate
Of our deſpis'd nobility, our iſſues,
Who, if he live, will ſcarce be gentlemen,
Produce the grand ſum of his ſins, the articles
Collected from his life. I'll ſtartle you
Worſe than the ſacring bell *, when the brown wench
Lay kiſſing in your arms, Lord Cardinal.
Wol. How much, methinks, I could deſpiſe this man,
But that I'm bound in charity againſt it!
Nor. Thoſe articles, my Lord, are in th' King's hand:
But thus much, they are foul ones.
Wol. So much fairer
And ſpotleſs ſhall mine innocence ariſe,
When the King knows my truth.
Sur. This cannot ſave you:
I thank my memory, I yet remember
Some of theſe articles, and out they ſhall.
Now if you can, bluſh, and cry *guilty*, Cardinal:
You'll ſhew a little honeſty.
Wol. Speak on, Sir;
I dare your worſt objections. If I bluſh,
It is to ſee a nobleman want manners.
Sur. I'd rather want thoſe than my head: have at you.
Firſt, that without the King's aſſent or knowledge
You wrought to be a legate; by which power
You maim'd the juriſdiction of all biſhops.
Nor. Then, that in all you writ to Rome, or elſe
To foreign Princes, *Ego & Rex meus*
Was ſtill inſcrib'd; in which you brought the King
To be your ſervant.
Suf. That, without the knowledge

* The little bell, which is rung to give notice of the Hoſt approaching when it is carried in proceſſion, as alſo in other offices of the Romiſh church, is called the *ſacring* or *conſecration* bell; from the French word, *ſacrer*. Theobald.

Either of King or council, when you went
Ambaſſador to th' Emperor, you made bold
To carry into Flanders the great ſeal.

Sur. *Item*, You ſent a large commiſſion
To Gregory de Caſſado, to conclude,
Without the King's will or the ſtate's allowance,
A league between his Highneſs and Ferrara.

Suf. That out of mere ambition you have made
Your holy hat be ſtamp'd on the King's coin.

Sur. Then that you have ſent innumerable ſubſtance,
(By what means got I leave to your own conſcience)
To furniſh Rome, and to prepare the ways
You have for dignities, to the mere undoing
Of all the kingdom. Many more there are,
Which, ſince they are of you, and odious,
I will not taint my mouth with.

Cham. O my Lord,
Preſs not a falling man too far; 'tis virtue:
His faults ly open to the laws; let them,
Not you, correct him. My heart weeps to ſee him
So little of his great ſelf.

Sur. I forgive him.

Suf. Lord Cardinal, the King's further pleaſure is,
Becauſe all thoſe things you have done of late,
By your pow'r legatine within this kingdom,
Fall in the compaſs of a *Præmunire*,
That therefore ſuch a writ be ſued againſt you,
To forfeit all your goods, lands, tenements,
Chattels, and whatſoever, and to be
Out of the King's protection. This is my charge.

Nor. And ſo we'll leave you to your meditations
How to live better. For your ſtubborn anſwer,
About the giving back the great ſeal to us,
The King ſhall know it, and, no doubt, ſhall thank you.
So fare you well, my little good Lord Cardinal.

[*Exeunt all but* Wolſey.

SCENE VI.

Wol. So farewell to the little good you bear me.
Farewell, a long farewell to all my greatneſs!
This is the ſtate of man. To-day he puts forth
The tender leaves of hopes, to-morrow bloſſoms,
And bears his bluſhing honours thick upon him:
The third day comes a froſt, a killing froſt;
And when he thinks, good eaſy man, full ſurely
His greatneſs is a ripening, nips his root,
And then he falls, as I do. I have ventur'd,
Like little wanton boys that ſwim on bladders,
Theſe many ſummers in a ſea of glory,
But far beyond my depth; my high-blown pride
At length broke under me, and now has left me,
Weary and old with ſervice, to the mercy
Of a rude ſtream, that muſt for ever hide me.
Vain pomp and glory of this world, I hate ye;
I feel my heart new open'd. Oh, how wretched
Is that poor man that hangs on princes' favours!
There is, betwixt that ſmile we would aſpire to,
That ſweet aſpect of princes, and our ruin,
More pangs and fears than war or women have;
And when he falls, he falls like Lucifer,
Never to hope again.

Enter Cromwell, *ſtanding amazed.*

Why, how now, Cromwell?

Crom. I have no power to ſpeak, Sir.

Wol. What, amaz'd
At my misfortunes? Can thy ſpirit wonder
A great man ſhould decline? Nay, if you weep,
I'm fall'n indeed.

Crom. How does your Grace?

Wol. Why, well;
Never ſo truly happy, my good Cromwell.
I know myſelf now, and I feel within me
A peace above all earthly dignities,
A ſtill and quiet conſcience. The King has cur'd me,
I humbly thank his Grace; and from theſe ſhoulders,
Theſe ruin'd pillars, out of pity, taken

A load would ſink a navy, too much honour.
O 'tis a burden, Cromwell, 'tis a burden
Too heavy for a man that hopes for heav'n.
Crom. I'm glad your Grace has made that right uſe of it.
Wol. I hope I have. I'm able now, methinks,
Out of a fortitude of ſoul I feel,
T' endure more miſeries, and greater far,
Than my weak-hearted enemies dare offer.
What news abroad?
Crom. The heavieſt and the worſt
Is your diſpleaſure with the King.
Wol. God bleſs him!
Crom. The next is, that Sir Thomas More is choſen
Lord Chancellor in your place.
Wol. That's ſomewhat ſudden;———
But he's a learned man. May he continue
Long in his Highneſs' favour, and do juſtice,
For truth's ſake and his conſcience; that his bones,
When he has run his courſe, and ſleeps in bleſſings,
May have a tomb of orphans' tears wept on him!
What more?
Crom. That Cranmer is return'd with welcome;
Inſtall'd Lord Archbiſhop of Canterbury.
Wol. That's news indeed.
Crom. Laſt, that the Lady Anne,
Whom the King hath in ſecrecy long married,
This day was view'd in open as his Queen,
Going to chapel; and the voice is now
Only about her coronation
Wol. There was the weight that pull'd me down.
O Cromwell,
The King has gone beyond me; all my glories,
In that one woman, I have loſt for ever.
No ſun ſhall ever uſher forth my honours,
Or gild again the noble troops that waited
Upon my ſmiles. Go, get thee from me, Cromwell;
I am a poor fall'n man, unworthy now
To be thy lord and maſter. Seek the King;
That ſun, I pray, may never ſet! I've told him
What and how true thou art; he will advance thee:

Some little memory of me will ſtir him,
I know his noble nature, not to let
Thy hopeful ſervice periſh too. Good Cromwell,
Neglect him not; make uſe now, and provide
For thine own future ſafety.

Crom. O my Lord,
Muſt I then leave you? muſt I needs forgo
So good, ſo noble, and ſo true a maſter?
Bear witneſs, all that have not hearts of iron,
With what a ſorrow Cromwell leaves his Lord.
The King ſhall have my ſervice, but my prayers
For ever and for ever ſhall be yours.

Wol. Cromwell, I did not think to ſhed a tear
In all my miſeries; but thou haſt forc'd me,
Out of thy honeſt truth, to play the woman.
Let's dry our eyes, and thus far hear me, Cromwell;
And when I am forgotten, as I ſhall be,
And ſleep in dull cold marble, where no mention
Of me muſt more be heard, ſay, then, I taught thee;
Say Wolſey, that once trod the ways of glory,
And ſounded all the depths and ſhoals of honour,
Found thee a way, out of his wreck, to riſe in,
A ſure and ſafe one, though thy maſter miſs'd it.
Mark but my fall, and that which ruin'd me:
Cromwell, I charge thee fling away ambition;
By that ſin fell the angels; how can man then,
The image of his Maker, hope to win by't?
Love thyſelf laſt; cheriſh thoſe hearts that hate thee;
Corruption wins not more than honeſty.
Still in thy right hand carry gentle Peace,
To ſilence envious tongues. Be juſt, and fear not.
Let all the ends thou aim'ſt at be thy Country's,
Thy God's, and Truth's; then if thou fall'ſt, O Cromwell,
Thou fall'ſt a bleſſed martyr. Serve the King;
And—pr'ythee lead me in;
There, take an inventory of all I have,
To the laſt penny, 'tis the King's. My robe,
And my integrity to Heav'n, is all
I dare now call mine own. O Cromwell, Cromwell!
Had I but ſerv'd my God with half the zeal

I ſerv'd my King, he would not, in mine age,
Have left me naked to mine enemies.
Crom. Good Sir, have patience.
Wol. So I have. Farewell
The hopes of court: my hopes in heav'n do dwell.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

A Street in Weſtminſter.

Enter two Gentlemen, meeting one another.

1 *Gentleman.*

You're well met once again.
2 *Gen.* And ſo are you.
1 *Gen.* You come to take your ſtand here, and behold
The Lady Anne paſs from her coronation.
2 *Gen.* 'Tis all my buſineſs. At our laſt encounter
The Duke of Buckingham came from his trial.
1 *Gen.* 'Tis very true: but that time offer'd ſorrow,
This general joy.
2 *Gen.* 'Tis well; the citizens,
I'm ſure, have ſhewn at full their loyal minds:
And let them have their rights, they're ever forward
In celebration of this day with ſhows,
Pageants, and ſights of honour.
1 *Gen.* Never greater,
Nor, I'll aſſure you, better taken, Sir.
2 *Gen.* May I be bold to aſk what that contains,
That paper in your hand?
1 *Gen.* Yes, 'tis the liſt
Of thoſe that claim their offices this day,
By cuſtom of the coronation.
The Duke of Suffolk is the firſt, and claims
To be High Steward; next, the Duke of Norfolk
To be Earl Marſhal. You may read the reſt.
2 *Gen.* I thank you, Sir; had I not known thoſe cuſtoms,

I ſhould have been beholden to your paper.
But, I beſeech you, what's become of Catharine,
The Princeſs Dowager? how goes her buſineſs?

1 *Gen.* That I can tell you too; the Archbiſhop
Of Canterbury, accompany'd with other
Learned and rev'rend fathers of his order,
Held a late court at Dunſtable, ſix miles
From Ampthill, where the Princeſs lay, to which
She oft was cited by them, but appear'd not:
And, to be ſhort, for not appearance and
The King's late ſcruple, by the main aſſent
Of all theſe learned men ſhe was divorced,
And the late marriage made of none effect:
Since which ſhe was remov'd to Kimbolton,
Where ſhe remains now ſick.

2 *Gen.* Alas, good Lady!——

The trumpets ſound; ſtand cloſe, the Queen is coming. [*Hautboys.*

The Order of the Coronation.

1. *A lively flouriſh of trumpets.*
2. *Then two Judges.*
3. *Lord Chancellor, with the purſe and mace before him.*
4. *Choriſters ſinging.* [Muſic.
5. *Mayor of London, bearing the mace. Then Garter in his coat of arms, and on his head a gilt copper crown.*
6. *Marquis of Dorſet bearing a ſceptre of gold, on his head a demi-coronal of gold. With him the Earl of Surrey, bearing the rod of ſilver with the dove, crown'd with an Earl's coronet. Collars of SS.*
7. *Duke of Suffolk in his robe of ſtate, his coronet on his head, bearing a long white wand, as High Steward. With him the Duke of Norfolk, with the rod of Marſhalſhip, a coronet on his head. Collars of SS.*
8. *A canopy borne by four of the Cinque Ports, under it the Queen in her robe; in her hair richly*

adorned with pearl, crown'd. On each ſide her the Biſhops of London and Wincheſter.

9. *The old Ducheſs of Norfolk, in a coronal of gold wrought with flowers, bearing the Queen's train.*

10. *Certain Ladies or Counteſſes, with plain circlets of gold without flowers.*

They paſs over the ſtage in order and ſtate, and then exeunt *with a great flouriſh of trumpets.*

2 *Gen.* A royal train, believe me.—Theſe I know;
—Who's that who bears the ſceptre?
1 *Gen.* Marquis Dorſet.
And that the Earl of Surrey with the rod.
2 *Gen.* A bold brave gentleman. That ſhould be
The Duke of Suffolk.
1 *Gen.* 'Tis the ſame; High Steward.
2 *Gen.* And that my Lord of Norfolk.
1 *Gen.* Yes.
2 *Gen.* Heav'n bleſs thee! [*Looking on the Queen.*
Thou haſt the ſweeteſt face I ever look'd on.
Sir, as I have a ſoul ſhe is an angel;
Our King has all the Indies in his arms,
And more and richer when he ſtrains that lady;
I cannot blame his conſcience.
1 *Gen.* They that bear
The cloth of ſtate above her, are four Barons
Of the Cinque Ports.
2 *Gen.* Thoſe men are happy; ſo are all are near her.
I take it, ſhe that carries up the train
Is that old noble Lady, the Ducheſs of Norfolk.
1 *Gen.* It is, and all the reſt are Counteſſes.
2 *Gen.* Their coronets ſay ſo. Theſe are ſtars indeed,
And ſometimes falling ones.
1 *Gen.* No more of that.

Enter a third Gentleman.

God ſave you, Sir! Where have you been broiling?
3 *Gen.* Among the crowd i' th' Abbey, where a finger

Could not be wedg'd in more. I am ſtifled
With the mere rankneſs of their joy.
2 *Gen.* You ſaw the ceremony?
3 *Gen.* I did.
1 *Gen.* How was it?
3 *Gen.* Well worth the ſeeing.
2 *Gen.* Good Sir, ſpeak it to us.
3 *Gen.* As well as I am able. The rich ſtream
Of lords and ladies having brought the Queen
To a prepar'd place in the choir, fell off
A diſtance from her, while her Grace ſat down
To reſt a while, ſome half an hour or ſo,
In a rich chair of ſtate, oppoſing freely
The beauty of her perſon to the people;
(Believe me, Sir, ſhe is the goodlieſt woman
That ever lay by man); which when the people
Had the full view of, ſuch a noiſe aroſe
As the ſhrouds make at ſea in a ſtiff tempeſt,
As loud, and to as many tunes. Hats, cloaks,
Doublets, I think, flew up; and had their faces
Been looſe, this day they had been loſt. Such joy
I never ſaw before. Great-belly'd women,
That had not half a week to go, like rams
In the old time of war, would ſhake the preſs,
And make them reel before 'em. No man living
Could ſay, *this is my wife there*; all were woven
So ſtrangely in one piece.
2 *Gen.* But pray what follow'd?
3 *Gen.* At length her Grace 'roſe, and, with modeſt paces,
Came to the altar, where ſhe kneel'd; and, ſaint-like,
Caſt her fair eyes to heav'n, and pray'd devoutly;
Then roſe again, and bow'd her to the people;
When by the Archbiſhop of Canterbury
Sh' had all the royal makings of a Queen;
As holy oil, Edward Confeſſor's crown,
The rod, and bird of peace, and all ſuch emblems
Laid nobly on her; which perform'd, the choir,
With all the choiceſt muſic of the kingdom,
Together ſung *Te Deum*. So ſhe parted,

And with the ſame full ſtate pac'd back again
To York-place, where the feaſt is held.
1 *Gen.* You muſt no more call it *York-place*, that's paſt:
For ſince the Cardinal fell, that title's loſt;
'Tis now the King's, and call'd *Whitehall.*
3 *Gen.* I know it;
But 'tis ſo lately alter'd, that the old name
Is freſh about me.
2 *Gen.* What two reverend biſhops
Were thoſe that went on each ſide of the Queen?
3 *Gen.* Stokeſly and Gardiner; the one of Wincheſter,
Newly preferr'd from the King's Secretary;
The other, London.
2 *Gen.* He of Wincheſter
Is held no great good lover of the Archbiſhop,
The virtuous Cranmer.
3 *Gen.* All the land knows that;
However, yet there's no great breach; when't comes,
Cranmer will find a friend will not ſhrink from him.
2 *Gen.* Who may that be, I pray you?
3 *Gen.* Thomas Cromwell,
A man in much eſteem with th' King, and, truly,
A worthy friend. The King has made him
Maſter o' th' jewel houſe,
And one, already, of the privy-council.
2 *Gen.* He will deſerve more.
3 *Gen.* Yes, without all doubt.
Come, gentlemen, you ſhall go my way,
Which is to th' court, and there ſhall be my gueſts;
Something I can command; as I walk thither,
I'll tell ye more.
Both. You may command us, Sir. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II*.

Changes to Kimbolton.

Enter Catharine *Dowager, ſick, led between* Griffith *her Gentleman-uſher, and* Patience *her Woman.*

Grif. How does your Grace?

Cath. O Griffith, ſick to death:
My legs, like loaded branches, bow to th' earth,
Willing to leave their burden. Reach a chair.—
So—Now, methinks, I feel a little eaſe.
[*Sitting down.*
Didſt thou not tell me, Griffith, as thou led'ſt me,
That the great child of honour, Cardinal Wolſey,
Was dead?

Grif. Yes, Madam; but I think your Grace,
Out of the pain you ſuffer'd, gave no ear to't.

Cath. Pr'ythee, good Griffith, tell me how he dy'd;
If well, he ſtept before me happily,
For my example.

Grif. Well, the voice goes, Madam.
For after the ſtout Earl of Northumberland
Arreſted him at York, and brought him forward,
As a man ſorely tainted, to his anſwer,
He fell ſick ſuddenly, and grew ſo ill
He could not ſit his mule.

Cath. Alas, poor man!

Grif. At laſt, with eaſy roads he came to Lei'ſter;
Lodg'd in the Abbey; where the rev'rent abbot,
With all his convent, honourably receiv'd him;
To whom he gave theſe words, "O father abbot,
"An old man, broken with the ſtorms of ſtate,

* This ſcene is, above any other part of Shakeſpeare's tragedies, and perhaps above any ſcene of any other poet, tender and pathetic; without gods, or furies, or poiſons, or precipices, without the help of romantic circumſtances, without improbable ſallies of poetical lamentation, and without any throes of tumultuous miſery. *Johnſon.*

" Is come to lay his weary bones among ye;
" Give him a little earth for charity!"
So went to bed; where eagerly his ſickneſs
Purſu'd him ſtill, and three nights after this,
About the hour of eight, which he himſelf
Foretold ſhould be his laſt, full of repentance,
Continual meditations, tears and ſorrows,
He gave his honours to the world again,
His bleſſed part to heav'n, and ſlept in peace.

Cath. So may he reſt, his faults ly gently on him!
Yet thus far, Griffith, give me leave to ſpeak him,
And yet with charity: he was a man
Of an unbounded ſtomach, ever ranking
Himſelf with princes; one that by ſuggeſtion
Ty'd all the kingdom. Simony was fair play.
His own opinion was his law. I' th' preſence
He would ſay untruths, and be ever double
Both in his words and meaning. He was never,
But where he meant to ruin, pitiful.
His promiſes were, as he then was, mighty;
But his performance, as he now is, nothing.
Of his own body he was ill *, and gave
The clergy ill example.

Grif. Noble Madam,
Men's evil manners live in braſs, their virtues
We write in water. May it pleaſe your Highneſs
To hear me ſpeak his good now?

Cath. Yes, good Griffith,
I were malicious elſe.

Grif. This cardinal,
Though from an humble ſtock, undoubtedly
Was faſhion'd to much honour from his cradle;
He was a ſcholar, and a ripe and good one,
Exceeding wiſe, fair ſpoken and perſuading;
Lofty and ſour to them that lov'd him not,
But to thoſe men that ſought him, ſweet as ſummer.
And though he were unſatisfy'd in getting,
Which was a ſin, yet in beſtowing, Madam,

* *i. e.* he abuſed his body by intemperance and luxury. *Johnſon.*

He was moſt princely: ever witneſs for him
Thoſe twins of learning that he rais'd in you,
Ipſwich and Oxford! one of which fell with him,
Unwilling to out-live the good he did it;
The other, though unfiniſh'd, yet ſo famous,
So excellent in art, and ſtill ſo riſing,
That Chriſtendom ſhall ever ſpeak his virtue.
His overthrow heap'd happineſs upon him;
For then, and not till then, he felt himſelf,
And found the bleſſedneſs of being little:
And, to add greater honours to his age
Than man could give him, he dy'd fearing God.

Cath. After my death I wiſh no other herald,
No other ſpeaker of my living actions,
To keep mine honour from corruption,
But ſuch an honeſt chronicler as Griffith.
Whom I moſt hated living, thou haſt made me,
With thy religious truth and modeſty,
Now in his aſhes honour. Peace be with him!
—Patience, be near me ſtill, and ſet me lower.
I have not long to trouble thee. Good Griffith,
Cauſe the muſicians play me that ſad note
I nam'd my knell, whilſt I ſit meditating
On that celeſtial harmony I go to.

Sad and ſolemn Muſic.

Grif. She is aſleep. Good wench, let's ſit down quiet,
For fear we wake her. Softly, gentle Patience.

The viſion. Enter ſolemnly one after another, ſix Perſonages clad in white robes, wearing on their heads garlands of bays, and golden vizards on their faces, branches of bays or palm in their hands. They firſt congee unto her, then dance; and, at certain changes, the firſt two hold a ſpare garland over her head; at which the other four make reverend courteſies; then the two that held the garland deliver the ſame to the other next two; who obſerve the ſame order in their changes, and holding the garland over her head; which

done, they deliver the ſame garland to the laſt two, who likewiſe obſerve the ſame order; at which, as it were by inſpiration, ſhe makes in her ſleep ſigns of rejoicing, and holdeth up her hands to heaven; and ſo in their dancing vaniſh, carrying the garland with them. The muſic continues.

Cath. Spirits of peace, where are ye? are ye gone,
And leave me here in wretchedneſs behind ye?
Grif. Madam, we're here.
Cath. It is not you I call for;
Saw ye none enter ſince I ſlept?
Grif. None, Madam.
Cath. No? ſaw you not e'en now a bleſſed troop
Invite me to a banquet, whoſe bright faces
Caſt thouſand beams upon me, like the ſun?
They promis'd me eternal happineſs,
And brought me garlands, Griffith, which I feel
I am not worthy yet to wear: I ſhall aſſuredly.
Grif. I am moſt joyful, Madam, ſuch good dreams
Poſſeſs your fancy.
Cath. Bid the muſic leave;
'Tis harſh and heavy to me. [*Muſic ceaſes.*
Pat. Do you note
How much her Grace is alter'd on the ſudden?
How long her face is drawn? how pale ſhe looks,
And of an earthly cold? Obſerve her eyes.
Grif. She is going, wench. Pray, pray,—
Pat. Heav'n comfort her!

Enter a Meſſenger.

Meſſ. An't like your Grace——
Cath. You are a ſaucy fellow:
Deſerve we no more rev'rence?
Grif. You're to blame,
Knowing ſhe will not loſe her wonted greatneſs,
To uſe ſo rude behaviour. Go to, kneel.
Meſſ. kneeling.] I humbly do entreat your Highneſs' pardon;
My haſte made me unmannerly. There is ſtaying

A gentleman, ſent from the King, to ſee you.
Cath. Admit him entrance, Griffith. But this fellow
Let me ne'er ſee again. [*Exit Meſſenger.*

Enter Lord Capucius.

If my ſight fail not,
You ſhould be Lord Ambaſſador from the Emperor,
My royal nephew; and your name Capucius.
Cap. Madam, the ſame, your ſervant.
Cath. O my Lord,
The times and titles are now alter'd ſtrangely
With me, ſince firſt you knew me. But, I pray you,
What is your pleaſure with me?
Cap. Noble Lady,
Firſt, mine own ſervice to your Grace; the next,
The King's requeſt that I would viſit you,
Who grieves much for your weakneſs, and by me
Sends you his princely commendations,
And heartily entreats you take good comfort.
Cath. O my good Lord, that comfort comes too late;
'Tis like a pardon after execution:
That gentle phyſic, giv'n in time, had cur'd me;
But now I'm paſt all comfort here but prayers.
How does his Highneſs?
Cap. Madam, in good health.
Cath. So may he ever do, and ever flouriſh,
When I ſhall dwell with worms, and my poor name
Baniſh'd the kingdom!—Patience, is that letter
I caus'd you write yet ſent away?
Pat. No, Madam.
Cath. Sir, I muſt humbly pray you to deliver
This to my Lord the King.
Cap. Moſt willing, Madam.
Cath. In which I have commended to his goodneſs
The model of our chaſte loves, his young daughter;
The dews of heav'n fall thick in bleſſings on her!
Beſeeching him to give her virtuous breeding,
(She's young, and of a noble modeſt nature;
I hope ſhe will deſerve well) and a little

To love her for her mother's ſake, that lov'd him,
Heav'n knows how dearly. My next poor petition
Is, that his noble Grace would have ſome pity
Upon my wretched women, that ſo long
Have follow'd both my fortunes faithfully;
Of which there is not one, I dare avow,
And now I ſhould not lie, but well deſerves,
For virtue and true beauty of the ſoul,
For honeſty and decent carriage,
A right good huſband, let him be a noble;
And, ſure, thoſe men are happy that ſhall have 'em.
The laſt is for my men; they are the pooreſt,
But poverty could never draw 'em from me;
That they may have their wages duly paid 'em,
And ſomething over to remember me.
If Heav'n had pleas'd to've giv'n me longer life
And able means, we had not parted thus.
Theſe are the whole contents. And, good my Lord,
By that you love the deareſt in this world,
As you wiſh Chriſtian peace to ſouls departed,
Stand theſe poor people's friend, and urge the King
To do me this laſt right.

Cap. By Heav'n I will,
Or let me loſe the faſhion of a man!

Cath. I thank you, honeſt Lord. Remember me
In all humility unto his Highneſs;
And tell him, his long trouble now is paſſing
Out of this world. Tell him, in death I bleſt him;
For ſo I will.—Mine eyes grow dim. Farewell,
My Lord.——Griffith, farewell——Nay, Patience,
You muſt not leave me yet. I muſt to bed—
Call in more women.—When I'm dead, good wench,
Let me be us'd with honour; ſtrew me over
With maiden flow'rs, that all the world may know
I was a chaſte wife to my grave: embalm me,
Then lay me forth. Although unqueen'd, yet like
A queen, and daughter to a king, inter me.
I can no more—— [*Exeunt, leading* Catharine.

ACT V. SCENE I.

Before the Palace.

Enter Gardiner *Biſhop of* Wincheſter, *a Page with a torch before him, met by Sir* Thomas Lovel.

Gardiner.

IT's one o'clock, boy, is't not?

Boy. It hath ſtruck.

Gard. Theſe ſhould be hours for neceſſities,
Not for delights; times to repair our nature
With comforting repoſe, and not for us
To waſte theſe times. Good hour of night, Sir Thomas;
Whither ſo late?

Lov. Came you from the King, my Lord?

Gard. I did, Sir Thomas, and left him at Primero
With the Duke of Suffolk.

Lov. I muſt to him too
Before he go to bed. I'll take my leave.

Gard. Not yet, Sir Thomas Lovel; what's the matter?
It ſeems you are in haſte; and if there be
No great offence belongs to't, give your friend
Some touch of your late buſineſs *. Affairs that walk,
As they ſay ſpirits do at midnight, have
In them a wilder nature than the buſineſs
That ſeeks diſpatch by day.

Lov. My Lord, I love you,
And durſt commend a ſecret to your ear
Much weightier than this work. The Queen's in labour,
They ſay, in great extremity; 'tis fear'd
She'll with the labour end.

Gard The fruit ſhe goes with
I pray for heartily, that it may find
Good time, and live; but for the ſtock, Sir Thomas,
I wiſh it grubb'd up now.

* Some hint of the buſineſs that keeps you awake ſo late. *Johnſon.*

Lov. Methinks I could
Cry the Amen; and yet my conſcience ſays
She's a good creature, and, ſweet Lady, does
Deſerve our better wiſhes.

Gard. But, Sir, Sir——
Hear me, Sir Thomas——You're a gentleman
Of mine own way; I know you wiſe, religious:
And, let me tell you, it will ne'er be well,
'Twill not, Sir Thomas Lovel, take't of me,
Till Cranmer, Cromwell, her two hands, and ſhe,
Sleep in their graves.

Lov. Now, Sir, you ſpeak of two
The moſt remark'd i' th' kingdom. As for Cromwell,
Beſide that of the jewel-houſe, he's made maſter
O' th' Rolls, and the King's ſecretary; further
Stands in the gap and tread for more preferments,
With which the time will load him. Th' Archbiſhop
Is the King's hand and tongue; and who dare ſpeak
One ſyllable againſt him?

Gard. Yes, Sir Thomas,
There are that dare; and I myſelf have ventur'd
To ſpeak my mind of him. Indeed, this day,
Sir, I may tell it you, I think I have
Incens'd the Lords o' th' Council, that he is,
For ſo I know he is, they know he is,
A moſt arch heretick, a peſtilence
That does infect the land; with which they, mov'd,
Have broken with the King; who hath ſo far
Giv'n ear to our complaint, of his great grace
And princely care, foreſeeing thoſe fell miſchiefs
Our reaſons laid before him; he hath commanded,
To-morrow morning to the council-board
He be convened. He's a rank weed, Sir Thomas,
And we muſt root him out. From your affairs
I hinder you too long. Good night, Sir Thomas.

[*Exeunt* Gardiner *and Page.*

Lov. Many good nights, my Lord; I reſt your
ſervant. [*Exit* Lovel.

SCENE II.

Changes to an Apartment in the Palace.

Enter King and Suffolk.

King. Charles, I will play no more to-night;
My mind's not on't; you are too hard for me.
Suf. Sir, I did never win of you before.
King But little, Charles;
Nor ſhall not, when my fancy's on my play.

Re-enter Lovel.

Now, Lovel, from the Queen what is the news?
Lov. I could not perſonally deliver to her
What you commanded me, but by her woman
I ſent your meſſage; who return'd her thanks
In greateſt humbleneſs, and begg'd your Highneſs
Moſt heartily to pray for her.
King. What ſay'ſt thou! ha!
To pray for her! what, is ſhe crying out?
Lov. So ſaid her woman, and that her ſuff'rance made
Almoſt each pang a death.
King. Alas, good Lady!
Suf. God ſafely quit her of her burden, and
With gentle travel, to the gladding of
Your Highneſs with an heir!
King. 'Tis midnight, Charles:
Pr'ythee, to bed; and in thy pray'rs remember
Th' eſtate of my poor Queen. Leave me alone;
For I muſt think of that which company
Would not be friendly to.
Suf. I wiſh your Highneſs
A quiet night, and my good miſtreſs will
Remember in my prayers.
King. Charles, a good night. [*Exit* Suffolk.

Enter Sir Anthony Denny.

Well, Sir, what follows?
Denny. Sir, I have brought my Lord the Archbiſhop,
As you commanded me.

King. Ha! Canterbury?——
Denny. Yea, my good Lord.
King. 'Tis true—— Where is he, Denny?
Denny. He attends your Highneſs' pleaſure.
King. Bring him to us. [*Exit* Denny.
Lov. This is about that which the Biſhop ſpake;
I am happily come hither. [*Aſide.*

Enter Cranmer *and* Denny.

King. Avoid the gallery. [Lovel *ſeemeth to ſtay.*
Ha!——I have ſaid——be gone.
What!—— [*Exeunt* Lovel *and* Denny.

SCENE III.

Cran. I am fearful. Wherefore frowns he thus?
'Tis his aſpect of terror. All's not well.
King. How now, my Lord? you do deſire to know
Wherefore I ſent for you.
Cran. kneeling.] It is my duty
T'attend your Highneſs' pleaſure.
King. Pray you, riſe,
My good and gracious Lord of Canterbury.
Come, you and I muſt walk a turn together;
I've news to tell you. Come, give me your hand.
Ah, my good Lord, I grieve at what I ſpeak;
And am right ſorry to repeat what follows.
I have, and moſt unwillingly, of late
Heard many grievous, I do ſay, my Lord,
Grievous complaints of you; which being conſider'd,
Have mov'd us and our council, that you ſhall
This morning come before us; where I know
You cannot with ſuch freedom purge yourſelf,
But that, till further trial, in thoſe charges
Which will require your anſwer, you muſt take
Your patience to you, and be well contented
To make your houſe our Tower. You a brother of us,
It fits we thus proceed, or elſe no witneſs
Would come againſt you.
Cran. kneeling] I humbly thank your Highneſs,
And am right glad to catch this good occaſion

Moſt throughly to be winnow'd, where my chaff
And corn ſhall fly aſunder; for, I know,
There's none ſtands under more calumnious tongues
Than I myſelf, poor man.

King. Stand up, good Canterbury;
Thy truth and thy integrity is rooted
In us, thy friend. Give me thy hand; ſtand up;
Pr'ythee let's walk. [Cranmer *riſes.*] Now, by my holy dame,
What manner of man are you? My Lord, I look'd
You would have given me your petition that
I ſhould have ta'en ſome pains to bring together
Yourſelf and your accuſers, and have heard you
Without indurance further.

Cran. Moſt dread Liege,
The good I ſtand on is my truth and honeſty:
If they ſhall fail, I with mine enemies
Will triumph o'er my perſon, which I weigh not,
Being of thoſe virtues vacant. I fear nothing
Which can be ſaid againſt me.

King. Know you not
How your ſtate ſtands i' th' world, with the whole world?
Your foes are many, and not ſmall; their practices
Muſt bear the ſame proportion and not ever
The juſtice and the truth o' th' queſtion carries
The due o' th' verdict with it. At what eaſe
Might corrupt minds procure knaves as corrupt
To ſwear againſt you? Such things have been done.
You're potently oppos'd, and with a malice
Of as great ſize. Ween you of better luck,
I mean, in perjur'd witneſs, than your matter,
Whoſe miniſter you are, while here he liv'd
Upon this naughty earth? Go to, go to,
You take a precipice for no leap of danger,
And woo your own deſtruction.

Cran. God and your Majeſty
Protect mine innocence, or I fall into
The trap is laid for me!

King. Be of good cheer;
They ſhall no more prevail than we give way to.
Keep comfort to you, and this morning ſee

You do appear before them; if they chance,
In charging you with matters, to commit you,
The beſt perſuaſions to the contrary
Fail not to uſe; and with what vehemency
Th' occaſion ſhall inſtruct you. If intreaties
Will render you no remedy, this ring
Deliver them, and your appeal to us
There make before them. Look, the good man weeps!
He's honeſt, on mine honour. God's bleſt mother!
I ſwear he is true-hearted; and a ſoul
None better in my kingdom. Get you gone,
And do as I have bid you. [*Exit* Cranmer.
He has ſtrangled all his language in his tears.

Enter an old Lady.

Gen. within.] Come back; what mean you?
Lady. I'll not come back; the tidings that I bring
Will make my boldneſs manners. Now good angels
Fly o'er thy royal head, and ſhade thy perſon
Under their bleſſed wings!
King. Now, by thy looks
I gueſs thy meſſage. Is the Queen deliver'd?
Say *ay*; and *of a boy*.
Lady. Ay, ay, my Liege;
And of a lovely boy; the God of heav'n
Both now and ever bleſs her!— 'Tis a girl
Promiſes boys hereafter. Sir, your Queen
Deſires your viſitation, and to be
Acquainted with this ſtranger: 'tis as like you
As cherry is to cherry.
King. Lovel,—
Lov. Sir.
King. Give her an hundred marks. I'll to the Queen. [*Exit King.*
Lady. An hundred marks! by this light I'll ha' more.
An ordinary groom is for ſuch payment.
I will have more, or ſcold it out of him.
Said I for this the girl was like him? I'll
Have more, or elſe unſay't. Now, while 'tis hot,
I'll put it to the iſſue. [*Exit Lady.*

SCENE IV.

Before the Council-chamber.

Enter Cranmer.

Cran. I hope I'm not too late; and yet the gentleman
That was ſent to me from the council pray'd me
To make great haſte. All faſt? what means this?
—Hoa!
Who waits there?——

Enter Door-keeper.

Sure you know me?
D. Keep. Yes, my Lord;
But yet I cannot help you.
Cran. Why?
D. Keep. Your Grace muſt wait 'till you be call'd for.

Enter Doctor Butts.

Cran. So.——
Butts. This is a piece of malice. I am glad
I came this way ſo happily. The King
Shall underſtand it preſently. [*Exit* Butts.
Cran. aſide.] 'Tis Butts,
The King's phyſician. As he paſs'd along,
How earneſtly he caſt his eyes upon me!
Pray Heav'n he found not my diſgrace! For certain
This is of purpoſe laid by ſome that hate me,
(God turn their hearts! I never ſought their malice,)
To quench mine honour; they would ſhame to make me
Wait elſe at door, a fellow-counſellor,
'Mong boys and grooms and lackeys! but their pleaſures
Muſt be fulfill'd, and I attend with patience.

Enter the King and Butts, *at a window above.*

Butts. I'll ſhew your Grace the ſtrangeſt ſight——

King. What's that, Butts?

Butts. I think your Highneſs ſaw this many a day.

King. Body o' me, where is it?

Butts. There, my Lord;
The high promotion of his Grace of Canterbury,
Who holds his ſtate at door 'mongſt purſuivants,
Pages and foot-boys.

King. Ha! 'tis he indeed:
Is this the honour they do one another?
'Tis well there's one above 'em yet. I thought
They'd parted ſo much honeſty among 'em,
At leaſt good manners, as not thus to ſuffer
A man of his place, and ſo near our favour,
To dance attendance on their Lordſhips' pleaſures,
And at the door too, like a poſt with packets.
By holy Mary, Butts, there's knavery.
Let 'em alone, and draw the curtain cloſe,
We ſhall hear more anon.——

SCENE V.

The Council.

A council-table brought in with chairs and ſtools, and placed under the ſtate. Enter Lord Chancellor, places himſelf at the upper end of the table on the left hand, a ſeat being left void above him, as for the Archbiſhop of Canterbury; *Duke of* Suffolk, *Duke of* Norfolk, Surrey, *Lord Chamberlain, and* Gardiner, *ſeat themſelves in order on each ſide.* Cromwell *at the lower end, as Secretary.*

Chan. Speak to the buſineſs, Mr Secretary.
Why are we met in council?

Crom. Pleaſe your Honours,
The cauſe concerns his Grace of Canterbury.

Gard. Has he had knowledge of it?

Crom. Yes.

Nor. Who waits there?

D. Keep. Without, my noble Lords?

Gard. Yes.

D. Keep. My Lord Archbiſhop;
And has done half an hour, to know your pleaſures.
Chan. Let him come in.
D. Keep. Your Grace may enter now.
[Cranmer *approaches the council-table.*
Chan. My good Lord Archbiſhop, I'm very ſorry
To ſit here at this preſent, and behold
That chair ſtand empty; but we are all men,
In our own natures frail, and capable
Of frailty: few are angels; from which frailty
And want of wiſdom, you, that beſt ſhould teach us,
Have miſdemean'd yourſelf, and not a little;
Toward the King firſt, then his laws, in filling
The whole realm, by your teaching and your chaplains,
(For ſo we are inform'd) with new opinions
Divers and dang'rous, which are hereſies,
And, not reform'd, may prove pernicious.
Gard. Which reformation muſt be ſudden too,
My noble Lords; for thoſe that tame wild horſes,
Pace 'em not in their hands to make 'em gentle,
But ſtop their mouths with ſtubborn bits, and ſpur 'em
'Till they obey the manage. If we ſuffer,
Out of our eaſineſs and childiſh pity
To one man's honour, this contagious ſickneſs,
Farewell all phyſic; and what follows then?
Commotions, uproars, with a gen'ral taint
Of the whole ſtate, as of late days our neighbours
The Upper Germany can dearly witneſs,
Yet freſhly pitied in our memories.
Cran. My good Lords, hitherto, in all the progreſs
Both of my life and office, I have labour'd,
And with no little ſtudy, that my teaching,
And the ſtrong courſe of my authority,
Might go one way, and ſafely; and the end
Was ever to do well: nor is there living
(I ſpeak it with a ſingle heart, my Lords)
A man that more deteſts, more ſtirs againſt,
Both in his private conſcience and his place,
Defacers of the public peace, than I do.

Pray Heav'n the King may never find a heart
With leſs allegiance in it! Men that make
Envy and crooked malice nouriſhment,
Dare bite the beſt. I do beſeech your Lordſhips
That, in this caſe of juſtice, my accuſers,
Be what they will, may ſtand forth face to face,
And freely urge againſt me.

Suf. Nay, my Lord,
That cannot be; you are a counſellor,
And by that virtue no man dare accuſe you.

Gard. My Lord, becauſe we've buſineſs of more moment,
We will be ſhort w' you. 'Tis his Highneſs pleaſure,
And our conſent, for better trial of you,
From hence you be committed to the Tower;
Where, being but a private man again,
You ſhall know many dare accuſe you boldly,
More than, I fear, you are provided for.

Cran. Ay, my good Lord of Wincheſter, I thank you,
You're always my good friend; if your will paſs,
I ſhall both find your Lordſhip judge and juror,
You are ſo merciful. I ſee your end,
'Tis my undoing. Love and meekneſs, Lord,
Become a church-man better than ambition.
Win ſtraying ſouls with modeſty again,
Caſt none away. That I ſhall clear myſelf,
Lay all the weight ye can upon my patience,
I make as little doubt, as you do conſcience
In doing daily wrongs. I could ſay more,
But rev'rence to your calling makes me modeſt.

Gard. My Lord, my Lord, you are a ſectary,
That's the plain truth; your painted gloſs diſcovers,
To men that underſtand you, words and weakneſs.

Crom. My Lord of Wincheſter, you are a little,
By your good favour, too ſharp; men ſo noble,
However faulty, yet ſhould find reſpect
For what they have been; 'tis a cruelty
To load a falling man.

Gard. Good Mr Secretary,

I cry your honour mercy; you may worſt
Of all this table ſay ſo.
Crom. Why, my Lord?
Gard. Do not I know you for a favourer
Of this new ſect? Ye are not ſound.
Crom. Not ſound?
Gard. Not ſound, I ſay.
Crom. 'Would you were half ſo honeſt!
Mens' prayers then would ſeek you, not their fears.
Gard. I ſhall remember this bold language.
Crom. Do.
Remember your bold life too.
Cham. This is too much;
Forbear for ſhame, my Lords.
Gard. I've done.
Crom. And I.
Cham. Then thus for you, my Lord. It ſtands agreed,
I take it, by all voices, that forthwith
You be convey'd to th' Tower a priſoner,
There to remain, 'till the King's further pleaſure
Be known unto us. Are you all agreed, Lords?
All. We are.
Cran. Is there no other way of mercy,
But I muſt needs to th' Tower, my Lords?
Gard. What other
Would you expect? you're ſtrangely troubleſome.
—Let ſome o' th' guard be ready there.

Enter the Guard.

Cran. For me?
Muſt I go like a traitor, then?
Gard. Receive him;
And ſee him ſafe i' th' Tower.
Cran. Stay, good my Lords,
I have a little yet to ſay. Look there, Lords;
By virtue of that ring, I take my cauſe
Out of the gripes of cruel men, and give it
To a moſt noble judge, the King my maſter.
Cham. This is the King's ring.
Sur. 'Tis no counterfeit.

Suf. 'Tis his right ring, by Heav'n. I told ye all,
When we firſt put this dang'rous ſtone a rolling,
'Twould fall upon ourſelves.
Nor. D'ou think, my Lords,
The King will ſuffer but the little finger
Of this man to be vex'd?
Cham. 'Tis now too certain.
How much more is his life in value with him?
'Would I were fairly out on't.
Crom. My mind gave me,
In ſeeking tales and informations
Againſt this man, whoſe honeſty the devil
And his diſciples only envy at,
Ye blew the fire that burns ye. Now have at ye.

SCENE VI.

Enter King, frowning on them; takes his ſeat.

Gard. Dread Sov'reign, how much are we bound to Heav'n
In daily thanks, that gave us ſuch a Prince,
Not only good and wiſe, but moſt religious;
One that in all obedience makes the church
The chief aim of his honour; and to ſtrengthen
That holy duty, out of dear reſpect,
His royal ſelf in judgment comes to hear
The cauſe betwixt her and this great offender.
King. You're ever good at ſudden commendations,
Biſhop of Wincheſter. But know, I come not
To hear ſuch flatt'ries now; and in my preſence
They are too thin and baſe to hide offences.
To me you cannot reach; you play the ſpaniel,
And think with wagging of your tongue to win me;
But whatſoe'er thou tak'ſt me for, I'm ſure
Thou haſt a cruel nature, and a bloody.
Good man, ſit down. Now let me ſee the proudeſt
[*To* Cranmer.
He, that dares moſt, but wag his finger at thee.
By all that's holy, he had better ſtarve,
Than but once think this place becomes thee not.
Sur. May't pleaſe your Grace——

King. No, Sir, it does not pleaſe me.
I thought I had men of ſome underſtanding
And wiſdom of my council; but I find none.
Was it diſcretion, Lords, to let this man,
This good man, few of you deſerve that title,
This honeſt man, wait like a lowſy foot-boy
At chamber-door, and one as great as you are?
Why, what a ſhame was this? did my commiſſion
Bid you ſo far forget yourſelves? I gave ye
Pow'r, as he was a counſellor, to try him,
Not as a groom. There's ſome of ye, I ſee,
More out of malice than integrity,
Would try him to the utmoſt, had ye means;
Which ye ſhall never have while I do live.

Cham. My moſt dread Sovereign, may it like your Grace
To let my tongue excuſe all. What was purpos'd
Concerning his impriſonment, was rather,
If there be faith in men, meant for his trial,
And fair purgation to the world, than malice;
I'm ſure, in me.

King. Well, well, my Lords, reſpect him:
Take him, and uſe him well; he's worthy of it.
I will ſay thus much for him, if a prince
May be beholden to a ſubject, I
Am, for his love and ſervice, ſo to him.
Make me no more ado, but all embrace.
Be friends for ſhame, my Lords.—My Lord of Canterbury,
I have a ſuit which you muſt not deny me:
There is a fair young maid that yet wants baptiſm;
You muſt be godfather, and anſwer for her.

Cran. The greateſt monarch now alive may glory
In ſuch an honour; how may I deſerve it,
That am a poor and humble ſubject to you?

King. Come, come, my Lord, you'd ſpare your ſpoons. You ſhall have
Two noble partners with you; the old Ducheſs
Of Norfolk, and the Lady Marquis Dorſet.
—Once more, my Lord of Wincheſter, I charge you
Embrace and love this man.

Gard. With a true heart
And brother's love I do it.
Cran. And let Heaven
Witneſs how dear I hold this confirmation.
[*Embracing.*
King. Good man, thoſe joyful tears ſhew thy true heart.
The common voice, I ſee, is verify'd
Of thee, which ſays thus: *Do my Lord of Canterbury*
But one ſhrewd turn, and he's your friend for ever.
Come, Lords, we trifle time away; I long
To have this young-one made a Chriſtian.
As I have made ye one, Lords, one remain;
So I grow ſtronger, you more honour gain. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII.

The Palace Yard.

Noiſe and tumult within: Enter Porter and his Man.

Port. You'll leave your noiſe anon, ye raſcals; do you take the Court for Paris-Garden? Ye rude ſlaves, leave your gaping.
Within. Good Mr Porter, I belong to th' larder.
Port. Belong to the gallows and be hang'd, ye rogue. Is this a place to roar in?—Fetch me a dozen crab-tree ſtaves, and ſtrong ones; theſe are but ſwitches to 'em. I'll ſcratch your heads; you muſt be ſeeing chriſtenings? Do you look for ale and cakes here, you rude raſcals?
Man. Pray, Sir, be patient; 'tis as much impoſſible,
Unleſs we ſwept them from the door with cannons,
To ſcatter 'em, as 'tis to make 'em ſleep
On May-day morning; which will never be.
We may as well puſh againſt Paul's, as ſtir 'em.
Port. How got they in, and be hang'd?
Man. Alas, I know not; how gets the tide in?
As much as one ſound cudgel of four foot,
You ſee the poor remainder, could diſtribute,
I made no ſpare, Sir.

Port. You did nothing, Sir.

Man. I am not Sampſon, nor Sir Guy, nor Colebrand, to mow 'em down before me; but if I ſpar'd any that had a head to hit, either young or old, he or ſhe, cuckold or cuckold-maker, let me never hope to ſee a chine again; and that I would not for a cow, God ſave her.

Within. Do you hear, Mr Porter?

Port. I ſhall be with you preſently, good Mr Puppy.—Keep the door cloſe, ſirrah.

Man. What would you have me do?

Port. What ſhould you do, but knock 'em down by the dozens? Is this Moorefields to muſter in? or have we ſome ſtrange Indian with the great tool come to court, the women ſo beſiege us? Bleſs me! what a fry of fornication is at the door? On my Chriſtian conſcience, this one chriſtening will beget a thouſand: here will be father, god-father, and all together.

Man. The ſpoons will be the bigger, Sir. There is a fellow ſomewhat near the door, he ſhould be a braſier by his face; for, o' my conſcience, twenty of the dog-days now reign in's noſe; all that ſtand about him are under the line, they need no other penance; that fire-drake did I hit three times on the head, and three times was his noſe diſcharged againſt me; he ſtands there like a mortar-piece to blow us up. There was a haberdaſher's wife of ſmall wit near him, that rail'd upon me 'till her pink'd porringer fell off her head, for kindling ſuch a combuſtion in the ſtate. I miſt the meteor once, and hit that woman, who cry'd out, clubs! when I might ſee from far ſome forty truncheoneers draw to her ſuccour, which were the hope of the ſtrand where ſhe was quarter'd. They fell on; I made good my place; at length they came to th' broom-ſtaff with me, I defy'd 'em ſtill; when ſuddenly a file of boys behind 'em deliver'd ſuch a ſhower of pebbles, looſe ſhot, that I was fain to draw mine honour in, and let 'em win the work; the devil was amongſt 'em, I think, ſurely.

Port. Theſe are the youths that thunder at a play-houſe, and fight for bitten apples; that no audience but the tribulation of Tower-Hill, or the limbs of Limehouſe, their dear brothers, are able to endure. I have ſome of 'em in *limbo patrum*, and there they are like to dance theſe three days; beſides the running banquet * of two beadles that is to come.

Enter Lord Chamberlain.

Cham. Mercy o' me! what a multitude are here?
They grow ſtill too; from all parts they are coming,
As if we kept a fair. Where are theſe porters,
Theſe lazy knaves?——Ye've made a fine hand, fellows,
There's a trim rabble let in; are all theſe
Your faithful friends o' th' ſuburbs? We ſhall have
Great ſtore of room, no doubt, left for the ladies,
When they paſs back from th' chriſtening?

Port. Pleaſe your Honour,
We are but men; and what ſo many may do,
Not being torn in pieces, we have done.
An army cannot rule 'em.

Cham. As I live,
If the King blame me for't, I'll lay ye all
By th' heels, and ſuddenly; and on your heads
Clap round fines for neglect. Y'are lazy knaves;
And here ye ly baiting of bumbards †, when
Ye ſhould do ſervice. Hark, the trumpets ſound;
Th'are come already from the chriſtening.
Go break among the preſs, and find a way out
To let the troop paſs fairly; or I'll find
A Marſhalſea ſhall hold you play theſe two months.

Port. Make way for the Princeſs.

Man. You great fellow, ſtand cloſe up, or I'll make your head ake.

Port. You i' th' camblet, get up o' th' rail: I'll pick you o'er the pales elſe. [*Exeunt.*

* A public whipping. *Johnſon.*

† A *bumbard* is an *ale-barrel*; to *bait bumbards* is to *tipple*, to *ly at the ſpigot*. Johnſon.

SCENE VIII.

Changes to the Palace.

Enter Trumpets ſounding; then two Aldermen, Lord Mayor, Garter, Cranmer, *Duke of* Norfolk *with his Marſhal's ſtaff, Duke of* Suffolk, *two Noblemen bearing great ſtanding bowls for the chriſtening gifts; then four Noblemen bearing a canopy, under which the Ducheſs of* Norfolk, *god-mother, bearing the child richly habited in a mantle,* &c. *Train borne by a Lady: then follows the Marchioneſs of* Dorſet, *the other god-mother, and Ladies. The troop paſs once about the ſtage, and* Garter *ſpeaks.*

Gart. Heav'n, from thy endleſs goodneſs, ſend long life,
And ever happy, to the high and mighty
Princeſs of England, fair Elizabeth!

Flouriſh. Enter King and Guard.

Cran. kneeling.] And to your royal Grace, and the good Queen,
My noble partners and myſelf thus pray;
All comfort, joy, in this moſt gracious Lady,
That Heav'n e'er laid up to make parents happy,
May hourly fall upon ye!

King. Thank you, good Lord Archbiſhop:
What is her name?

Cran. Elizabeth.

King. Stand up, Lord [*The King kiſſes the child.*
With this kiſs take my bleſſing. God protect thee,
Into whoſe hand I give thy life.

Cran. *Amen.*

King. My noble goſſips, ye have been too prodigal,
I thank you heartily; ſo ſhall this Lady,
When ſhe has ſo much Engliſh.

Cran. Let me ſpeak, ſir;
For Heav'n now bids me; and the words I utter
Let none think flattery, for they'll find 'em truth.

This royal infant, Heav'n ſtill move about her!
Though in her cradle, yet now promiſes
Upon this land a thouſand thouſand bleſſings,
Which time ſhall bring to ripeneſs. She ſhall be,
(But few or none living can behold that goodneſs),
A pattern to all princes living with her,
And all that ſhall ſucceed. Sheba was never
More covetous of wiſdom and fair virtue,
Than this bleſs'd ſoul ſhall be. All princely graces,
That mould up ſuch a mighty piece as this,
With all the virtues that attend the good,
Shall ſtill be doubled on her. Truth ſhall nurſe her:
Holy and heav'nly thoughts ſtill counſel her:
She ſhall be lov'd and fear'd. Her own ſhall bleſs her;
Her foes ſhake, like a field of beaten corn,
And hang their heads with ſorrow. Good grows with her.
In her days ev'ry man ſhall eat in ſafety,
Under his own vine, what he plants, and ſing
The merry ſongs of peace to all his neighbours.
God ſhall be truly known, and thoſe about her
From her ſhall read the perfect ways of honour,
And claim by thoſe their greatneſs, not by blood.
Nor ſhall this peace ſleep with her; but as when
The bird of wonder dies, the maiden Phœnix,
Her aſhes new-create another heir,
As great in admiration as herſelf;
So ſhall ſhe leave her bleſſedneſs to one,
When Heav'n ſhall call her from this cloud of darkneſs,
Who from the ſacred aſhes of her honour
Shall ſtar-like riſe as great in fame as ſhe was,
And ſo ſtand fix'd. Peace, Plenty, Love, Truth, Terror,
That were the ſervants to this choſen infant,
Shall then be his, and like a vine grow to him;
Where-ever the bright ſun of heav'n ſhall ſhine,
His honour and the greatneſs of his name
Shall be, and make new nations. He ſhall flouriſh,
And, like a mountain cedar, reach his branches

To all the plains about him: childrens' children
Shall ſee this, and bleſs Heav'n.
King. Thou ſpeakeſt wonders.]
Cran. She ſhall be, to the happineſs of England,
An aged Princeſs; many days ſhall ſee her,
And yet no day without a deed to crown it.
'Would I had known no more! but ſhe muſt die,
She muſt, the ſaints muſt have her yet a virgin;
A moſt unſpotted lily ſhe ſhall paſs
To th' ground, and all th' world ſhall mourn her.
King. O Lord Archbiſhop,
Thou'ſt made me now a man; never, before
This happy child, did I get any thing.
This oracle of comfort has ſo pleas'd me,
That when I am in heav'n I ſhall deſire
To ſee what this child does, and praiſe my Maker.
I thank ye all.—To you, my good Lord Mayor,
And your good brethren, I am much beholden:
I have receiv'd much honour by your preſence,
And ye ſhall find me thankful. Lead the way,
Lords;
Ye muſt all ſee the Queen, and ſhe muſt thank ye,
She will be ſick elſe. This day no man think
H' as buſineſs at his houſe, for all ſhall ſtay;
This little-one ſhall make it holy-day. [*Exeunt* *.

* The play of *Henry the Eighth* is one of thoſe which ſtill keeps poſſeſſion of the ſtage, by the ſplendor of its pageantry. The coronation, about forty years ago, drew the people together in multitudes for a great part of the winter. Yet pomp is not the only merit of this play. The meek ſorrows and virtuous diſtreſs of Catharine have furniſhed ſome ſcenes which may be juſtly numbered among the greateſt efforts of tragedy. But the genius of Shakeſpeare comes in and goes out with Catharine. Every other part may be eaſily conceived, and eaſily written. *Johnſon.*

EPILOGUE.

'TIS ten to one this Play can never pleaſe
All that are here. Some come to take their eaſe,
And ſleep an act or two; but thoſe, we fear,
We've frighted with our trumpets; ſo 'tis clear
They'll ſay it's naught: others, to hear the city
Abus'd extremely, and to cry, That's witty!
Which we have not done neither; that, I fear,
All the expected good we're like to hear
For this play at this time, is only in
The merciful conſtruction of good women;
For ſuch a one we ſhew'd 'em. If they ſmile,*
And ſay 'twill do, I know within a while
All the beſt men are ours; for 'tis ill hap
If they hold when their ladies bid 'em clap.

* In the character of Catharine. *Johnſon.*

THE

LIFE and DEATH

OF

KING LEAR.

Dramatis Perſonæ.

LEAR, King of Britain.
King of France.
Duke of Burgundy.
Duke of Cornwall.
Duke of Albany.
Earl of Glo'ſter.
Earl of Kent.
EDGAR, ſon to Glo'ſter.
EDMUND, baſtard ſon to Glo'ſter.
CURAN, a courtier.
Doctor.
Fool.
OSWALD, ſteward to Gonerill.
A Captain, employed by Edmund.
Gentleman, attendant on Cordelia.
A Herald.
Old man, tenant to Glo'ſter.
Servant to Cornwall.
1ſt, 2d } Servants to Glo'ſter.

GONERILL,
REGAN,
CORDELIA, } Daughters to Lear.

Knights attending on the King, Officers, Meſſengers, Soldiers and Attendants.

SCENE *lyes in Britain.*

KING LEAR.

ACT I. SCENE I.

The King's Palace.

Enter Kent, Glo'ſter, *and* Edmund *the Baſtard.*

Kent.

I Thought the King had more affected the Duke of Albany than Cornwall.

Glou. It did always ſeem ſo to us: but now, in the diviſion of the kingdom, it appears not which of the dukes he values moſt; for qualities are ſo weigh'd, that curioſity in neither can make choice of either's moiety.

Kent. Is not this your ſon, my Lord?

Glou. His breeding, Sir, hath been at my charge. I have ſo often bluſh'd to acknowledge him, that now I am braz'd to't.

Kent. I cannot conceive you.

Glou. Sir, this young fellow's mother could; whereupon ſhe grew round-womb'd; and had, indeed, Sir, a ſon for her cradle, ere ſhe had a huſband for her bed. Do you ſmell a fault?

Kent. I cannot wiſh the fault undone, the iſſue of it being ſo proper.

Glou. But I have a ſon, Sir, by order of law, ſome year elder than this, who yet is no dearer in my account. Though this knave came ſomewhat ſaucily to the world before he was ſent for, yet was his mother fair; there was good ſport at his making, and the whoreſon muſt be acknowledged. Do you know this nobleman, Edmund?

Edm. No, my Lord.
Glou. My Lord of Kent.
Remember him hereafter as my honourable friend.
Edm. My ſervices to your Lordſhip.
Kent. I muſt love you, and ſue to know you better.
Edm. Sir, I ſhall ſtudy your deſerving.
Glou. He hath been out nine years, and away he ſhall again. [*Trumpets ſound within.*
—The King is coming.

SCENE II.

Enter King Lear, Cornwall, Albany, Gonerill, Regan, Cordelia, *and Attendants.*

Lear. Attend the Lords of France and Burgundy, Glo'ſter.
Glou. I ſhall, my Liege. [*Exit.*
Lear. Mean time we ſhall expreſs our darker * purpoſe.
Give me the map here. Know we have divided,
In three, our kingdom; and 'tis our faſt intent,
To ſhake all cares and buſineſs from our age,
Conferring them on younger ſtrengths, while we
Unburden'd crawl tow'rd death. Our ſon of Cornwall,
And you, our no leſs loving ſon of Albany,
We have this hour a conſtant will to publiſh
Our daughters ſeveral dow'rs, that future ſtrife
May be prevented now. The Princes France and Burgundy,
Great rivals in our younger daughter's love,
Long in our court have made their am'rous ſojourn,
And here are to be anſwer'd. Tell me, daughters,
Since now we will diveſt us both of rule,
Int'reſt of territory, cares of ſtate,
Which of you, ſhall we ſay, doth love us moſt,

* *Darker*, for more ſecret; not for indirect, oblique. *Warburton.*

That we our largeſt bounty may extend
Where nature doth with merit challenge. Gonerill,
Our eldeſt born, ſpeak firſt.

Gon. Sir,
I love you more than words can wield the matter,
Dearer than eye-ſight, ſpace and liberty;
Beyond what can be valued, rich or rare;
No leſs than life, with grace, health, beauty, honour;
As much as child e'er lov'd, or father found;
A love that makes breath poor, and ſpeech unable,
Beyond all manner of ſo much † I love you.

Cor. What ſhall Cordelia do? love, and be ſilent. [*Aſide.*

Lear. Of all theſe bounds, ev'n from this line to this,
With ſhadowy foreſts and with champions rich'd,
With plenteous rivers and wide-ſkirted meads,
We make thee lady. To thine and Albany's iſſue
Be this perpetual.—What ſays our ſecond daughter?
Our deareſt Regan, wife of Cornwall, ſpeak.

Reg. I'm made of that ſelf-metal as my ſiſter,
And prize me at her worth, in my true heart.
I find ſhe names my very deed of love,
Only ſhe comes too ſhort; that I profeſs
Myſelf an enemy to all other joys
Which the moſt precious ſquare * of ſenſe poſſeſſes,
And find I am alone felicitate
In your dear Highneſs' love.

Cor. Then poor Cordelia! [*Aſide.*
And yet not ſo, ſince, I am ſure, my love's
More pond'rous than my tongue.

Lear. To thee, and thine, hereditary ever
Remain this ample third of our fair kingdom;
No leſs in ſpace, validity, and pleaſure,
Than that conferr'd on Gonerill.—Now our joy,

† *i. e.* beyond all expreſſion. *Warburton.*
* That is, the full complement of all the ſenſes. *Reviſal.*

Although our laſt, not leaſt, to whoſe young love
The vines of France and milk of Burgundy
Strive to be int'reſs'd; what ſay you, to draw
A third more opulent than your ſiſters? Speak.

Cor. Nothing, my Lord.

Lear. Nothing?

Cor. Nothing.

Lear. Nothing can come of nothing: ſpeak again.

Cor. Unhappy that I am, I cannot heave
My heart into my mouth. I love your Majeſty
According to my bond, no more nor leſs.

Lear. How, how, Cordelia? mend your ſpeech a little,
Leſt you may mar your fortunes.

Cor Good my Lord,
You have begot me, bred me, lov'd me. I
Return thoſe duties back, as are right fit,
Obey you, love you, and moſt honour you.
Why have my ſiſters huſbands, if they ſay
They love you all? haply, when I ſhall wed,
That Lord whoſe hand muſt take my plight ſhall carry
Half my love with him, half my care and duty.
Sure I ſhall never marry like my ſiſters,
To love my father all——

Lear. But goes thy heart with this?

Cor. Ay, my good Lord.

Lear. So young, and ſo untender?

Cor. So young, my Lord, and true.

Lear. Let it be ſo, thy truth then be thy dower:
For by the ſacred radiance of the ſun,
The myſteries of Hecat, and the night,
By all the operations of the orbs,
From whom we do exiſt and ceaſe to be,
Here I diſclaim all my paternal care,
Propinquity and property of blood,
And as a ſtranger to my heart and me
Hold thee, from this, for ever. The barb'rous Scythian,
Or he that makes his generation meſſes
To gorge his appetite, ſhall to my boſom

Be as well neighbour'd, pitied, and reliev'd,
As thou, my ſometime daughter.
Kent. Good my Liege———
Lear. Peace, Kent!
Come not between the dragon and his wrath.
I lov'd her moſt, and thought to ſet my reſt
On her kind nurs'ry. Hence, avoid my ſight!—
[*To* Cordelia.
So be my grave my peace, as here I give
Her father's heart from her.—Call France—Who ſtirs?
Call Burgundy.—Cornwall and Albany,
With my two daughters' dowers digeſt the third.
Let pride, which ſhe calls plainneſs, marry her.
I do inveſt you jointly with my power,
Preheminence, and all the large effects
That troop with majeſty. Our ſelf by monthly courſe,
With reſervation of an hundred knights,
By you to be ſuſtain'd, ſhall our abode
Make with you by due turns; only retain
The name and all th' addition to a king;
The ſway, revenue, execution of the reſt,
Beloved ſons, be yours; which to confirm,
This coronet part between you.
[*Giving the crown.*
Kent. Royal Lear,
Whom I have ever honour'd as my king,
Lov'd as my father, as my maſter follow'd,
As my great patron thought on in my pray'rs—
Lear. The bow is bent and drawn, make from the ſhaft.
Kent. Let it fall rather, though the fork invade
The region of my heart; be Kent unmannerly,
When Lear is mad. What wouldſt thou do, old man?
Think'ſt thou that duty ſhall have dread to ſpeak,
When pow'r to flatt'ry bows? To plainneſs honour's bound,
When Majeſty falls to folly. Reſerve thy ſtate,
And in thy beſt conſideration check

This hideous raſhneſs. Anſwer my life my judgment *,
Thy youngeſt daughter does not love thee leaſt;
Nor are thoſe empty hearted, whoſe low ſound
Reverbs no hollowneſs.

Lear. Kent, on thy life no more.

Kent. My life I never held but as a pawn
To wage againſt thine enemies, nor fear to loſe it,
Thy ſafety being the motive.

Lear. Out of my ſight!

Kent. See better, Lear, and let me ſtill remain
The true blank of thine eye.

Lear. Now, by Apollo———

Kent. Now, by Apollo, King,
Thou ſwear'ſt thy gods in vain.

Lear. O vaſſal! miſcreant!———

[*Laying his hand on his ſword.*

Alb. Corn. Dear Sir, forbear.

Kent. Kill thy phyſician, and thy fee beſtow
Upon the foul diſeaſe; revoke thy doom,
Or, whilſt I can vent clamour from my throat,
I'll tell thee thou doſt evil.

Lear. Hear me, recreant!
Since thou haſt ſought to make us break our vow,
Which we durſt never yet; and, with ſtrain'd pride,
To come betwixt our ſentence and our power,
Which nor our nature nor our place can bear;
Our potency made good, take thy reward †.
Five days we do allot thee for proviſion,

* The meaning of *anſwer my life my judgment*, is, Let my life be anſwerable for my judgment; *or*, I will ſtake my life on my opinion. *Johnſon.*

† *i. e.* "You have endeavoured, ſays Lear, to make me "break my oath, you have preſumed to ſtop the exe- "cution of my ſentence: the latter of theſe attempts "neither my temper nor high ſtation will ſuffer me to "bear; and the other, had I yielded to it, my power "could not make good, or excuſe."—*Which*, in the firſt line, referring to both attempts: but the ambiguity of it, as it might refer only to the latter, has occaſioned all the obſcurity of the paſſage. *Warburton.*

To ſhield thee from diſaſters of the world,
And on the ſixth to turn thy hated back
Upon our kingdom; if, the tenth day following,
Thy baniſh'd trunk be found in our dominions,
The moment is thy death. Away! By Jupiter
This ſhall not be revok'd.

Kent. Fare thee well, King; ſith thus thou wilt appear,
Freedom lives hence, and baniſhment is here.
The gods to their dear ſhelter take thee, maid,
[*To* Cordelia.
That juſtly think'ſt, and haſt moſt rightly ſaid.
And your large ſpeeches may your deeds approve,
[*To* Reg. *and* Gon.
That good effects may ſpring from words of love.
Thus Kent, O princes, bids you all adieu;
He'll ſhape his old courſe in a country new. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.

Enter Glo'ſter, *with* France *and* Burgundy, *and Attendants.*

Glou. Here's France and Burgundy, my noble Lord.

Lear. My Lord of Burgundy,
We firſt addreſs tow'rd you, who with this King
Have rivall'd for our daughter; what in the leaſt
Will you require in preſent dower with her,
Or ceaſe your queſt of love?

Bur. Moſt royal Majeſty,
I crave no more than what your Highneſs offer'd,
Nor will you tender leſs.

Lear. Right noble Burgundy,
When ſhe was dear to us, we held her ſo;
But now her price is fall'n. Sir, there ſhe ſtands;
If aught within that little ſeeming * ſubſtance,
Or all of it with our diſpleaſure piec'd,
And nothing more, may fitly like your Grace,
She's there, and ſhe is yours.

* *Seeming* is *beautiful.* Johnſon.

Bur. I know no anſwer.

Lear. Will you with thoſe infirmities ſhe owes,
Unfriended, new-adopted to our hate,
Dower'd with our curſe, and ſtranger'd with our oath,
Take her, or leave her?

Bur. Pardon, royal Sir;
Election makes not up † on ſuch conditions.

Lear. Then leave her, Sir; for by the Power that made me,
I tell you all her wealth.——For you, great King,
[*To* France.
I would not from your love make ſuch a ſtray,
To match you where I hate; therefore beſeech you
T' avert your liking a more worthy way,
Than on a wretch whom Nature is aſham'd
Almoſt t' acknowledge hers.

France. This is moſt ſtrange!
That ſhe, who ev'n but now was your beſt object,
The argument of your praiſe, balm of your age,
The beſt, the deareſt, ſhould in this trice of time
Commit a thing ſo monſtrous, to diſmantle
So many folds of favour! ſure her offence
Muſt be of ſuch unnatural degree,
That monſters it; or your fore-vouch'd affection
Fall into taint; which to believe of her,
Muſt be a faith that reaſon without miracle
Should never plant in me.

Cor. I yet beſeech your Majeſty,
If—for I want that glib and oily art,
To ſpeak and purpoſe not; ſince what I well intend,
I'll do't before I ſpeak—that you make known
It is no vicious blot, murder, or foulneſs,
No unchaſte action, or diſhonour'd ſtep,
That hath depriv'd me of your grace and favour,
But ev'n for want of that for which I'm richer,
A ſtill ſoliciting eye, and ſuch a tongue
That I am glad I've not; though not to have it
Hath loſt me in your liking.

† To *make up* ſignifies to complete, to conclude.
Johnſon.

Lear. Better thou
Hadſt not been born than not have pleas'd me better.
France. Is it but this? a tardineſs in nature,
Which often leaves the hiſtory unſpoke
That it intends to do? My Lord of Burgundy,
What ſay you to the Lady? Love's not love
When it is mingled with regards that ſtand
Aloof from th' intire point. Say, will you have her?
She is herſelf a dowry.
Bur. to Lear.] Royal King,
Give but that portion which yourſelf propos'd,
And here I take Cordelia by the hand,
Ducheſs of Burgundy.
Lear. Nothing:——I've ſworn.
Bur. I'm ſorry then you have ſo loſt a father,
That you muſt loſe a huſband.
Cor. Peace be with Burgundy!
Since that reſpects of fortune are his love,
I ſhall not be his wife.
France. Faireſt Cordelia, that art moſt rich, being poor;
Moſt choice, forſaken; and moſt lov'd, deſpis'd;
Thee and thy virtues here I ſeize upon;
Be't lawful I take up what's caſt away.
Gods, gods! 'tis ſtrange that from their cold'ſt neglect
My love ſhould kindle to enflam'd reſpect.
Thy dow'rleſs daughter, King, thrown to my chance,
Is Queen of us, of ours, and our fair France;
Not all the Dukes of wat'riſh Burgundy
Can buy this unpriz'd, precious maid, of me.
Bid them farewell, Cordelia, though unkind,
Thou loſeſt here, a better where to find.
Lear. Thou haſt her, France; let her be thine, for we
Have no ſuch daughter; nor ſhall ever ſee
That face of hers again; therefore be gone
Without our grace, without our love, our benizon.
Come, noble Burgundy.
[*Flouriſh. Exeunt* Lear *and* Burgundy.

SCENE IV.

France. Bid farewell to your ſiſters.

Cor. Ye jewels of our father, with waſh'd eyes
Cordelia leaves you: I know what you are,
And, like a ſiſter, am moſt loth to call
Your faults as they are nam'd. Love well our father;
To your profeſſing boſoms I commit him;
But yet, alas! ſtood I within his grace,
I would prefer him to a better place.
So farewell to you both.

Reg. Preſcribe not us our duty.

Gon. Let your ſtudy
Be to content your Lord, who hath receiv'd you
At Fortune's alms; you have obedience ſcanted,
And well are worth the want that you have wanted*.

Cor. Time ſhall unfold what plaited cunning hides,
Who covers faults, at laſt with ſhame derides.
Well may you proſper!

France. Come, my fair Cordelia.

[*Exeunt* France *and* Cordelia.

SCENE V.

Gon. Siſter, it is not little I've to ſay,
Of what moſt nearly appertains to us both.
I think our father will go hence to-night.

Reg. That's certain, and with you; next month with us.

Gon. You ſee how full of changes his age is; the obſervation we have made of it hath not been little; he always lov'd our ſiſter moſt, and with what poor judgment he hath now caſt her off appears too groſsly.

Reg. 'Tis the infirmity of his age; yet he hath ever but ſlenderly known himſelf.

* This I take to be the poet's meaning, ſtrip'd of the jingle which makes it dark: "You well deſerve to meet "with that *want* of love from your huſband, which you "have profeſſed to *want* for our father." *Theobald.*

Gon. The beſt and ſoundeſt of his time hath been but raſh; then muſt we look, from his age, to receive not alone the imperfections of long-engrafted condition, but therewithal the unruly waywardneſs that infirm and choleric years bring with them.

Reg. Such unconſtant ſtarts are we like to have from him, as this of Kent's baniſhment.

Gon. There is further compliment of leave-taking between France and him. Pray you let us hit together. If our father carry authority with ſuch diſpoſition as he bears, this laſt ſurrender of his will but offend us.

Reg. We ſhall further think of it.

Gon. We muſt do ſomething, and i' th' heat.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.

Changes to a Caſtle belonging to the Earl of Glo'ſter.

Enter Edmund *with a letter.*

Edm. Thou, Nature, art my goddeſs; to thy law
My ſervices are bound. Wherefore ſhould I
Stand in the plague of cuſtom, and permit
The curteſy of nations to deprive me,
For that I am ſome twelve or fourteen moonſhines
Lag of a brother? Why *baſtard?* wherefore *baſe?*
When my dimenſions are as well compact,
My mind as generous, and my ſhape as true,
As honeſt Madam's iſſue? Why brand they us
With baſe, with baſeneſs, baſtardy, baſe, baſe,
Who, in the luſty ſtealth of nature, take
More compoſition and fierce quality,
Than doth within a dull, ſtale, tired bed,
Go to creating a whole tribe of fops,
Got 'tween a ſleep and wake? Well then,
Legitimate Edgar, I muſt have your land:
Our father's love is to the baſtard Edmund,
As to th' legitimate; fine word——*legitimate.*
Well, my legitimate, if this letter ſpeed,

And my invention thrive, Edmund the baſe
Shall be th' legitimate. I grow, I proſper.
Now, gods, ſtand up for baſtards!

SCENE VII.

To him, Enter Glo'ſter.

Glou. Kent baniſh'd thus! and France in choler parted!
And the King gone to-night! ſubſcrib'd his pow'r*!
Confin'd to exhibition †! all this done
Upon the gad ‡!—Edmund, how now? what news?

Edm. So pleaſe your Lordſhip, none.
[*Putting up the letter.*

Glou. Why ſo earneſtly ſeek you to put up that letter?

Edm. I know no news, my Lord.

Glou. What paper were you reading?

Edm. Nothing, my Lord.

Glou. No! what needed then that terrible diſpatch of it into your pocket? The quality of nothing hath not ſuch need to hide itſelf. Let's ſee; come, if it be nothing I ſhall not need ſpectacles.

Edm. I beſeech you, Sir, pardon me, it is a letter from my brother that I have not all o'er-read; and for ſo much as I have peruſed, I find it not fit for your over-looking.

Glou. Give me the letter, Sir.

Edm. I ſhall offend either to detain or give it. The contents, as in part I underſtand them, are to blame.

Glou. Let's ſee, let's ſee.

Edm. I hope, for my brother's juſtification, he wrote this but as an eſſay or taſte of my virtue.

* *Subſcribed* for transferred, alienated. *Warburton.*

† *Exhibition* is *allowance.* The term is yet uſed in the univerſities. *Johnſon.*

‡ To *go upon the gad*, is to act by the ſudden ſtimulation of caprice, as cattle run madding when they are ſtung by the gad fly. *Ibid.*

Glou. reads.] *This policy and reverence of age makes the world bitter to the beſt of our times; keeps our fortunes from us till our oldneſs cannot reliſh them. I begin to find an idle and fond bondage in the oppreſſion of aged tyranny, which ſways, not as it hath power, but as it is ſuffered. Come to me, that of this I may ſpeak more. If our father would ſleep till I wak'd him, you ſhould enjoy half his revenue for ever, and live the beloved of your brother Edgar.* —Hum—Conſpiracy!—ſleep till I wake him—you ſhould enjoy half his revenue.——My ſon Edgar! had he a hand to write this! a heart and brain to breed it in!——When came this to you? who brought it?

Edm. It was not brought me, my Lord; there's the cunning of it. I found it thrown in at the caſement of my cloſet.

Glou. You know the character to be your brother's?

Edm. If the matter were good, my Lord, I durſt ſwear it were his; but in reſpect of that, I would fain think it were not.

Glou. It is his.

Edm. It is his hand, my Lord: I hope his heart is not in the contents.

Glou. Has he never before ſounded you in this buſineſs?

Edm. Never, my Lord: but I have heard him oft maintain it to be fit, that ſons at perfect age, and fathers declining, the father ſhould be as a ward to the ſon, and the ſon manage his revenue.

Glou. O villain, villain! his very opinion in the letter. Abhorred villain! unnatural, detected, brutiſh villain! worſe than brutiſh! Go, ſirrah, ſeek him; I'll apprehend him. Abominable villain! where is he?

Edm. I do not well know, my Lord. If it ſhall pleaſe you to ſuſpend your indignation againſt my brother, 'till you can derive from him better teſtimony of his intent, you ſhould run a certain courſe; where, if you violently proceed againſt him, miſta-

king his purpoſe, it would make a great gap in your own honour, and ſhake in pieces the heart of his obedience. I dare pawn down my life for him, that he hath writ this to feel my affection to your Honour, and to no other pretence of danger *.

Glou. Think you ſo?

Edm. If your Honour judge it meet, I will place you where you ſhall hear us confer of this, and by an auricular aſſurance have your ſatisfaction, and that without any further delay than this very evening.

Glou He cannot be ſuch a monſter.

Edm. Nor is not, ſure.

Glou. To his father that ſo tenderly and entirely loves him.——Heaven and earth! Edmund, ſeek him out; wind me into him, I pray you. Frame the buſineſs after your own wiſdom: I would unſtate myſelf to be in a due reſolution †.

Edm. I will ſeek him, Sir, preſently; convey the buſineſs as I ſhall find means, and acquaint you wi hal.

Glou. Theſe late eclipſes of the ſun and moon portend no good to us: though the wiſdom of nature can reaſon it thus and thus, yet nature finds itſelf ſcourg'd by the ſequent effects. Love cools, friendſhip falls off, brothers divide. In cities, mutinies; in countries, diſcord; in palaces, treaſon; and the bond crack'd 'twixt ſon and father. This villain of mine comes under the prediction, there's ſon againſt father; the King falls from biaſs of nature, there's father againſt child. We have ſeen the beſt of our time. Machinations, hollowneſs, treachery, and all ruinous diſorders follow us diſquietly to our graves!——Find out this villain, Edmund; it ſhall loſe thee nothing, do it carefully—and the noble and true-hearted Kent baniſhed! his offence honeſty. 'Tis ſtrange. [*Exit.*

* *Pretence* for *purpoſe*, *danger* for *wickedneſs*.

† *i. e.* I would even give my rank and fortune to be reſolved in this point.

SCENE VIII.

Manet Edmund.

Edm. This is the excellent foppery of the world, that, when we are ſick in fortune, (often the ſurfeits of our own behaviour), we make guilty of our diſaſters, the ſun, the moon and ſtars: as if we were villains on neceſſity; fools by heavenly compulſion; knaves, thieves, and treacherous by ſpherical predominance; drunkards, liars, and adulterers, by an inforc'd obedience of planetary influence; and all that we are evil in, by a divine thruſting on. An admirable evaſion of whoremaſter man, to lay his goatiſh diſpoſition on the charge of a ſtar! My father compounded with my mother under the Dragon's tail, and my nativity was under *Urſa major*; ſo that it follows I am rough and lecherous. I ſhould have been what I am, had the maidenlieſt ſtar in the firmament twinkled on my baſtardizing.

SCENE IX.

To him, Enter Edgar.

Pat!—he comes like the cataſtrophe of the old comedy; my cue is villainous melancholy, with a ſigh like Tom o' Bedlam.——O theſe eclipſes portend theſe diviſions! Fa, ſol, la, me——

Edg. How now, brother Edmund, what ſerious contemplation are you in?

Edm. I am thinking, brother, of a prediction I read this other day, what ſhould follow theſe eclipſes.

Edg. Do you buſy yourſelf with that?

Edm. I promiſe you the effects he writes of ſucceed unhappily *. When ſaw you my father laſt?

* The quarto has the paſſage thus. "I promiſe you "the effects he writes of ſucceed unhappily, as of un-"naturalneſs between the child and parent, death,

Edg. The night gone by.

Edm. Spake you with him?

Edg. Ay, two hours together.

Edm. Parted you in good terms? found you no diſpleaſure in him by word or countenance?

Edg. None at all.

Edm. Bethink yourſelf wherein you have offended him; and, at my entreaty, forbear his preſence, until ſome little time hath qualified the heat of his diſpleaſure, which at this inſtant ſo rageth in him, that with the miſchief † of your perſon it would ſcarcely allay.

Edg. Some villain hath done me wrong.

Edm. That's my fear. I pray you have a continent forbearance 'till the ſpeed of his rage goes ſlower; and, as I ſay, retire with me to my lodging, from whence I will fitly bring you to hear my Lord ſpeak. Pray you go, there's my key. If you do ſtir abroad, go arm'd.

Edg. Arm'd, brother!

Edm. Brother, I adviſe you to the beſt; I am no honeſt man if there be any good meaning towards you: I have told you what I have ſeen and heard but faintly, nothing like the image and horror of it. Pray you, away.

Edg. Shall I hear from you anon?

SCENE X.

Edm. I do ſerve you in this buſineſs.

[*Exit* Edgar.

A credulous father, and a brother noble,
Whoſe nature is ſo far from doing harms,
That he ſuſpects none; on whoſe fooliſh honeſty

" dearth, diſſolutions of ancient amities, diviſions in
" ſtate, menaces and maledictions againſt king and no-
" bles, needleſs diffidences, baniſhment of friends, diſſi-
" pation of courts, nuptial breaches, and I know not
" what." *Johnſon.*

† I believe the author gave it, " *that* but *with the miſ-*
" *chief* of your perſon it would ſcarce allay." *Johnſon.*

My practices ride eaſy; I ſee the buſineſs.
Let me, if not by birth, have lands by wit;
All with me's meet, that I can faſhion fit. [*Exit.*

SCENE XI.

The Duke of Albany's *Palace.*

Enter Goneril *and Steward.*

Gon. Did my father ſtrike my gentleman for chiding of his fool?

Stew. Ay, Madam.

Gon. By day and night he wrongs me. Every hour
He flaſhes into one groſs crime or other,
That ſets us all at odds; I'll not endure it.
His knights grow riotous, and himſelf upbraids us
On ev'ry trifle. When he returns from hunting
I will not ſpeak with him; ſay I am ſick.
If you come ſlack of former ſervices,
You ſhall do well; the fault of it I'll anſwer.

Stew. He's coming, Madam, I hear him.

Gon. Put on what weary negligence you pleaſe,
You and your fellows; I'd have it come to queſtion.
If he diſtaſte it, let him to my ſiſter,
Whoſe mind and mine I know in that are one,
Not to be over-rul'd. Idle old man,
That ſtill would manage thoſe authorities
That he hath giv'n away!—Now by my life,
Old fools are babes again; and muſt be us'd
With checks, as flatteries when they're ſeen abus'd.
Remember what I have ſaid.

Stew. Very well, Madam.

Gon. And let his knights have colder looks among you. What grows of it, no matter; adviſe your fellows ſo. I'll write ſtrait to my ſiſter to hold my courſe. Prepare for dinner. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE XII.

Changes to an open Place before the Palace.

Enter Kent *diſguis'd.*

Kent. If but as well I other accents borrow,
And can my ſpeech diſuſe, my good intent
May carry thro' itſelf to that full iſſue
For which I raz'd my likeneſs. Now, baniſh'd Kent,
If thou can'ſt ſerve where thou doſt ſtand condemn'd,
So may it come. Thy maſter, whom thou lov'ſt,
Shall find thee full of labours.

Horns within. Enter Lear, *Knights and Attendants.*

Lear. Let me not ſtay a jot for dinner. Go, get it ready.
How now, what art thou? [*To* Kent.

Kent. A man, Sir.

Lear. What doſt thou profeſs? what would'ſt thou with us?

Kent. I do profeſs to be no leſs than I ſeem; to ſerve him truly that will put me in truſt; to love him that is honeſt; to converſe with him that is wiſe and ſays little; to fear judgment; to fight when I cannot chuſe, and to eat no fiſh *.

Lear. What art thou?

Kent. A very honeſt-hearted fellow, and as poor as the King.

Lear. If thou be'ſt as poor for a ſubject, as he is for a king, thou art poor enough. What wouldeſt thou?

Kent. Service.

* In Queen Elizabeth's time the Papiſts were eſteemed, and with good reaſon, enemies to the government. Hence the proverbial phraſe of, *He's an honeſt man, and eats no fiſh*, to ſignify he's a friend to the government, and a Proteſtant. *Warb.*

Lear. Whom would'ſt thou ſerve?

Kent. You.

Lear. Doſt thou know me, fellow?

Kent. No, Sir, but you have that in your countenance which I would fain call *Maſter.*

Lear. What's that?

Kent. Authority.

Lear. What ſervices canſt thou do?

Kent. I can keep honeſt counſels, ride, run, mar a curious tale in telling it, and deliver a plain meſſage bluntly. That which ordinary men are fit for, I am qualify'd in; and the beſt of me is diligence.

Lear. How old art thou?

Kent. Not ſo young, Sir, to love a woman for ſinging; nor ſo old to doat on her for any thing. I have years on my back forty-eight.

Lear. Follow me; thou ſhalt ſerve me: if I like thee no worſe after dinner, I will not part from thee yet. Dinner, ho, dinner.—Where's my knave, my fool?

Enter Steward.

Go you, and call my fool hither. You, you, ſirrah, where's my daughter?

Stew. So pleaſe you—— [*Exit.*

Lear. What ſays the fellow there? Call the clodpoll back.———Where's my fool, ho?——I think the world's aſleep. How now? where's that mungrel?

Knight. He ſays, my Lord, your daughter is not well.

Lear. Why came not the ſlave back to me when I call'd him?

Knight. Sir, he anſwer'd me in the roundeſt manner, he would not.

Lear. He would not?

Knight. My Lord, I know not what the matter is, but, to my judgment, your Highneſs is not entertain'd with that ceremonious affection as you were wont; there's a great abatement of kindneſs

appears as well in the general dependants, as in the Duke himſelf alſo, and your daughter.

Lear. Ha! ſay'ſt thou ſo?

Knight. I beſeech you pardon me, my Lord, if I be miſtaken; for my duty cannot be ſilent when I think your Highneſs is wrong'd.

Lear. Thou but remember'ſt me of my own conception. I have perceiv'd a moſt faint neglect of late, which I have rather blamed as my own jealous curioſity, than as a very pretence and purpoſe of unkindneſs: I will look further into't. But where's my fool? I have not ſeen him theſe two days.

Knight. Since my young lady's going into France, Sir, the fool hath much pin'd away.

Lear. No more of that; I have noted it well. Go you and tell my daughter I would ſpeak with her. Go, you, call hither my fool.

Enter Steward.

O you, Sir, come you hither, Sir; who am I, Sir?

Stew. My Lady's father.

Lear. My Lady's father? my Lord's knave! you whoreſon dog, you ſlave, you cur.

Stew. I am none of theſe, my Lord; I beſeech your pardon.

Lear. Do you bandy looks with me, you raſcal? [*Striking him.*

Stew. I'll not be ſtruck, my Lord.

Kent. Nor tript neither, you baſe foot-ball player. [*Tripping up his heels.*

Lear. I thank thee, fellow. Thou ſerv'ſt me, and I'll love thee.

Kent. Come, Sir, ariſe, away. I'll teach you differences. Away, away; if you will meaſure your lubber's length again, tarry again; but away, go to, have you wiſdom? ſo——— [*Puſhes the Steward out.*

Lear. Now, my friendly knave, I thank thee. There's earneſt of thy ſervice. [*Giving money.*

SCENE XIII.

To them, Enter Fool.

Fool. Let me hire him too. Here's my coxcomb. [*Giving* Kent *his cap.*

Lear. How now, my pretty knave? how do'ſt thou?

Fool. Sirrah, you were beſt take my coxcomb.

Kent. Why, my boy?

Fool. Why? for taking one's part that is out of favour. Nay, an thou canſt not ſmile as the wind ſits, thou'lt catch cold ſhortly. There, take my coxcomb *. Why, this fellow has baniſh'd two of his daughters, and did the third a bleſſing againſt his will: if thou follow him, thou muſt needs wear my coxcomb. How now, nuncle? Would I had two coxcombs, and two daughters.

Lear. Why, my boy?

Fool. If I give them all my living, I'll keep my coxcombs myſelf. There's mine, beg another of thy daughters.

Lear. Take heed, Sirrah, the whip——

Fool. Truth's a dog muſt to kennel; he muſt be whip'd out, when the Lady Brach may ſtand by th' fire and ſtink.

Lear. A peſtilent gall to me.

Fool. Sirrah, I'll teach thee a ſpeech. [*To* Kent.

Lear. Do.

Fool. Mark it, nuncle.

Have more than thou ſhoweſt,
Speak leſs than thou knoweſt,
Lend leſs than thou oweſt †,
Ride more than thou goeſt,

* Meaning his cap, called ſo, becauſe on the top of the fool or jeſter's cap was ſewed a piece of red cloth, reſembling the comb of a cock. The word, afterwards, uſed to denote a vain conceited meddling fellow. *Warburton.*

† That is, *do not lend all that thou haſt.* To *owe*, in *old Engliſh*, is *to poſſeſs.* Ib.

Learn more than thou troweſt †,
Set leſs than thou troweſt;
Leave thy drink and thy whore,
And keep within door,
And thou ſhalt have more
Than two tens to a ſcore.

Kent. This is nothing, fool.

Fool. Then it is like the breath of an unfee'd lawyer, you gave me nothing for't. Can you make no uſe of nothing, nuncle?

Lear. Why, no, boy; nothing can be made out of nothing.

Fool. Pr'ythee tell him, *ſo much the rent of his land comes to.* He will not believe a fool. [*To* Kent.

Lear. A bitter fool!——

Fool. Doſt thou know the difference, my boy, between a bitter fool and a ſweet one?

Lear. No, lad, teach me.

Fool. That Lord that counſell'd thee to give away thy land,
Come, place him here by me; do thou for him ſtand:
The ſweet and bitter fool will preſently appear,
The one in motley here; the other found out there.

Lear. Doſt thou call me fool, boy?

Fool. All thy other titles thou haſt given away that thou waſt born with.

Kent. This is not altogether fool, my Lord.

Fool. No, faith; Lords and great men will not let me; if I had a monopoly on't, they would have part on't; nay, the Ladies too, they'll not let me have all fool to myſelf, they'll be ſnatching. Give me an egg, nuncle, and I'll give thee two crowns.

Lear. What two crowns ſhall they be?

Fool. Why, after I have cut the egg i' th' middle, and eat up the meat, the two crowns of the egg.

† To *trow* is to *believe.* Warburton.

When thou cloveſt thy crown i' th' middle, and gav'ſt away both parts, thou bor'ſt thine aſs on thy back o'er the dirt. Thou hadſt little wit in thy bald crown, when thou gav'ſt thy golden crown away. If I ſpeak like myſelf in this, let him be whip'd that firſt finds it ſo.

Fools ne'er had leſs grace in a year; [*Singing.*
For wiſe men are grown foppiſh,
And know not how their wits to wear,
Their manners are ſo apiſh.

Lear. When were you wont to be ſo full of ſongs, ſirrah?

Fool. I have uſed it, nuncle, e'er ſince thou mad'ſt thy daughters thy mothers; for when thou gav'ſt them the rod, and put'ſt down thy own breeches,

Then they for ſudden joy did weep,
And I for ſorrow ſung,
That ſuch a King ſhould play bo-peep,
And go the fools among.

Pr'ythee, nuncle, keep a ſchool-maſter that can teach thy fool to lie; I would fain learn to lie.

Lear. If you lie, ſirrah, we'll have you whip'd.

Fool. I marvel what kin thou and thy daughters are: they'll have me whip'd for ſpeaking true, thou'lt have me whip'd for lying; and ſometimes I am whip'd for holding my peace. I had rather be any kind o' thing than a fool, and yet I would not be thee, nuncle; thou haſt pared thy wit o' both ſides, and left nothing i' th' middle. Here comes one o' th' parings.

SCENE XIV.

To them, Enter Gonerill.

Lear. How now, daughter, what makes that frontlet on. You are too much of late i' th' frown.

Fool. Thou waſt a pretty fellow when thou hadſt no need to care for her frowning; now thou

art an O without a figure: I am better than thou art now; I am a fool, thou art nothing.——Yes forſooth, I will hold my tongue; [*To* Gonerill.] ſo your face bids me, tho' you ſay nothing.

Mum, mum, He that keeps nor cruſt nor crum,
Weary of all, ſhall want ſome. [*Singing.*

That's a ſheal'd peaſcod. [*Pointing to* Lear.

Gon. Not only, Sir, thus your all-licens'd fool,
But others of your inſolent retinue,
Do hourly carp and quarrel, breaking forth
In rank and not to be endured riots.
I thought, by making this well known unto you,
T' have found a ſafe redreſs; but now grow fearful,
By what yourſelf too late have ſpoke and done,
That you protect this courſe, and put it on
By your allowance; if you ſhould, the fault
Would not 'ſcape cenſure, nor the redreſſes ſleep,
Which, in the tender of a wholeſome meal,
Might in their working do you that offence,
Which elſe were ſhame, that then neceſſity
Will call diſcreet proceeding.

Fool. For you know, nuncle,
The hedge ſparrow fed the cuckoo ſo long,
That it had its head bit off by its young.
So out went the candle, and we were left darkling.

Lear. Are you our daughter?

Gon. I would you would make uſe of your good wiſdom,
Whereof I know you are fraught, and put away
Theſe diſpoſitions which of late tranſport you
From what you rightly are.

Fool. May not an aſs know when the cart draws the horſe? Whoop, Jug, I love thee.

Lear. Does any here know me? This is not Lear.
Does Lear walk thus? ſpeak thus? where are his eyes?
Either his notion weakens, his diſcernings
Are lethargy'd—Ha! waking?—'tis not ſo.
Who is it that can tell me who I am?

Fool. Lear's ſhadow.

Lear. Your name, fair gentlewoman?——

Gon. This admiration, Sir, is much o' th' ſavour
Of other your new pranks. I do beſeech you
To underſtand my purpoſes aright.
You, as you're old and reverend, ſhould be wiſe.
Here do you keep a hundred knights and ſquires;
Men ſo diſorder'd, ſo debauch'd and bold,
That this our court, infected with their manners,
Shews like a riotous inn; Epicuriſm and luſt
Make it more like a tavern or a brothel,
Than a grac'd palace. The ſhame itſelf doth ſpeak
For inſtant remedy. Be then deſir'd,
By her that elſe will take the thing ſhe begs,
Of fifty to diſquantity your train;
And the remainders that ſhall ſtill depend,
To be ſuch men as may beſort your age,
And know themſelves and you.

Lear. Darkneſs and devils!
Saddle my horſes, call my train together.
——Degen'rate baſtard! I'll not trouble thee;
Yet have I left a daughter.

Gon. You ſtrike my people, and your diſorder'd rabble
Make ſervants of their betters.

SCENE XV.

To them, Enter Albany.

Lear. Woe! that too late repents.—O, Sir, are you come?
Is it your will? Speak, Sir.—Prepare my horſes.—
[*To* Albany.
Ingratitude! thou marble-hearted fiend,
More hideous, when thou ſhew'ſt thee in a child,
Than the ſea-monſter.

Alb. Pray, Sir, be patient.

Lear. Deteſted kite! thou lieſt. [*To* Gonerill.
My train are men of choice and rareſt parts,
That all particulars of duty know;

And in the moſt exact regard ſupport
The worſhips of their names. O moſt ſmall fault!
How ugly didſt thou in Cordelia ſhew?
Which, like an engine, wrench'd my frame of nature
From the fix'd place; drew from my heart all love,
And added to the gall. O Lear, Lear, Lear!
Beat at this gate that let thy folly in,
[*Striking his head.*
And thy dear judgment out.—Go, go, my people.

Alb. My Lord, I'm guiltleſs, as I'm ignorant
Of what hath mov'd you.

Lear. It may be ſo, my Lord.———
Hear, Nature, hear; dear goddeſs, hear a father!
Suſpend thy purpoſe, if thou didſt intend
To make this creature fruitful:
Into her womb convey ſterility,
Dry up in her the organs of increaſe,
And from her derogate body never ſpring
A babe to honour her! If ſhe muſt teem,
Create her child of ſpleen, that it may live,
And be a thwart diſnatur'd torment to her;
Let it ſtamp wrinkles in her brow of youth,
With cadent tears fret channels in her cheeks;
Turn all her mother's pains and benefits
To laughter and contempt; that ſhe may feel
How ſharper than a ſerpent's tooth it is
To have a thankleſs child.—Go, go, my people.

Alb. Now, gods that we adore, wherefore comes this?

Gon. Never afflict yourſelf to know more of it,
But let his diſpoſition have that ſcope
That dotage gives it.

Lear. What, fifty of my followers at a clap?
Within a fortnight?———

Alb What's the matter, Sir?

Lear. I'll tell thee.———Life and death! I am aſham'd
That thou haſt power to ſhake my manhood thus:
[*To* Gonerill.
That theſe hot tears, which break from me perforce,

Should make thee worth them.——Blaſts and fogs upon thee!
Th' untented woundings of a father's curſe
Pierce every ſenſe about thee! Old fond eyes,
Beweep this cauſe again, I'll pluck ye out,
And caſt you, with the waters that you loſe,
To temper clay. Ha! is it come to this?
Let it be ſo: I have another daughter,
Who, I am ſure, is kind and comfortable;
When ſhe ſhall hear this of thee, with her nails
She'll flea thy wolfiſh viſage. Thou ſhalt find
That I'll reſume the ſhape which thou doſt think
I have caſt off for ever.

[*Exeunt* Lear *and Attendants.*

SCENE XVI.

Gon. Do you mark that?

Alb. I cannot be ſo partial, Gonerill,
To the great love I bear you,——

Gon. Pray you, be content. What, Oſwald, ho!—You, Sir, more knave than fool, after your maſter. [*To the Fool.*

Fool. Nuncle Lear, nuncle Lear, tarry, take the Fool with thee.
A fox, when one has caught her,
And ſuch a daughter,
Should ſure to the ſlaughter,
If my cap would buy a halter:
So the fool follows after. [*Exit.*

Gon. This man hath had good counſel.——A hundred knights!
'Tis politick and ſafe to let him keep
At point a hundred knights; yes, that on ev'ry dream,
Each buz, each fancy, each complaint, diſlike,
He may enguard his dotage with their pow'rs,
And hold our lives at mercy. Oſwald, I ſay.

Alb. Well, you may fear too far——

Gon. Safer than truſt too far.
Let me ſtill take away the harms I fear,
Not fear ſtill to be taken. I know his heart.

What he hath utter'd, I have writ my ſiſter;
If ſhe'll ſuſtain him and his hundred knights,
When I have ſhew'd th' unfitneſs——

Enter Steward.

How now, Oſwald?
What, have you writ that letter to my ſiſter?
Stew. Ay, Madam.
Gon. Take you ſome company, and away to horſe:
Inform her full of my particular fear,
And thereto add ſuch reaſons of your own
As may compact it more. So, get you gone,
And haſten your return. [*Exit Steward.*
—— No, no, my Lord,
This milky gentleneſs and courſe of yours,
Though I condemn it not, yet, under pardon,
You are much more at taſk for want of wiſdom,
Than prais'd for harmful mildneſs.
Alb. How far your eyes may pierce, I cannot tell;
Striving to better, oft we mar what's well.
Gon. Nay, then——
Alb. Well, well, th' event. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE XVII.

A Court-Yard belonging to the Duke of Albany's *Palace.*

Re-enter Lear, Kent, *Gentleman and Fool.*

Lear. Go you before to Glo'ſter with theſe letters. Acquaint my daughter no further with any thing you know, than comes from her demand out of the letter. If your diligence be not ſpeedy, I ſhall be there afore you.
Kent. I will not ſleep, my Lord, till I have delivered your letter. [*Exit.*
Fool. If a man's brain were in his heels, were't not in danger of kibes?
Lear. Ay, boy.
Fool. Then, I pr'ythee, be merry, thy wit ſhall not go ſlip-ſhod.

Lear. Ha, ha, ha.

Fool. Shalt ſee thy other daughter will uſe thee kindly; for though ſhe's as like this as a crab's like an apple, yet I can tell what I can tell.

Lear. What canſt tell, boy?

Fool. She will taſte as like this, as a crab does to a crab. Canſt thou tell why one's noſe ſtands i' th' middle of one's face?

Lear. No.

Fool. Why, to keep one's eyes on either ſide one's noſe, that what a man cannot ſmell out, he may ſpy into.

Lear. I did her wrong *.———

Fool. Canſt tell how an oyſter makes his ſhell?

Lear. No.

Fool. Nor I neither; but I can tell why a ſnail has a houſe.

Lear. Why?——

Fool. Why, to put his head in, not to give it away to his daughters, and leave his horns without a caſe.

Lear. I will forget my nature.——So kind a father!———

Be my horſes ready?

Fool. Thy aſſes are gone about 'em. The reaſon why the ſeven ſtars are no more than ſeven, is a pretty reaſon.

Lear. Becauſe they are not eight.

Fool. Yes, indeed. Thou wouldſt make a good fool

Lear. To take't again perforce †!—Monſter ingratitude!

Fool. If you were my fool, nuncle, I'd have thee beaten for being old before thy time.

Lear. How's that?

Fool. Thou ſhouldſt not have been old 'till thou hadſt been wiſe.

* He is muſing on Cordelia. *Johnſon.*

† He is meditating on the reſumption of his royalty. *Ib.*

Lear. O, let me not be mad, not mad. Sweet Heav'n,
Keep me in temper; I would not be mad.

Enter Gentleman.

How now, are the horſes ready?

Gent. Ready, my Lord.

Lear. Come, boy.

Fool. She that's a maid now, and laughs at my departure,
Shall not be a maid long, unleſs things be cut ſhorter. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

A Caſtle belonging to the Earl of Glo'ſter.

Enter Edmund *and* Curan, *ſeverally.*

Edmund.

SAVE thee, Curan.

Cur. And you, Sir. I have been with your father, and given him notice that the Duke of Cornwall, and Regan his Ducheſs, will be here with him this night.

Edm. How comes that?

Cur. Nay, I know not; you have heard of the news abroad; I mean the whiſper'd ones; for they are yet but ear-kiſſing arguments.

Edm. Not I; pray you what are they?

Cur. Have you heard of no likely wars toward, 'twixt the Dukes of Cornwall and Albany?

Edm. Not a word.

Cur. You may do then in time. Fare you well, Sir. [*Exit.*

Edm. The Duke be here to-night! The better! beſt!
This weaves itſelf perforce into my buſineſs.
My father hath ſet guard to take my brother;

And I have one thing of a queazy * queſtion
Which I muſt act. Briefneſs and fortune work!
Brother, a word. Deſcend. Brother, I ſay——

Enter Edgar.

My father watches; O Sir, fly this place;
Intelligence is giv'n where you are hid;
You've now the good advantage of the night.—
Have you not ſpoken 'gainſt the Duke of Cornwall?
He's coming hither, now i' th' night, i' th' haſte,
And Regan with him: have you nothing ſaid
Upon his party 'gainſt the Duke of Albany †?
Adviſe yourſelf.

Edg. I'm ſure on't, not a word.

Edm. I hear my father coming. Pardon me.
In cunning I muſt draw my ſword upon you.——
Draw, ſeem to defend yourſelf.
Now, quit you well.——
Yield—Come before my father—Light hoa, here!
Fly, brother—Torches!—So farewell.— [*Ex.* Edg.
Some blood drawn on me would beget opinion
[*Wounds his arm.*
Of my more fierce endeavour. I've ſeen drunkards
Do more than this in ſport. Father! father!
Stop, ſtop. No help?

To him, Enter Gloſter, *and Servants with torches.*

Glou. Now, Edmund, where's the villain?

Edm. Here ſtood he in the dark, his ſharp ſword out,
Mumbling of wicked charms, conj'ring the moon
To ſtand's auſpicious miſtreſs.

Glou. But where is he?

Edm. Look, Sir, I bleed.

Glou. Where is the villain, Edmund?

Edm. Fled this way, Sir; when by no means he could——

* Something *of a ſuſpicious, queſtionable, and uncertain nature.* Johnſon.

† The meaning is, *have you ſaid nothing upon the party formed by him againſt the Duke of Albany?* Hanmer.

Glou. Purſue him, ho. Go after.—By no means what?

Edm. Perſuade me to the murder of your Lordſhip;
But that, I told him, the revenging Gods
'Gainſt parricides did all their thunder bend;
Spoke with how manifold and ſtrong a bond
The child was bound to th' father.—Sir, in fine,
Seeing how lothly oppoſite I ſtood
To his unnat'ral purpoſe, in fell motion,
With his prepared ſword, he charges home
My unprovided body, lanc'd my arm;
And when he ſaw my beſt alarmed ſpirits,
Bold in the quarrel's right, rous'd to th' encounter,
Or whether gaſted * by the noiſe I made,
Full ſuddenly he fled.

Glou Let him fly far;
Not in this land ſhall he remain uncaught;
And found—Diſpatch. The noble Duke my maſter,
My worthy arch and patron †, comes to-night;
By his authority I will proclaim it,
That he who finds him ſhall deſerve our thanks,
Bringing the murderous coward to the ſtake;
He that conceals him, death.

Edm. When I diſſuaded him from his intent,
And found him pight to do it, with curs'd ſpeech
I threaten'd to diſcover him. He replied,
Thou unpoſſeſſing baſtard! doſt thou think,
If I would ſtand againſt thee, would the repoſal
Of any truſt, virtue, or worth in thee
Make thy words faith'd? No; when I ſhould deny,
As this I would, although thou didſt produce
My very character, I'd turn it all
To thy ſuggeſtion, plot, and damned practice;
And thou muſt make a dullard of the world,
If they not thought the profits of my death
Were very pregnant and potential ſpurs
To make thee ſeek it. [*Trumpets within.*

Glou. O ſtrange, faſten'd villain!

* *i. e.* frighted. *Johnſon.*

† *My worthy* and arch-patron. *Theob.*

Would he deny his letter?—I never got him.——
Hark, the Duke's trumpets! I know not why he comes.
—All ports I'll bar; the villain ſhall not 'ſcape;
The Duke muſt grant me that; beſides, his picture
I will ſend far and near, that all the kingdom
May have due note of him. And of my land,
Loyal and natural boy, I'll work the means
To make thee capable.

SCENE II.

Enter Cornwall, Regan, *and Attendants.*

Corn. How now, my noble friend? Since I came hither,
Which I can call but now, I have heard ſtrange news.
Reg. If it be true, all vengeance comes too ſhort
Which can purſue th' offender. How does my Lord?
Glou. O Madam, my old heart is crack'd, it's crack'd.
Reg. What, did my father's godſon ſeek your life?
He whom my father nam'd? your Edgar
Glou. O lady, lady, ſhame would have it hid.
Reg. Was he not companion with the riotous knights
That tend upon my father?
Glou. I know not, Madam. 'Tis too bad, too bad.
Edm. Yes, Madam, he was of that conſort.
Reg. No marvel then though he were ill affected;
'Tis they have put him on the old man's death,
To have th' expence and waſte of his revenues.
I have this preſent evening from my ſiſter
Been well inform'd of them; and with ſuch cautions,
That if they come to ſojourn at my houſe,
I'll not be there.
Corn. Nor I, I aſſure thee, Regan.
Edmund, I hear that you have ſhewn your father
A child-like office.
Edm. 'Twas my duty, Sir.
Glou. He did bewray his practice, and receiv'd

This hurt you ſee ſtriving to apprehend him.

Corn. Is he purſu'd?

Glou. Ay, my good Lord.

Corn. If he be taken, he ſhall never more
Be fear'd of doing harm. Make your own purpoſe,
How in my ſtrength you pleaſe. As for you, Edmund,
Whoſe virtue and obedience in this inſtance
So much commends itſelf, you ſhall be ours;
Natures of ſuch deep truſt we ſhall much need:
You we firſt ſeize on.

Edm. I ſhall ſerve you, Sir,
Truly, however elſe.

Glou. I thank your Grace.

Corn. You know not why we came to viſit you—

Reg. Thus out of ſeaſon threading dark-ey'd night;
Occaſions, noble Glo'ſter, of ſome prize,
Wherein we muſt have uſe of your advice.——
Our father he hath writ, ſo hath our ſiſter,
Of diff'rences, which I beſt thought it fit
To anſwer from our home: the ſev'ral meſſengers
From hence attend diſpatch. Our good old friend,
Lay comforts to your boſom, and beſtow
Your needful counſel to our buſineſſes,
Which crave the inſtant uſe.

Glou. I ſerve you, Madam.
Your Graces are right welcome. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Enter Kent *and Steward, ſeverally.*

Stew. Good dawning to thee, friend. Art of this houſe?

Kent. Ay.

Stew. Where may we ſet our horſes?

Kent. I' th' mire.

Stew. Pr'ythee, if thou lov'ſt me, tell me.

Kent. I love thee not.

Stew. Why then I care not for thee.

Kent. If I had thee in Lipſbury pinfold, I would make thee care for me.

Stew. Why doſt thou uſe me thus? I know thee not.

Kent. Fellow, I know thee.

Stew. What doſt thou know me for?

Kent. A knave, a raſcal, an eater of broken meats, a baſe, proud, ſhallow, beggarly, three-ſuited, hundred-pound, filthy, worſted-ſtocking knave; a lily-liver'd, action-taking knave; a whoreſon, glaſs-gazing, ſuper-ſerviceable, finical rogue; one-trunk-inheriting ſlave; one that wouldſt be a bawd in way of good ſervice; and art nothing but the compoſition of a knave, beggar, coward, pander, and the ſon and heir of a mungril bitch; one whom I will beat into clam'rous whining, if thou deny'ſt the leaſt ſyllable of thy addition.

Stew. Why, what a monſtrous fellow art thou, thus to rail on one that is neither known of thee, nor knows thee!

Kent. What a brazen-fac'd varlet art thou, to deny thou know'ſt me! Is it two days ago ſince I tripp'd up thy heels, and beat thee before the King? Draw, you rogue; for though it be night, yet the moon ſhines; I'll make a ſop o' th' moonſhine of you. You whoreſon, cullionly barber-monger, draw.

[*Drawing his ſword.*

Stew. Away, I have nothing to do with thee.

Kent. Draw, you raſcal. You come with letters againſt the King; and take Vanity the puppet's part, againſt the royalty of her father. Draw, you rogue, or I'll ſo carbonado your ſhanks——Draw, you raſcal. Come your ways.

Stew. Help, ho! murder! help!——

Kent. Strike, you ſlave. Stand, rogue, ſtand, you neat ſlave, ſtrike. [*Beating him.*

Stew. Help, ho! murder! murder!——

SCENE IV.

Enter Edmund, Cornwall, Regan, Glo'ſter, *and Servants.*

Edm. How now, what's the matter? Part——

Kent. With you, goodman boy, if you pleaſe. Come, I'll fleſh ye. Come on, young maſter.

Glou. Weapons? arms? what's the matter here?

Corn. Keep peace, upon your lives; he dies that ſtrikes again. What's the matter?

Reg. The meſſengers from our ſiſter and the King.

Corn. What is your difference? ſpeak.

Stew. I am ſcarce in breath, my Lord.

Kent. No marvel, you have ſo beſtirr'd your valour; you cowardly raſcal. Nature diſclaims all ſhare in thee: a tailor made thee.

Corn. Thou art a ſtrange fellow. A tailor make a man?

Kent. Ay, a tailor, Sir; a ſtone-cutter, or a painter could not have made him ſo ill, though they had been but two hours o' th' trade.

Corn. Speak yet, how grew your quarrel?

Stew. This ancient ruffian, Sir, whoſe life I have ſpar'd at ſuit of his grey beard———

Kent. Thou whoreſon zed! thou unneceſſary letter! My Lord, if you will give me leave, I will tread this unbolted villain into mortar, and daub the wall of a jakes with him. Spare my grey beard? you wagtail!

Corn. Peace, ſirrah!
You beaſtly knave, know you no reverence?

Kent. Yes, Sir, but anger hath a privilege.

Corn. Why art thou angry?

Kent. That ſuch a ſlave as this ſhould wear a ſword,
Who wears no honeſty. Such ſmiling rogues as theſe,
Like rats, oft bite the holy cords in twain
Too intrinſicate * t' unlooſe; ſoothe every paſſion
That in the nature of their Lords rebels,

* By theſe *holy cords* the poet means the natural union between parents and children. The metaphor is taken from the *cords of the ſanctuary*; and the fomenters of family differences are compared to theſe ſacrilegious rats. The expreſſion is fine and noble. *Warburton.*

Bring oil to fire, ſnow to their colder moods,
Renege, affirm, and turn their halcyon beaks
With ev'ry gale and vary of their maſters,
As knowing nought, like dogs, but following.
A plague upon your epileptic viſage!
Smile you my ſpeeches, as I were a fool?
Gooſe, if I had you upon Sarum-plain,
I'd drive ye cackling home to Camelot †.

Corn. What, art thou mad, old fellow!

Glou. How fell you out? Say that.

Kent. No contraries hold more antipathy,
Than I and ſuch a knave.

Corn. Why doſt thou call him knave? what is his fault?

Kent. His countenance likes me not.

Corn. No more, perchance, does mine, nor his, nor hers.

Kent. Sir, 'tis my occupation to be plain;
I have ſeen better faces in my time,
Than ſtand on any ſhoulder that I ſee
Before me at this inſtant.

Corn. This is ſome fellow
Who, having been prais'd for bluntneſs, doth affect
A ſaucy roughneſs, and conſtrains the garb
Quite from his nature. He can't flatter, he!
An honeſt mind and plain, he muſt ſpeak truth:
An they will take it, ſo; if not, he's plain.
Theſe kind of knaves I know, which in this plainneſs
Harbour more craft, and more corrupter ends,
Than twenty ſilly * ducking obſervants,
That ſtretch their duties nicely.

Kent. Sir, in good faith, in ſincere verity,
Under th' allowance of your grand aſpect,
Whoſe influence, like the wreath of radiant fire
On flickering Phœbus' front——

† *Camelot* was the place where the romances ſay King Arthur kept his court in the Weſt; ſo this alludes to ſome proverbial ſpeech in thoſe romances. *Warburton.*

* *Silky.* Ib.

Corn. What mean'ſt by this?

Kent. To go out of my dialect, which you diſcommend ſo much. I know, Sir, I am no flatterer; he that beguil'd you in a plain accent, was a plain knave; which, for my part, I will not be, though I ſhould win your diſpleaſure to intreat me to't.

Corn. What was th' offence you gave him?

Stew. I never gave him any.
It pleas'd the King his maſter, very lately,
To ſtrike at me upon his miſconſtruction,
When he conjunct, and flatt'ring his diſpleaſure,
Trip'd me behind; being down, inſulted, rail'd,
And put upon him ſuch a deal of man,
That worthied him; got praiſes of the King,
For him attempting who was ſelf-ſubdu'd;
And, in the fleſhment of this dread exploit,
Drew on me here again.

Kent. None of theſe rogues and cowards,
But Ajax is their fool.

Corn. Fetch forth the ſtocks.
You ſtubborn ancient knave, you rev'rend braggart,
We'll teach you——

Kent. Sir, I am too old to learn.
Call not your ſtocks for me; I ſerve the King,
On whoſe employment I was ſent to you.
You ſhall do ſmall reſpect, ſhew too bold malice
Againſt the grace and perſon of my maſter,
Stocking his meſſenger.

Corn. Fetch forth the ſtocks;
As I have life and honour, there ſhall he ſit till noon.

Reg. Till noon! till night, my Lord, and all night too

Kent. Why, Madam, if I were your father's dog
You could not uſe me ſo.

Reg. Sir, being his knave, I will.

[*Stocks brought out.*

Corn. This is a fellow of the ſelf-ſame nature
Our ſiſter ſpeaks of. Come, bring away the ſtocks.

Glou. Let me beſeech your Grace not to do ſo:
His fault is much, and the good King his maſter
Will check him for't. Your purpos'd low correction
Is ſuch, as baſeſt and the meaneſt wretches
For pilf'rings, and moſt common treſpaſſes,
Are puniſh'd with; the King muſt take it ill,
That he, ſo ſlightly valued in his meſſenger,
Should have him thus reſtrain'd.

Corn. I'll anſwer that.

Reg. My ſiſter may receive it much more worſe,
To have her gentleman abus'd, aſſaulted,
For following her affairs. Put in his legs——
[Kent *is put in the ſtocks.*
Come, my Lord, away.
[*Exeunt* Regan *and* Cornwall.

SCENE V.

Glou. I'm ſorry for thee, friend. 'Tis the Duke's pleaſure,
Whoſe diſpoſition, all the world well knows,
Will not be rubb'd nor ſtopp'd. I'll entreat for thee.

Kent. Pray, do not, Sir. I've watch'd and travell'd hard;
Some time I ſhall ſleep out, the reſt I'll whiſtle.
A good man's fortune may grow out at heels.
Give you good morrow.

Glou. The Duke's to blame in this, 'twill be ill taken. [*Exit.*

Kent. Good King, that muſt approve the common ſaw,
That out of Heaven's benediction com'ſt
To the warm ſun *!
Approach, thou beacon to this under-globe,
[*Looking up to the moon.*
That by thy comfortable beams I may
Peruſe this letter. Nothing almoſt ſees miracles
But miſery. I know 'tis from Cordelia,
[*Reading the letter.*

* *i. e.* that changeſt better for worſe. *Johnſon.*

Who hath moſt fortunately been inform'd
Of my obſcured courſe, and ſhall find time,
From this enormous ſtate-ſeeking, to give
Loſſes their remedies †. All weary and o'er-watch'd,
Take 'vantage, heavy eyes, not to behold
This ſhameful lodging.
Fortune, good night; ſmile once more; turn thy wheel. [*He ſleeps.*

SCENE VI.

Changes to a Part of a Heath.

Enter Edgar.

Edg. I've heard myſelf proclaim'd;
And, by the happy hollow of a tree,
Eſcap'd the hunt. No port is free, no place,
That guard and moſt unuſual vigilance
Does not attend my taking. Whiles I may 'ſcape,
I will preſerve myſelf, and am bethought
To take the baſeſt and the pooreſt ſhape,
That ever penury, in contempt of man,
Brought near to beaſt. My face I'll grime with filth;
Blanket my loins; elſe all my hair in knots;
And with preſented nakedneſs out-face
The winds, and perſecutions of the ſky.
The country gives me proof and precedent
Of bedlam beggars, who, with roaring voices,
Strike in their numb'd and mortify'd bare arms
Pins, wooden pricks, nails, ſprigs of roſemary,
And with this horrible object, from low farms,
Poor pelting villages, ſheep-cots and mills,

† The paſſage is very obſcure, if not corrupt. Perhaps it may be read thus:

——*Cordelia—has been—informed*
Of my obſcured courſe, and ſhall find time,
From this enormous ſtate-ſeeking, to give
Loſſes their remedies. Johnſon.

Sometimes with lunatic bans, ſometimes with pray'rs,
Inforce their charity. Poor Turlygood! poor Tom!
That's ſomething yet. Edgar, I nothing am. [*Exit.*

SCENE VII.

Changes again to the Earl of Glo'ſter's *Caſtle.*

Enter Lear, *Fool, and Gentleman.*

Lear. 'Tis ſtrange that they ſhould ſo depart from home,
And not ſend back my meſſenger.
Gent. As I learn'd,
The night before there was no purpoſe in them
Of this remove.
Kent. Hail to thee, noble maſter!
Lear. Ha! mak'ſt thou thy ſhame thy paſtime?
Kent. No, my Lord.
Fool. Ha, ha, he wears cruel * garters. Horſes are ty'd by the heads, dogs and bears by th' neck, monkeys by th' loins, and men by th' legs. When a man is over-luſty at legs, then he wears wooden nether ſtocks.
Lear. What's he that hath ſo much thy place miſtook,
To ſet thee here?
Kent. It is both he and ſhe,
Your ſon and daughter.
Lear. No.
Kent. Yes.
Lear. No, I ſay.
Kent. I ſay yea.
Lear. By Jupiter I ſwear, no.
Kent. By Juno I ſwear, ay.
Lear. They durſt not do't.
They could not, would not do't; 'tis worſe than murder,

* *Crewel* ſignifies *worſted.* A quibble was intended. *Johnſon.*

To do, upon reſpect, ſuch violent outrage.
Reſolve me with all modeſt haſte, which way
Thou might'ſt deſerve, or they impoſe this uſage,
Coming from us?

Kent. My Lord, when at their home
I did commend your Highneſs' letters to them,
Ere I was riſen from the place that ſhew'd
My duty kneeling, came a reeking poſt,
Stew'd in his haſte, half breathleſs, panting forth,
From Gonerill his miſtreſs, ſalutation;
Deliver'd letters ſpight of intermiſſion,
Which preſently they read; on whoſe contents
They ſummon'd up their meiny †, ſtraight took horſe;
Commanded me to follow, and attend
The leiſure of their anſwer; gave me cold looks;
And meeting here the other meſſenger,
Whoſe welcome, I perceiv'd, had poiſon'd mine,
Being the very fellow which of late
Diſplay'd ſo ſaucily againſt your Highneſs,
Having more man than wit about me, I drew;
He rais'd the houſe with loud and coward cries.
Your ſon and daughter found this treſpaſs worth
The ſhame which here it ſuffers.

Fool. Winter's not gone yet, if the wild geeſe fly that way ‡.
Fathers, that wear rags,
Do make their children blind;
But fathers, that bear bags,
Shall ſee their children kind.
Fortune, that arrant whore,
Ne'er turns the key to th' poor.
But, for all this, thou ſhalt have as many dolours for thy daughters, as thou canſt tell in a year.

Lear. Oh, how this mother ſwells up tow'rd my heart!
Hyſterica paſſio. Down, thou climbing ſorrow,

† *Meiny*, i. e. people. *Pope.*
‡ *i. e.* if this be their behaviour, the King's troubles are not yet at an end. *Johnſon.*

Thy element's below. Where is this daughter?

Kent. With the Earl, Sir, here within.

Lear. Follow me not; ſtay here. [*Exit.*

Gent. Made you no more offence but what you ſpeak of?

Kent. None.

How chance the King comes with ſo ſmall a number?

Fool. An thou hadſt been ſet i' th' ſtocks for that queſtion, thou'dſt well deſerved it.

Kent. Why, fool?

Fool. We'll ſet thee to ſchool to an ant, to teach thee there's no lab'ring i' th' winter. All that follow their noſes are led by their eyes, but blind men; and there's not a noſe among twenty, but can ſmell him that's ſtinking. Let go thy hold, when a great wheel runs down a hill, leſt it break thy neck with following it; but the great one that goes upward, let him draw thee after. When a wiſe man gives thee better counſel, give me mine again: I would have none but knaves follow it, ſince a fool gives it.

That, Sir, which ſerves for gain,
And follows but for form,
Will pack, when it begins to rain,
And leave thee in the ſtorm.
But I will tarry; the fool will ſtay,
And let the wiſe man fly;
The knave turns fool that runs away;
The fool no knave, perdy *.

Kent. Where learn'd you this, fool?

Fool. Not i' th' ſtocks, fool.

* The ſenſe, in my opinion, requires us to read,

The fool turns knave, that runs away;
The knave no fool——

Reviſal.

SCENE VIII.

Enter Lear *and* Glo'ſter.

Lear. Deny to ſpeak with me? They 're ſick? They 're weary?
They have travell'd all the night? Mere fetches,
The images of revolt and flying off.
Bring me a better anſwer——
Glou. My dear Lord,
You know the fiery quality of the Duke,
How unremovable and fix'd he is
In his own courſe.
Lear. Vengeance! plague! death! confuſion!—
Fiery? what fiery quality? Why, Glo'ſter,
I'd ſpeak with th' Duke of Cornwall and his wife.
Glou. Well, my good Lord, I have inform'd them ſo.
Lear. Inform'd them? Doſt thou underſtand me, man?
Glou. Ay, my good Lord?
Lear. The King would ſpeak with Cornwall. The dear father
Wou'd with his daughter ſpeak, commands her ſervice;
Are they inform'd of this?——My breath and blood!—
Fiery? the fiery duke? Tell the hot Duke, that—
[Glo'ſter *offers to go.*
No, but not yet. May be he is not well;
Infirmity doth ſtill neglect all office,
Whereto our health is bound; we're not ourſelves,
When Nature, being oppreſs'd, commands the mind
To ſuffer with the body. I'll forbear;
And am fall'n out with my more headier will,
To take the indiſpos'd and ſickly fit
For the ſound man. Death on my ſtate! But wherefore [*Looking on* Kent.
Should he ſit here? This act perſuades me,
That this remotion of the Duke and her
Is practice only. Give me my ſervant forth.

Go, tell the Duke and's wife I'd ſpeak with them.
Now! preſently! Bid them come forth and hear me,
Or at their chamber door I'll beat the drum,
'Till it cry, *Sleep to death.*

Glou. I would have all well betwixt you. [*Exit.*

Lear. Oh me, my heart, my riſing heart! but down.

Fool. Cry to it, nuncle, as the cockney did to the eels, when ſhe put them i' th' paſty alive; ſhe rapt 'em o' th' coxcombs with a ſtick, and cry'd, down wantons, down. 'Twas her brother, that in pure kindneſs to his horſe butter'd his hay.

SCENE IX.

Enter Cornwall, Regan, Glo'ſter, *and Servants.*

Lear. Good morrow to you both.

Corn. Hail to your Grace! [Kent *is ſet at liberty.*

Reg. I am glad to ſee your Highneſs.

Lear. Regan, I think you are: I know what reaſon
I have to think ſo: if thou wert not glad,
I would divorce me from thy mother's tomb,
Sepulchring an adult'reſs. O, are you free?
[*To* Kent.
Some other time for that. Beloved Regan,
Thy ſiſter's naught. Oh Regan, ſhe hath tied
Sharp-tooth'd unkindneſs, like a vulture, here.
[*Points to his heart.*
I can ſcarce ſpeak to thee; thou'lt not believe
Of how deprav'd a quality—Oh Regan——

Reg. I pray you, Sir, take patience; I have hope
You leſs know how to value her deſert,
Than ſhe to ſcant her duty.

Lear. Say how is that?——

Reg. I cannot think my ſiſter in the leaſt
Would fail her obligation. If, perchance,
She have reſtrain'd the riots of your followers,
'Tis on ſuch ground, and to ſuch wholeſome end,
As clears her from all blame.

Lear. My curſes on her!——

Reg. O Sir, you are old;

Nature in you ſtands on the very verge
Of her confine; you ſhould be rul'd and led
By ſome diſcretion that diſcerns your ſtate
Better than you yourſelf; therefore, I pray you,
That to our ſiſter you do make return;
Say you have wrong'd her, Sir.

Lear. Aſk her forgiveneſs?
Do you but mark how this becomes the houſe.
Dear daughter, I confeſs that I am old;
Age is unneceſſary*; on my knees I beg [*Kneeling.*
That you'll vouchſafe me raiment, bed, and food.

Reg. Good Sir, no more. Theſe are unſightly tricks.
Return you to my ſiſter.

Lear. Never, Regan:
She hath abated me of half my train;
Look'd black upon me; ſtruck me with her tongue,
Moſt ſerpent-like, upon the very heart.
All the ſtor'd vengeances of heaven fall
On her ingrateful top! Strike her young bones,
You taking airs, with lameneſs!———

Corn. Fy! Sir, fy!

Lear. You nimble lightnings, dart your blinding flames
Into her ſcornful eyes! Infect her beauty,
You fen-ſuck'd fogs, drawn by the pow'rful ſun
To fall, and blaſt her pride.

Reg. O the bleſs'd Gods!
So will you wiſh on me, when the raſh mood is on.

Lear. No, Regan, thou ſhalt never have my curſe;
Thy tender hefted nature ſhall not give
Thee o'er to raſhneſs; her eyes are fierce, but thine
Do comfort, and not burn. 'Tis not in thee
To grudge my pleaſures, to cut off my train,
To bandy haſty words, to ſcant my ſizes,
And, in concluſion, to oppoſe the bolt
Againſt my coming in. Thou better know'ſt
The offices of nature, bond of child-hood,
Effects of court'ſy, dues of gratitude:
Thy half o' th' kingdom thou haſt not forgot,
Wherein I thee endow'd.

* That is, old age has few wants. *Johnſon.*

Reg. Good Sir, to th' purpoſe. [*Trumpet within.*
Lear. Who put my man i' th' ſtocks?

Enter Steward.

Corn. What trumpet's that?
Reg. I know't, my ſiſter's. This approves her letter,
That ſhe would ſoon be here. Is your Lady come?
Lear. This is a ſlave, whoſe eaſy-borrowed pride
Dwells in the fickle grace of her he follows.
Out, varlet, from my ſight.
Corn. What means your Grace?
Lear. Who ſtock'd my ſervant, Regan; I've good hope
Thou didſt not know on't.——Who comes here?

SCENE X.

Enter Gonerill.

O Heav'ns,
If you do love old men, if your ſweet ſway
Allow obedience, if yourſelves are old,
Make it your cauſe; ſend down, and take my part.
Art not aſham'd to look upon this beard? [*To* Gon.
O Regan, will you take her by the hand?
Gon. Why not by th' hand, Sir? How have I offended?
All's not offence that indiſcretion finds,
And dotage terms ſo.
Lear. O ſides, you are too tough!
Will you yet hold?——How came my man i' th' ſtocks?
Corn. I ſet him there, Sir; but his own diſorders
Deſerv'd much leſs advancement.
Lear. You? did you?
Reg. I pray you, father, being weak, ſeem ſo.
If, 'till the expiration of your month,
You will return and ſojourn with my ſiſter,
Diſmiſſing half your train, come then to me.
I'm now from home, and out of that proviſion
Which ſhall be needful for your entertainment.
Lear. Return to her, and fifty men diſmiſs'd?
No, rather I abjure all roofs, and chuſe

To wage againſt the enmity o' th' air,
To be a comrade with the wolf and owl;
Neceſſity's ſharp pinch——Return with her?
Why, the hot-blooded France, that dow'rleſs took
Our youngeſt born, I could as well be brought
To knee his throne, and 'ſquire-like penſion beg,
To keep baſe life a foot.—Return with her?
Perſuade me rather to be ſlave and ſumpter
To this deteſted groom. [*Looking on the Steward.*

Gon. At your choice, Sir.

Lear. I pr'ythee, daughter, do not make me mad;
I will not trouble thee. My child, farewell;
We'll no more meet, no more ſee one another.
But yet thou art my fleſh, my blood, my daughter,
Or rather a diſeaſe that's in my fleſh,
Which I muſt needs call mine; thou art a bile,
A plague-ſore, or imboſſed carbuncle
In my corrupted blood. But I'll not chide thee.
Let ſhame come when it will, I do not call it;
I do not bid the thunder-bearer ſhoot,
Nor tell tales of thee to high-judging Jove.
Mend when thou canſt; be better at thy leiſure.
I can be patient, I can ſtay with Regan;
I, and my hundred Knights.

Reg. Not altogether ſo;
I look'd not for you yet, nor am provided
For your fit welcome; give ear to my ſiſter:
For thoſe that mingle reaſon with your paſſion,
Muſt be content to think you old, and ſo——
But ſhe knows what ſhe does.

Lear. Is this well ſpoken?

Reg. I dare avouch it, Sir. What, fifty followers?
Is it not well? What ſhould you need of more?
Yea, or ſo many, ſince both charge and danger
Speak 'gainſt ſo great a number? How in one houſe
Should many people under two commands
Hold amity? 'Tis hard, almoſt impoſſible.

Gon. Why might not you, my Lord, receive attendance
From thoſe that ſhe calls ſervants, or from mine?

Reg. Why not, my Lord? if then they chanc'd to ſlack ye,

We could controul them. If you'll come to me,
For now I ſpy a danger, I entreat you
To bring but five and twenty; to no more
Will I give place or notice.

Lear. I gave you all———

Reg. And in good time you gave it.

Lear. Made you my guardians, my depoſitaries;
But kept a reſervation to be follow'd
With ſuch a number: muſt I come to you
With five and twenty? Regan, ſaid you ſo?

Reg. And ſpeak't again, my Lord; no more with me.

Lear. Thoſe wicked creatures yet do look well-favour'd,
When others are more wicked. Not being worſt,
Stands in ſome rank of praiſe. I'll go with thee;
[*To* Gonerill.
Thy fifty yet doth double five and twenty;
And thou art twice her love.

Gon. Hear me, my Lord;
What need you five and twenty, ten, or five,
To follow in a houſe, where twice ſo many
Have a command to tend you?

Reg. What needs one?

Lear. O, reaſon not the need; our baſeſt beggars
Are in the pooreſt things ſuperfluous.
Allow not nature more than nature needs,
Man's life is cheap as beaſts'. Thou art a lady;
If only to go warm were gorgeous,
Why, nature needs not what thou gorgeous wear'ſt,
Which ſcarcely keeps thee warm. But for true need!
You Heav'ns, give me that patience which I need!
You ſee me here, you Gods, a poor old man,
As full of grief as age; wretched in both:
If it be you that ſtir theſe daughters' hearts
Againſt their father, fool me not ſo much
To bear it tamely; touch me with noble anger;
O let not women's weapons, water-drops,
Stain my man's cheeks. No, you unnat'ral hags,
I will have ſuch revenges on you both,
That all the world ſhall——I will do ſuch things,
What they are, yet I know not; but they ſhall be

The terrors of the earth. You think I'll weep;
No, I'll not weep. I have full cauſe of weeping.
This heart ſhall break into a thouſand flaws
Or ere I weep. O fool, I ſhall go mad *.
[*Exeunt* Lear, Glo'ſter, Kent *and* Fool.

SCENE XI.

Corn. Let us withdraw, 'twill be a ſtorm.
[*Storm and tempeſt.*
Reg. This houſe is little; the old man and his people
Cannot be well beſtow'd.
Gon. 'Tis his own blame hath put himſelf from reſt,
And muſt needs taſte his folly.
Reg. For his particular, I'll receive him gladly;
But not one follower.
Gon. So am I purpos'd.
Where is my Lord of Glo'ſter?

Enter Glo'ſter.

Corn. Follow'd the old man forth. He is return'd.
Glou. The King is in high rage, and will I know not whither.
Corn. 'Tis beſt to give him way, he leads himſelf.
Gon. My Lord, intreat him by no means to ſtay.
Glou. Alack, the night comes on, and the high winds
Do ſorely ruffle; for many miles about
There's ſcarce a buſh
Reg. O Sir, to wilful men,
The injuries that they themſelves procure
Muſt be their ſchool-maſters. Shut up your doors:
He is attended with a deſp'rate train;
And what they may incenſe him to, being apt
To have his ear abus'd, wiſdom bids fear.
Corn. Shut up your doors, my Lord, 'tis a wild night.
My Regan counſels well. Come out o' th' ſtorm.
[*Exeunt.*

* This is an artful anticipation, that judiciouſly prepares us for the dreadful event that is to follow in the ſucceeding acts. *Warton.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

A Heath.

A ſtorm is heard, with thunder and lightning. Enter Kent, *and a Gentleman, ſeverally.*

Kent.

WHO's there, beſides foul weather?

Gent. One minded like the weather, moſt unquietly.

Kent. I know you. Where's the King?

Gent. Contending with the fretful elements;
Bids the wind blow the earth into the ſea,
Or ſwell the curled waters 'bove the main,
That things might change or ceaſe; tears his white hair,
Which the impetuous blaſts with eyeleſs rage
Catch in their fury, and make nothing of;
Strives in his little world of man t' outſcorn
The to-and-fro-conflicting wind and rain.
This night, wherein the cub-drawn bear would couch,
The lion, and the belly-pinched wolf
Keep their furr dry, unbonetted he runs,
And bids what will take all.

Kent. But who is with him?

Gen. None but the fool, who labours to out-jeſt
His heart-ſtruck injuries.

Kent. Sir, I do know you;
And dare, upon the warrant of my note,
Commend a dear thing to you. There's diviſion,
Although as yet the face of it is cover'd
With mutual cunning, 'twixt Albany and Cornwall,
Who have, (as who have not, whom their great ſtars
Throne and ſet high!) ſervants who ſeem no leſs;
Which are to France the ſpies and ſpeculations
Intelligent of our ſtate. What hath been ſeen,
Either in ſnuffs and packings of the Dukes,
Or the hard rein, which both of them have borne

Againſt the old kind king, or ſomething deeper,
*Whereof, perchance, theſe are but furniſhings**.
[But true it is, from France there comes a power
Into this ſcatter'd kingdom, who already,
Wiſe in our negligence, have ſecret fee
In ſome of our beſt ports, and are at point
To ſhew their open banner.—Now to you,
If on my credit you dare build ſo far
To make your ſpeed to Dover, you ſhall find
Some that will thank you, making juſt report
Of how unnatural and bemadding ſorrow
The King hath cauſe to plain.
I am a gentleman of blood and breeding,
And from ſome knowledge and aſſurance of you
Offer this office.]

Gen. I'll talk further with you.

Kent. No, do not.
For confirmation that I am much more
Than my out-wall, open this purſe and take
What it contains. If you ſhall ſee Cordelia,
As fear not but you ſhall, ſhew her that ring,
And ſhe will tell you who this fellow is,
That yet you do not know. Fy on this ſtorm!
I will go ſeek the King.

Gen. Give me your hand, have you no more to ſay?

Kent. Few words, but, to effect, more than all yet;
That, when we have found the King, for which you take

* The true ſtate of this ſpeech cannot be eaſily diſcovered. As it now ſtands it is collected from two editions. The lines which I have diſtinguiſhed by Italics are found in the folio, not in the quarto; the following lines incloſed in crotchets are in the quarto, not in the folio. So that if the ſpeech be read with omiſſions of the Italics, it will ſtand according to the firſt edition; and if the Italics are read, and the lines that follow them omitted, it will then ſtand according to the ſecond. The ſpeech is now tedious, becauſe it is formed by a coalition of both. The ſecond edition is generally beſt, and was probably neareſt to Shakeſpeare's laſt copy, but in this paſſage the firſt is preferable; for in the folio, the meſſenger is ſent, he knows not why, he knows not whither.——*Johnſon.*

That way, I this, he that firſt lights on him,
Halloo the other. [*Exeunt ſeverally.*

SCENE II.

Storm ſtill. Enter Lear *and Fool.*

Lear. Blow winds, and crack your cheeks: rage,
You cataracts, and huricanoes, ſpout [blow!
'Till you have drench'd our ſteeples, drown'd the cocks!
You ſulph'rous and thought-executing * fires,
Vaunt couriers of oak-cleaving thunder-bolts,
Singe my white-head. And thou all-ſhaking thunder,
Strike flat the thick rotundity o' th' world,
Crack nature's mould, all germins † ſpill at once
That make ingrateful man.

Fool. O nuncle, court-holy-water in a dry houſe, is better than the rain-waters out o' door. Good nuncle, in, and aſk thy daughters' bleſſing. Here's a night that pities neither wiſe men nor fools.

Lear. Rumble thy bely full, ſpit fire, ſpout rain;
Nor rain, wind, thunder, fire, are my daughters.
I tax not you, you elements, with unkindneſs;
I never gave you kingdoms, call'd you children;
You owe me no ſubſcription ‡; then let fall
Your horrible pleaſure. Here I ſtand, your ſlave,
A poor, infirm, weak, and deſpis'd old man.
But yet I call you ſervile miniſters,
That have with two pernicious daughters join'd
Your high engender'd battles, 'gainſt a head
So old and white as this. Oh! oh! 'tis foul.

Fool. He that has a houſe to put's head in, has a good head-piece.
The codpiece that will houſe
Before the head has any,

* Doing execution with rapidity equal to thought. *Johnſon.*

† The poet means here, "Crack nature's mould, and "ſpill all the *ſeeds of matter* that are hoarded within "it." *Theobald.*

‡ *Subſcription*, for obedience. *Warburton.*

The head and he ſhall lowſe;
So beggars marry many.
That man that makes his toe,
What he his heart ſhould make,
Shall of a corn cry woe,
And turn his ſleep to wake.
For there was never yet fair woman, but ſhe made mouths in a glaſs.

SCENE III.

To them, Enter Kent.

Lear. No, I will be the patern of all patience, I will ſay nothing.

Kent. Who's there?

Fool. Marry here's grace and a codpiece, that's a wiſe man and a fool.

Kent. Alas, Sir, are you here? Things that love night,
Love not ſuch nights as theſe: the wrathful ſkies
Gallow † the very wand'rers of the dark,
And make them keep their caves. Since I was man,
Such ſheets of fire, ſuch burſts of horrid thunder,
Such groans of roaring wind and rain I never
Remember to have heard. Man's nature cannot carry
Th' affliction, nor the fear.

Lear. Let the great gods,
That keep this dreadful pother o'er our heads,
Find out their enemies now. Tremble, thou wretch,
That haſt within thee undivulged crimes,
Unwhipt of juſtice. Hide thee, thou bloody hand,
Thou perjure, and thou ſimular man of virtue,
That art inceſtuous. Caitiff, ſhake to pieces,
That under covert and convenient ſeeming
Haſt practis'd on man's life!—Cloſe pent-up guilts,
Rive your concealing continents, and aſk
Theſe dreadful ſummoners grace.—I am a man
More ſinn'd againſt than ſinning.

Kent. Alack, bare-headed?

† *Gallow*, a weſt-country word, ſignifies to ſcar or frighten. *Warburton.*

Gracious my Lord, hard by here is a hovel,
Some friendſhip will it lend you 'gainſt the tempeſt;
Repoſe you there, while I to this hard houſe,
More hard than is the ſtone whereof 'tis rais'd,
Which ev'n but now, demanding after you,
Deny'd me to come in, return, and force
Their ſcanted courteſy.

Lear. My wits begin to turn.
Come on, my boy. How doſt, my boy? art cold?
I'm cold myſelf. Where is the ſtraw, my fellow?
The art of our neceſſities is ſtrange,
That can make vile things precious. Come, your hovel.
Poor fool and knave, I've one part in my heart
That's ſorry yet for thee.

Fool. *He that has an a little tyny wit,*
With heigh ho, the wind and the rain;
Muſt make content with his fortunes fit,
Though the rain it raineth every day.

Lear. True, my good boy. Come, bring us to this hovel. [*Exit.*

Fool. 'Tis a brave night to cool a courtezan.
I'll ſpeak a prophecy ere I go.
When prieſts are more in words than matter,
When brewers mar their malt with water;
When nobles are their tailor's tutors *;
No heretics burnt but wenches' ſuitors;
Then comes the time, who lives to ſee't,
That going ſhall be us'd with feet.
When ev'ry caſe in law is right,
No ſquire in debt, and no poor knight;
When ſlanders do not live in tongues,
And cut-purſes come not to throngs;
When uſurers tell their gold i' th' field,
And bawds and whores do churches build;
Then ſhall the realm of Albion
Come to great confuſion.
This prophecy Merlin ſhall make, for I do live before his time. [*Exit.*

* *i. e.* Invent faſhions for them. *Warb.*

SCENE IV.

An Apartment in Glo'ſter's *Caſtle.*

Enter Glo'ſter *and* Edmund.

Glou. Alack, alack, Edmund, I like not this unnatural dealing. When I deſir'd their leave that I might pity him, they took from me the uſe of mine own houſe, charg'd me, on pain of perpetual diſpleaſure, neither to ſpeak of him, entreat for him, or any way ſuſtain him

Edm Moſt ſavage and unnatural!

Glou. Go to, ſay you nothing. There is diviſion between the Dukes, and a worſe matter than that. I have receiv'd a letter this night. 'Tis dangerous to be ſpoken. I have lock'd the letter in my cloſet. Theſe injuries the King now bears will be revenged home: there is part of a power already footed; we muſt incline to the King; I will look for him, and privily relieve him. Go you and maintain talk with the Duke, that my charity be not of him perceiv'd; if he aſk for me, I am ill and gone to bed. If I die for it, as no leſs is threatened me, the King my old maſter muſt be relieved. There are ſtrange things toward, Edmund, pray you be careful. [*Exit.*

Edm. This curteſy, forbid thee, ſhall the Duke
Inſtantly know, and of that letter too.
This ſeems a fair deſerving, and muſt draw me
That which my father loſes, no leſs than all.
The younger riſes when the old doth fall. [*Exit.*

SCENE V.

Changes to a Part of the Heath, with a Hovel.

Enter Lear, Kent, *and Fool.*

Kent. Here is the place, my Lord; good my Lord, enter.
The tyranny o' the open night's too rough
For nature to endure. [*Storm ſtill*

Lear. Let me alone.
Kent. Good my Lord, enter here.
Lear. Let me alone.
Kent. Good my Lord, enter here.
Lear. Wilt break my heart?
Kent. I'd rather break mine own; good my Lord, enter.
Lear. Thou think'ſt 'tis much that this contentious ſtorm
Invades us to the ſkin; ſo 'tis to thee;
But where the greater malady is fix'd,
The leſſer is ſcarce felt. Thou'dſt ſhun a bear;
But if thy flight lay toward the roaring ſea,
Thou'dſt meet the bear i' th' mouth. When the mind's free,
The body's delicate; the tempeſt in my mind
Doth from my ſenſes take all feeling elſe,
Save what beats there. Filial ingratitude!
Is it not as this mouth ſhould tear this hand
For lifting food to't?—but I'll puniſh home:
No, I will weep no more.——In ſuch a night
To ſhut me out?—Pour on, I will endure——
In ſuch a night as this? O Regan, Gonerill!——
Your old kind father, whoſe frank heart gave all—
O, that way madneſs lies; let me ſhun that;
No more of that.———
Kent. Good my Lord, enter here.
Lear. Pr'ythee go in thyſelf; ſeek thine own eaſe;
This tempeſt will not give me leave to ponder
On things would hurt me more.——But I'll go in.
In, boy, go firſt. [*To the fool.*] You houſeleſs poverty.———
Nay, get thee in; I'll pray, and then I'll ſleep.——
[*Fool goes in.*
Poor naked wretches, whereſoe'er you are,
That 'bide the pelting of this pitileſs ſtorm!
How ſhall your houſeleſs heads, and unfed ſides,
Your loop'd and window'd raggedneſs, defend you
From ſeaſons ſuch as theſe? O I have ta'en
Too little care of this. Take phyſic, Pomp;
Expoſe thyſelf to feel what wretches feel,

That thou may'ſt ſhake the ſuperflux to them,
And ſhew the Heav'ns more juſt.

Edg. within.] Fathom and half, fathom and half! poor Tom.

Fool. Come not in here, nuncle, here's a ſpirit. Help me, help me. [*The Fool runs out from the hovel.*

Kent. Give me thy hand; who's there?

Fool. A ſpirit, a ſpirit; he ſays his name's poor Tom.

Kent. What art thou that doſt grumble there i' th' ſtraw? Come forth.

SCENE VI.

Enter Edgar, *diſguiſed like a madman.*

Edg. Away! the foul fiend follows me. Through the ſharp hawthorn blows the cold wind. Humph, go to thy bed and warm thee.

Lear. Didſt thou give all to thy daughters? and art thou come to this?

Edg. Who gives any thing to poor Tom? whom the foul fiend hath led through fire and through flame, through ford and through whirlpool, o'er bog and quagmire; that hath laid knives under his pillow, and halters in his pew; ſet ratſbane by his porridge; made him proud of heart to ride on a bay trotting horſe over four-inch'd bridges, to courſe his own ſhadow for a traitor. Bleſs thy five wits; Tom's a-cold. O do de, do de, do de. Bleſs thee from whirlwinds, ſtar-blaſting, and taking *. Do poor Tom ſome charity, whom the foul fiend vexes. There could I have him now—and there, and here again, and there. [*Storm ſtill.*

Lear. What, have his daughters brought him to this paſs?
—Couldſt thou ſave nothing? didſt thou give 'em all?

Fool. Nay, he reſerved a blanket, elſe we had been all ſhamed.

* To *take* is to blaſt, or ſtrike with malignant influence. *Johnſon.*

Lear. Now all the plagues that in the pendulous air
Hang fated o'er men's faults, light on thy daughters!
Kent. He hath no daughters, Sir.
Lear. Death! traitor. Nothing could have subdued nature
To ſuch a lowneſs but his unkind daughters.
Is it the faſhion that diſcarded fathers
Should have thus little mercy on their fleſh?
Judicious puniſhment! 'twas this fleſh begot
Thoſe pelican daughters.
Edg. Pillicock ſat on pillicock-hill,
Halloo, halloo, loo, loo!
Fool. This cold night will turn us all to fools and madmen.
Edg. Take heed o' th' foul fiend. Obey thy parents. Keep thy word juſtly. Swear not. Commit not with man's ſworn ſpouſe. Set not thy ſweet heart on proud array. Tom's a-cold.
Lear. What haſt thou been?
Edg. A ſerving-man, proud in heart and mind; that curl'd my hair, wore gloves in my cap *, ſerv'd the luſt of my miſtreſs's heart, and did the act of darkneſs with her; ſwore as many oaths as I ſpake words, and broke them in the ſweet face of heav'n. One that ſlept in the contriving luſt, and wak'd to do it. Wine lov'd I deeply; dice dearly; and in woman out-paramour'd the Turk. Falſe of heart, light of ear †, bloody of hand; hog in ſloth, fox in ſtealth, wolf in greedineſs, dog in madneſs, lion in prey. Let not the creaking of ſhoes, nor the ruſtling of ſilks, betray thy poor heart to woman. Keep thy foot out of brothels, thy hand out of plackets, thy pen from lenders' books, and defy the foul fiend. Still through the hawthorn blows the cold wind: ſays ſuum, mum, nonny, dolphin my boy, boy Seſſey; let him trot by. [*Storm ſtill.*

* That is, his miſtreſs's favours, which was the faſhion of that time. *Warburton.*
† *i. e.* credulous. *Ibid.*

Lear. Thou wert better in thy grave than to anſwer with thy uncover'd body this extremity of the ſkies. Is man no more than this? Conſider him well. Thou oweſt the worm no ſilk, the beaſt no hide, the ſheep no wool, the cat no perfume. Ha! here's three of us are ſophiſticated, thou art the thing itſelf; unaccommodated man is no more but ſuch a poor, bare, forked animal as thou art. Off, off, you lendings. Come. Unbutton here.

[*Tearing off his clothes.*

Fool. Pr'ythee, nuncle, be contented; 'tis a naughty night to ſwim in. Now a little fire in a wild field were like an old lecher's heart, a ſmall ſpark, and all the reſt on's body cold. Look, here comes a walking fire.

Edg. This is the foul Flibbertigibbet; he begins at curfew and walks till the firſt cock. He gives the web and the pin *, ſquints the eye, and makes the hair-lip; mildews the white wheat, and hurts the poor creature of the earth.

Saint Withold footed thrice the Wold,
He met the night-mare, and her name told,
Bid her alight, and her troth plight,
And aroynt thee, witch, aroynt thee †.

Kent. How fares your Grace?

* Diſeaſes of the eye. *Johnſon.*

† *And aroynt thee, witch, aroynt thee* RIGHT. *i. e.* Saint Withold traverſing the Wold or Downs, met the night-mare; who having told her name, he obliged her to *alight* from thoſe perſons whom ſhe rides, and *plight her troth* to do no more miſchief. This is taken from a ſtory of him in his legend. Hence he was invoked as a patron ſaint againſt that diſtemper. And theſe verſes were no other than a popular charm or *night ſpell* againſt the *Epialtes*. The laſt line is the formal execration or apoſtrophe of the ſpeaker of the charm to the witch, *aroynt thee right*, *i. e.* depart forthwith. *Bedlams*, gipſies, and ſuch like vagabonds, uſed to ſell theſe kind of ſpells or charms to the people. *Warburton.*

SCENE VII.

Enter Glo'ſter *with a torch.*

Lear. What's he?

Kent. Who's there? what is't you ſeek?

Glou. What are you there? Your names?

Edg. Poor Tom, that eats the ſwimming frog, the toad, the tadpole, the wall-newt, and the water-newt; that in the fury of his heart, when the foul fiend rages, eats cow-dung for ſallets, ſwallows the old rat and the ditch-dog, drinks the green mantle of the ſtanding pool; who is whipt from tything to tything, and ſtock-puniſh'd and impriſon'd: who hath had three ſuits to his back, ſix ſhirts to his body;

Horſe to ride, and weapon to wear;
But mice, and rats, and ſuch ſmall deer
Have been Tom's food for ſeven long year.

Beware my follower. Peace, Smolkin, peace, thou fiend.

Glou. What, hath your Grace no better company?

Edg. The prince of darkneſs is a gentleman; *Mohu* he's call'd, and *Mahu.*

Glou. Our fleſh and blood, my Lord, is grown ſo vile,
That it doth hate what gets it.

Edg. Tom's a-cold.

Glou. Go in with me; my duty cannot ſuffer
T' obey in all your daughters' hard commands:
Though their injunction be to bar my doors,
And let this tyrannous night take hold upon you,
Yet have I ventur'd to come ſeek you out,
And bring you where both fire and food is ready.

Lear. Firſt let me talk with this philoſopher.
—What is the cauſe of thunder?

Kent. My good Lord, take his offer;
Go into th' houſe.

Lear. I'll talk a word with this ſame learned Theban *.
—What is your ſtudy?

* The firſt indication of the loſs of his reaſon. *Warton.*

Edg. How to prevent the fiend, and to kill vermin.
Lear. Let us aſk you one word in private.
Kent Importune him once more to go, my Lord.
His wits begin t' unſettle.
Glou. Canſt thou blame him? [*Storm ſtill.*
His daughters ſeek his death. Ah, that good Kent!—
He ſaid it would be thus—poor baniſh'd man!—
Thou ſay'ſt the King grows mad; I'll tell thee, friend,
I'm almoſt mad myſelf: I had a ſon,
Now out-law'd from my blood; he ſought my life,
But lately, very late; I lov'd him, friend,
No father his ſon dearer. True to tell thee,
The grief hath craz'd my wits. What a night's this!
I do beſeech your Grace.
Lear. O cry you mercy, Sir.
—Noble philoſopher, your company.
Edg. Tom's a-cold.
Glou. In, fellow, into th' hovel; keep thee warm.
Lear. Come, let's in all.
Kent. This way, my Lord.
Lear. With him;
I will keep ſtill with my philoſopher.
Kent. Good my Lord, ſooth him; let him take the fellow.
Glou. Take him you on.
Kent. Sirrah, come on; along with us.
Lear. Come, good Athenian.
Glou. No words, no words, huſh.
Edg. *Child Rowland to the dark tower came;*
His words were ſtill, fy, foh, and fum,
I ſmell the blood of a Britiſh man. [Exeunt.

SCENE VIII.

Changes to Glo'ſter's *Caſtle.*

Corn. I will have revenge ere I depart his houſe.
Edm. How, my Lord, I may be cenſur'd that nature thus gives way to loyalty, ſomething fears me to think of.

Corn. I now perceive it was not altogether your brother's evil diſpoſition made him ſeek his death, but a provoking merit, ſet a-work by a reprovable badneſs in himſelf.

Edm. How malicious is my fortune, that I muſt repent to be juſt? This is the letter which he ſpoke of, which approves him an intelligent party to the advantages of France. Oh heavens! that this treaſon were not, or not I the detector!

Corn. Go with me to the Ducheſs.

Edm. If the matter of this paper be certain, you have mighty buſineſs in hand.

Corn. True or falſe, it hath made thee Earl of Glo'ſter. Seek out where thy father is, that he may be ready for our apprehenſion.

Edm. aſide.] If I find him comforting the King, it will ſtuff his ſuſpicion more fully.——I will perſevere in my courſe of loyalty, though the conflict be ſore between that and my blood.

Corn. I will lay truſt upon thee, and thou ſhalt find a dearer father in my love. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IX.

A Chamber in a Farm-houſe.

Enter Kent *and* Glo'ſter.

Glou. Here is better than the open air, take it thankfully I will piece out the comfort with what addition I can; I will not be long from you. [*Exit.*

Kent. All the power of his wits has given way to his impatience. The Gods reward your kindneſs!

Enter Lear, Edgar, *and Fool.*

Edg. Fraterreto calls me, and tells me, Nero is an angler in the lake of darkneſs. Pray, Innocent, and beware the foul fiend.

Fool. Pr'ythee, nuncle, tell me whether a madman be a gentleman or a yeoman?

Lear. A king, a king.

Fool. No, he's a yeoman that has a gentleman to his ſon: for he's a mad yeoman that ſees his ſon a gentleman before him.

Lear. To have a thouſand with red burning ſpits
Come hizzing in upon 'em.———

Edg. The foul fiend bites my back.

Fool. He's mad that truſts in the tameneſs of a wolf, a horſe's health *, a boy's love, or a whore's oath.

Lear. It ſhall be done, I will arraign them ſtrait.
Come, ſit thou here, moſt learned juſticer;
Thou ſapient Sir, ſit here.—Now, ye ſhe-foxes!—

Edg. Look where ſhe ſtands and glares. Wanteſt thou eyes?
At trial, Madam.

Come o'er the broom, Beſſy, to me.

Fool. *Her boat hath a leak, and ſhe muſt not ſpeak*
Why ſhe dares not come over to thee.

Edg. The foul fiend haunts poor Tom in the voice of a nightingale. Hopdance cries in Tom's belly for two white herrings. Croak not, black angel, I have no food for thee.

Kent. How do you, Sir? Stand you not ſo amaz'd;
Will you ly down, and reſt upon the cuſhions?

Lear. I'll ſee their trial firſt, bring me in the evidence.
Thou robed man of juſtice, take thy place;
And thou his yoke-fellow of equity,
Bench by his ſide. You are o' th' commiſſion, ſit you too.

Edg. Let us deal juſtly.

Sleepeſt or wakeſt thou, jolly ſhepherd?
Thy ſheep be in the corn;
And for one blaſt of thy minikin mouth,
Thy ſheep ſhall take no harm.

Purre, the cat is grey.

Lear. Arraign her firſt; 'tis Gonerill. I here take

* *A horſe's heels. Warburton.*

my oath before this honourable aſſembly, ſhe kick'd the poor King her father.

Fool. Come hither, Miſtreſs, is your name Gonerill?

Lear. She cannot deny it.

Fool. Cry you mercy, I took you for a joint-ſtool.

Lear. And here's another, whoſe warpt looks proclaim
What ſtore her heart is made of. Stop her there *;
Arms, arms, ſword, fire!—Corruption in the place!
Falſe juſticer, why haſt thou let her 'ſcape?

Edg. Bleſs thy five wits.

Kent. O pity! Sir, where is the patience now
That you ſo oft have boaſted to retain?

Edg. My tears begin to take his part ſo much,
They mar my counterfeiting. [*Aſide.*

Lear. The little dogs and all,
Tray, Blanch, and Sweetheart, ſee, they bark at me.

Edg. Tom will throw his head at them. Avant, you curs!
Be thy mouth black or white,
Tooth that poiſons if it bite;
Maſtiff, greyhound, mungril grim,
Hound or ſpaniel, brache, or hym;
Or bobtail tike, or trundle-tail,
Tom will make him weep and wail:
For, with throwing thus my head,
Dogs leap the hatch, and all are fled.
Do de, de de. Seſſey, come, march to wakes and fairs,
And market towns. Poor Tom, thy horn is dry.

Lear. Then let them anatomize Regan. See what breeds about her heart. Is there any cauſe in nature that makes theſe hard hearts?—You, Sir, I entertain for one of my hundred; only I do not like the faſhion of your garments. You will ſay they are Perſian; but let them be chang'd.

Re-enter Glo'ſter.

Kent. Now, good my Lord, ly here and reſt a while.

* Here he imagines that Regan eſcapes. *Warton.*

Lear. Make no noiſe, make no noiſe, draw the curtains.
So, ſo, we'll go to ſupper i' th' morning.
Fool. And I'll go to bed at noon.
Glou. Come hither, friend. Where is the King my maſter?
Kent. Here, Sir; but trouble him not; his wits are gone.
Glou. Good friend, I pr'ythee take him in thy arms.
I have o'er-heard a plot of death upon him.
There is a litter ready, lay him in't,
And drive tow'rd Dover, friend, where thou ſhalt meet
Both welcome and protection. Take up thy maſter.
If thou ſhouldſt dally half an hour, his life,
With thine, and all that offer to defend him,
Stand in aſſured loſs. Take up, take up,
And follow me, that will to ſome proviſion
Give thee quick conduct.
Kent. Oppreſs'd nature ſleeps.
This reſt might yet have balm'd thy broken ſenſes,
Which, if conveniency will not allow,
Stand in hard cure. Come, help to bear thy maſter;
Thou muſt not ſtay behind. [*To* Fool.
Glou. Come, come, away.
[*Exeunt bearing off the King.*

Manet Edgar.

Edg. When we our betters ſee bearing our woes,
We ſcarcely think our miſeries our foes.
Who alone ſuffers, ſuffers moſt i' th' mind;
Leaving free things *, and happy ſhows behind:
But then the mind much ſuff'rance does o'erſkip,
When grief hath mates, and bearing fellowſhip.
How light and portable my pain ſeems now,
When that which makes me bend makes the King bow;
He childed, as I father'd!—Tom, away;
Mark the high noiſes, and thyſelf bewray,

* That is, things free from ſuffering. *Reviſal.*

When falſe opinion, whoſe wrong thought defiles thee,
In thy juſt proof repeals, and reconciles thee †.
What will, hap more to-night; ſafe 'ſcape the King!
Lurk, Lurk.——— [*Exit* Edgar.

SCENE X.

Changes to Glo'ſter's *Caſtle.*

Enter Cornwall, Regan, Gonerill, Edmund, *and Servants.*

Corn. Poſt ſpeedily to my Lord your huſband, ſhew him this letter. The army of France is landed. Seek out the traitor Glo'ſter.

Reg. Hang him inſtantly.

Gon. Pluck out his eyes.

Corn. Leave him to my diſpleaſure. Edmund, keep you our ſiſter company; the revenges we are bound to take upon your traitorous father are not fit for your beholding. Adviſe the Duke where you are going to a moſt feſtinate preparation; we are bound to the like. Our poſts ſhall be ſwift and intelligent betwixt us. Farewell, dear ſiſter. Farewell, my Lord of Glo'ſter.

Enter Steward.

How now? where's the King?

Stew. My Lord of Glo'ſter hath convey'd him hence.
Some five or ſix and thirty of his knights,
Hot queſtriſts after him, met him at gate,
Who with ſome other of the Lord's dependants,
Are gone with him tow'rd Dover, where they boaſt
To have well-armed friends.

† *i. e* Attend to the great events that are approaching, and make thyſelf known when that *falſe opinion* now prevailing againſt thee ſhalll, in conſequence of *juſt proof* of thy integrity, revoke its erroneous ſentence, and recall thee to honour and reconciliation. *Johnſon.*

Corn. Get horſes for your miſtreſs.
Gon. Farewell, ſweet Lord, and ſiſter.
[*Exeunt* Gon. *and* Edm.
Corn. Edmund, farewell.—Go ſeek the traitor Glo'ſter;
Pinion him like a thief, bring him before us:
Though well we may not paſs upon his life
Without the form of juſtice, yet our pow'r
Shall do a curt'ſy to our wrath, which men
May blame, but not control.

SCENE XI.

Enter Glo'ſter, *brought in by Servants.*

Who's there? the traitor?
Reg. Ingrateful fox! 'tis he.
Corn. Bind faſt his corky arms.
Glou. What mean your Graces? Good my friends, conſider,
You are my gueſts: do me no foul play, friends.
Corn. Bind him, I ſay, [*They bind him.*
Reg. Hard, hard. O filthy traitor!
Glou. Unmerciful lady as you are! I'm none.
Corn. To this chair bind him. Villain, thou ſhalt find—— [Regan *plucks his beard.*
Glou. By the kind Gods, 'tis moſt ignobly done
To pluck me by the beard.
Reg. So white, and ſuch a traitor?
Glou. Naughty lady,
Theſe hairs, which thou doſt raviſh from my chin,
Will quicken and accuſe thee: I'm your hoſt;
With robbers' hands my hoſpitable favour
You ſhould not ruffle thus. What will you do?
Corn. Come, Sir, what letters had you late from France?
Reg. Be ſimple-anſwer'd, for we know the truth.
Corn. And what confed'racy have you with the traitors
Late footed in the kingdom?
Reg. To whoſe hands
Have you ſent the lunatic King? Speak.

Glou. I have a letter gueſſingly ſet down,
Which came from one that's of a neutral heart,
And not from one oppos'd.
Corn. Cunning ——
Reg. And falſe.
Corn. Where haſt thou ſent the King?
Glou. To Dover?
Reg. Wherefore to Dover?
Waſt thou not charg'd, at peril——
Corn. Wherefore to Dover? Let him firſt anſwer that.
Glou. I am ty'd to th' ſtake, and I muſt ſtand the courſe.
Reg. Wherefore to Dover?
Glou. Becauſe I would not ſee thy cruel nails
Pluck out his poor old eyes, nor thy fierce ſiſter
In his anointed fleſh ſtick boariſh phangs.
The ſea, with ſuch a ſtorm as his bare head
In hell-black night indur'd, would have buoy'd up,
And quench'd the ſtelled fires;
Yet, poor old heart! he help'd the heav'ns to rain.
If wolves had at thy gate howl'd that ſtern time,
Thou ſhouldſt have ſaid, "Go, porter, turn the key;"
All cruels elſe ſubſcrib'd *. But I ſhall ſee
The winged vengeance overtake ſuch children.
Corn. See't ſhalt thou never. Fellows, hold the chair.
Upon theſe eyes of thine I'll ſet my foot.
[Glo'ſter *is held down, while* Cornwall *treads out one of his eyes.*
Glou. He that will think to live till he be old,
Give me ſome help.—O cruel, O you Gods!
Reg. One ſide will mock another; th' other too.
Corn. If you ſee vengeance——
Serv. Hold your hand, my Lord.
I've ſerv'd you ever ſince I was a child;
But better ſervice have I never done you,
Than now to bid you hold.
Reg. How now, you dog?

* Yielded, ſubmitted to the neceſſity of the occaſion. *Johnſon.*

Serv. If you did wear a beard upon your chin,
I'd ſhake it on this quarrel. What do you mean?
Corn. My villain!
Serv. Nay then come on, and take the chance of anger. [*Fight*; Cornwall *is wounded.*
Reg. to another ſervant.] Give me thy ſword. A peaſant ſtand up thus?
[*Comes behind and kills him.*
Serv. Oh, I am ſlain—My Lord, you have one eye left
To ſee ſome miſchief on him. Oh— [*Dies.*
Corn. Leſt it ſee more, prevent it. Out, vile gelly:
Where is thy luſtre now? [*Treads the other out.*
Glo. All dark and comfortleſs—Where's my ſon Edmund?
Edmund, enkindle all the ſparks of nature,
To quit this horrid act.
Reg. Out, treacherous villain!
Thou call'ſt on him that hates thee; it was he
That made the overture of thy treaſons to us,
Who is too good to pity thee.
Glo. O my follies!
Then Edgar was abus'd. Kind Gods, forgive
Me that, and proſper him!
Reg. Go thruſt him out
At gates, and let him ſmell his way to Dover.
[*Ex. with* Glo'ſter.
How is't, my Lord, how look you?
Corn. I have receiv'd a hurt. Follow me, Lady—
Turn out that eyeleſs villain. Throw this ſlave
Upon the dunghill.—Regan, I bleed apace.
Untimely comes this hurt. Give me your arm.
[*Exit* Corn. *led by* Regan.
1 *Serv.* I'll never care what wickedneſs I do,
If this man come to good.
2 *Serv.* If ſhe live long,
And, in the end, meet the old courſe of death,
Women will all turn monſters.
1 *Serv.* Let's follow the old Earl, and get the bedlam
To lead him where he would; his roguiſh madneſs
Allows itſelf to any thing.

2 *Serv.* Go thou; I'll fetch ſome flax and whites of eggs
T' apply to's bleeding face. Now, Heaven help him! [*Exeunt ſeverally.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

An open Country.

Enter Edgar.

Edgar.

YET better thus, and known to be contemn'd,
Than ſtill contemn'd and flatter'd. To be worſt,
The loweſt, moſt dejected thing of fortune,
Stands ſtill in eſperance, lives not in fear.
The lamentable change is from the beſt;
The worſt returns to laughter. Welcome then,
Thou unſubſtantial air that I embrace!
The wretch that thou haſt blown unto the worſt,
Owes nothing to thy blaſts.

Enter Glo'ſter, *led by an Old Man.*

But who comes here?
My father poorly led? World, world, O world!
But that thy ſtrange mutations make us hate thee,
Life would not yield * to age.

Old Man. O my good Lord,
I have been your tenant, and your father's tenant,
Theſe fourſcore years.

Glou. Away, get thee away. Good friend, be gone;
Thy comforts can do me no good at all,
Thee they may hurt.

Old Man. You cannot ſee your way.

Glou. I have no way, and therefore want no eyes:
I ſtumbled when I ſaw. Full oft 'tis ſeen,
Our mean † ſecures us; and our mere defects

* *Yield to* ſignifies no more than *give way to, ſink under,* in oppoſition to the *ſtruggling with, bearing up againſt* the infirmities of age. Sir *T. Hanmer.*

† *i. e.* moderate, mediocre condition. *Warburton.*

Prove our commodities.——O dear ſon Edgar,
The food of thy abuſed father's wrath;
Might I but live to ſee thee in my touch,
I'd ſay I had eyes again!
Old Man. How now? who's there?
Edg. aſide.] O Gods! who is't can ſay I'm at the worſt?
I'm worſe than e'er I was.
Old Man. 'Tis poor mad Tom.
Edg. aſide.] And worſe I may be yet; the worſt is not,
So long as we can ſay, this is the worſt.
Old Man. Fellow, where go'ſt?
Glou. Is it a beggar-man?
Old Man. Madman, and beggar too.
Glou. He has ſome reaſon, elſe he could not beg.
I' th' laſt night's ſtorm I ſuch a fellow ſaw;
Which made me think a man a worm. My ſon
Came then into my mind; and yet my mind
Was then ſcarce friends with him. I've heard more ſince.
As flies to wanton boys, are we to th' Gods;
They kill us for their ſport.
Edg. How ſhould this be?
Bad is the trade muſt play the fool to ſorrow,
Ang'ring itſelf and others. [*Aſide.*]——Bleſs thee, maſter.
Glou. Is that the naked fellow?
Old Man. Ay, my Lord.
Glou. Get thee away. If, for my ſake,
Thou wilt o'ertake us hence a mile or twain
I' th' way tow'rd Dover, do it for ancient love;
And bring ſome covering for this naked ſoul,
Whom I'll intreat to lead me.
Old Man. Alack, Sir, he is mad.
Glou. 'Tis the time's plague, when madmen lead the blind.
Do as I bid, or rather do thy pleaſure:
Above the reſt, be gone.
Old Man. I'll bring him the beſt 'parrel that I have,
Come on't what will. [*Exit.*

Glou. Sirrah, naked fellow.

Edg. Poor Tom's a-cold.—I cannot daub * it further. [*Aſide.*

Glou. Come hither, fellow.

Edg. aſide.] And yet I muſt.

—Bleſs thy ſweet eyes, they bleed.

Glou. Know'ſt thou the way to Dover?

Edg. Both ſtile and gate, horſe-way and foot-path. Poor Tom hath been ſcar'd out of his good wits. Bleſs thee, good man, from the foul fiend. Five fiends have been in poor Tom at once; of luſt, as Obidicut; Hobbididen, prince of dumbneſs; Mahu, of ſtealing; Mahu, of murder; and Flibbertigibbet, of mopping and mowing; who ſince poſſeſſes chamber-maids and waiting-women †.

Glou. Here, take this purſe, thou whom the heavens' plagues

* *i. e.* diſguiſe. *Warburton.*

† Shakeſpeare has made Edgar, in his feigned diſtraction, frequently allude to a vile impoſture of ſome Engliſh Jeſuits, at that time much the ſubject of converſation.—The impoſture was in ſubſtance this. While the Spaniards were preparing their armado againſt England, the Jeſuits were here buſy at work to promote it, by making converts; one method they employed was to diſpoſſeſs pretended demoniacks, by which artifice they made ſeveral hundred converts amongſt the common people. The principal ſcene of this farce was laid in the family of one Mr Edmund Peckham, a Roman Catholic, where Marwood, a ſervant of Anthony Babington's, (who was afterwards executed for treaſon), Trayford, an attendant upon Mr Peckham, and Sarah and Friſwood Williams, and Anne Smith, *three chamber-maids* in that family, came into the prieſt's hands for cure. But the diſcipline of the patients was ſo long and ſevere, and the prieſts ſo elate and careleſs with their ſucceſs, that the plot was diſcovered on the confeſſion of the parties concerned, and the contrivers of it deſervedly puniſhed. The five devils here mentioned, are the names of five of thoſe who were made to act in this farce upon the *chamber-maids and waiting-women.* Warb.

Have humbled to all ſtrokes. That I am wretched,
Makes thee the happier. Heavens deal ſo ſtill!
Let the ſuperfluous and luſt-dieted man,
That ſlaves * your ordinance, that will not ſee
Becauſe he does not feel, feel your power quickly:
So diſtribution ſhould undo exceſs,
And each man have enough. Doſt thou know Dover?

Edg. Ay, maſter.

Glou. There is a cliff, whoſe high and bending head
Looks fearfully on the confined deep;
Bring me but to the very brim of it,
And I'll repair the miſery thou doſt bear
With ſomething rich about me. From that place
I ſhall no leading need.

Edg. Give me thy arm;
Poor Tom ſhall lead thee. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

The Duke of Albany's *Palace.*

Enter Gonerill *and* Edmund.

Gon. Welcome, my Lord. I marvel our mild huſband
Not met us on the way.

Enter Steward.

Now, where's your maſter?

Stew. Madam, within; but never man ſo chang'd.
I told him of the army that was landed;
He ſmil'd at it. I told him you were coming;
His anſwer was, the worſe. Of Glo'ſter's treachery,
And of the loyal ſervice of his ſon,
When I inform'd him, then he call'd me ſot,
And told me I had turn'd the wrong ſide out.
What moſt he ſhould diſlike, ſeems pleaſant to him;

* *i. e.* treats it as his ſlave,—trampling upon and ſpurning it. *Reviſal.*

What like, offenſive.

Gon. Then ſhall you go no further.

[*To* Edmund.

It is the cowiſh terror of his ſpirit,
That dares not undertake; he'll not feel wrongs
Which tie him to an anſwer. Our wiſhes on the way
May prove effects. Back, Edmund, to my brother;
Haſten his muſters, and conduct his powers.
I muſt change arms at home, and give the diſtaff
Into my huſband's hands. This truſty ſervant
Shall paſs between us; you ere long ſhall hear,
If you dare venture in your own behalf,
A miſtreſs's command. Wear this; ſpare ſpeech;

[*Giving a favour.*

Decline your head. This kiſs, if it durſt ſpeak,
Would ſtretch thy ſpirits up into the air.
Conceive, and fare thee well.

Edm. Yours in the ranks of death.

Gon. My moſt dear Glo'ſter! [*Exit* Edmund.
Oh, the ſtrange difference of man and man!
To thee a woman's ſervices are due,
My fool uſurps my body.

Stew. Madam, here comes my Lord.

Enter Albany.

Gon. I have been worth the whiſtle.

Alb. Oh Gonerill,
You are not worth the duſt which the rude wind
Blows in your face—I fear your diſpoſition:
That nature which contemns its origin,
Cannot be border'd certain * in itſelf:
She that herſelf will ſliver and diſ-branch
From her maternal ſap, perforce muſt wither,
And come to deadly uſe.

Gon. No more; 'tis fooliſh.

Alb. Wiſdom and goodneſs to the vile ſeem vile,

* *Certain* for within the bounds that nature preſcribes. *Warb.*

Filths ſavour but themſelves. What have you done?
Tygers, not daughters, what have you perform'd?
A father, and a gracious aged man,
Moſt barb'rous, moſt degenerate, have you madded.
Cou'd my good brother ſuffer you to do it,
A man, a prince by him ſo benefited?
If that the Heav'ns do not their viſible ſpirits
Send quickly down to tame the vile offences,
Humanity muſt perforce prey on itſelf,
Like monſters of the deep.
Gon. Milk-liver'd man!
That bear'ſt a cheek for blows, a head for wrongs;
Who haſt not in thy brows an eye diſcerning
Thine honour from thy ſuffering; that not know'ſt,
Fools do theſe villains pity, who are puniſh'd
Ere they have done their miſchief. Where's thy drum?
France ſpreads his banners in our noiſeleſs land,
With plumed helm thy ſlayer begins his threats;
Whilſt thou, a moral fool, ſit'ſt ſtill and cry'ſt,
"Alack! why does he ſo?"—
Alb. See thyſelf, devil:
Proper deformity ſeems not in the fiend
So horrid as in woman.
Gon. O vain fool!
Alb. Thou changed and ſelf-cover'd thing, for ſhame,
Be-monſter not thy feature. Were't my fitneſs
To let theſe hands obey my blood,
They're apt enough to diſlocate and tear
Thy fleſh and bones —Howe'er thou art a fiend,
A woman's ſhape doth ſhield thee —
Gon. Marry, your manhood now!—

Enter Meſſenger.

Meſſ. Oh, my good Lord, the Duke of Cornwall's dead,
Slain by his ſervant, going to put out
The other eye of Glo'ſter.
Alb. Glo'ſter's eyes!

Meſſ. A ſervant that he bred, thrill'd with remorſe,
Oppos'd againſt the act, bending his ſword
To his great maſter; who, thereat inrag'd,
Flew on him, and amongſt them fell'd him dead,
But not without that harmful ſtroke which ſince
Hath pluck'd him after.

Alb. This ſhews you are above,
You juſtices, that theſe our nether crimes
So ſpeedily can 'venge. But, O poor Glo'ſter!
Loſt he his other eye?

Meſſ. Both, both, my Lord.
—This letter, Madam, craves a ſpeedy anſwer;
'Tis from your ſiſter,

Gon. aſide.] One way I like this well;
But being widow, and my Glo'ſter with her,
May all the building in my fancy pluck
Upon my hateful life. Another way
The news is not ſo tart. I'll read, and anſwer.
[*Exit.*

Alb. Where was his ſon when they did take his eyes?

Meſſ. Come with my Lady hither.

Alb. He's not here?

Meſſ. No, my good Lord, I met him back again.

Alb. Knows he the wickedneſs?

Meſſ. Ay, my good Lord, 'twas he inform'd againſt him,
And quit the houſe of purpoſe that their puniſhment
Might have the freer courſe.

Alb. aſide.] Glo'ſter, I live
To thank thee for the love thou ſhew'dſt the King,
And to revenge thine eyes. Come hither, friend,
Tell me what more thou know'ſt. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Dover.

Enter Kent, *and a Gentleman* *.

Kent. Why the King of France is ſuddenly gone back
Know you the reaſon?

Gent. Something he left imperfect in the ſtate,
Which ſince his coming forth is thought of, which
Imports the Kingdom ſo much fear and danger,
That his perſonal return was moſt requir'd and neceſſary.

Kent. Whom hath he left behind him General?

Gent. The Mareſchal of France, Monſieur le Far.

Kent. Did your letters pierce the Queen to any demonſtration of grief?

Gent. Ay, Sir, ſhe took 'em, read 'em in my preſence;
And now and then an ample tear trill'd down
Her delicate cheek; it ſeem'd ſhe was a Queen
Over her paſſion, which, moſt rebel-like,
Sought to be King o'er her.

Kent. O, then it mov'd her.

Gent. Not to a rage. Patience and Sorrow ſtrove
Which ſhould expreſs her goodlieſt; you have ſeen
Sun-ſhine and rain at once;—her ſmiles and tears
Were like a wetter May. Thoſe happy ſmiles,
That play'd on her ripe lip, ſeem'd not to know
What gueſts were in her eyes; which parted thence,
As pearls from diamonds drop'd.—In brief,
Sorrow would be a rarity moſt belov'd,
If all could ſo become it.

Kent. Made ſhe no verbal queſtion †?

Gent. Yes, once or twice ſhe heav'd the name of father

* The gentleman whom he ſent in the foregoing act with letters to Cordelia. *Johnſon.*

† *i. e.* comment or reflection. *Ib.*

Pantingly forth, as if it preſs'd her heart.
Cry'd, ſiſters! ſiſters!—ſhame of ladies! ſiſters!
Kent! fathers! ſiſters! What? i' th' ſtorm? i' th' night?
Let pity ne'er believe it!—There ſhe ſhook
The holy water from her heav'nly eyes,
And clamour moiſten'd her †; then away ſhe ſtarted
To deal with grief alone.
Kent. ——It is the ſtars,
The ſtars above us govern our conditions:
Elſe one ſelf-mate and mate could not beget
Such diff'rent iſſues. Spoke you with her ſince?
Gent. No.
Kent. Was this before the King return'd?
Gent. No, ſince.
Kent. Well, Sir; the poor diſtreſſed Lear's in town,
Who ſometimes, in his better tune, remembers
What we are come about, and by no means
Will yield to ſee his daughter.
Gent. Why, good Sir?
Kent. A ſov'reign ſhame ſo bows him. His unkindneſs,
That ſtrip'd her from his benediction, turn'd her
To foreign caſualties, gave her dear rights
To his dog-hearted daughters. Theſe things ſting
His mind ſo venomouſly, that burning ſhame
Detains him from Cordelia.
Gent. Alack, poor gentleman!
Kent. Of Albany's and Cornwall's pow'rs you heard not?
Gent. 'Tis ſo, they are afoot.
Kent. Well, Sir; I'll bring you to our maſter Lear,
And leave you to attend him. Some dear cauſe
Will in concealment wrap me up a while:
When I am known aright, you ſhall not grieve
Lending me this acquaintance. Pray, along with me.
[*Exeunt.*

† That is, *her outcries were accompanied with tears.* Johnſon.

SCENE IV.

A Camp.

Enter Cordelia, *Phyſician, and Soldiers.*

Cor. Alack, 'tis he! Why, he was met ev'n now
As mad as the vex'd ſea; ſinging aloud;
Crown'd with rank fumiterr, and furrow-weeds,
With burdocks, hemlock, nettle, cuckoo-flowers,
Darnel, and all the idle weeds that grow
In our ſuſtaining corn. A ſent'ry ſend forth;
Search every acre in the high-grown field,
And bring him to our eye. What can man's wiſdom
In the reſtoring man's bereaved ſenſe?
He that helps him, take all my outward worth.
Phy. There are means, Madam.
Our foſter-nurſe of nature is repoſe,
The which he lacks; that to provoke in him,
Are many ſimples operative, whoſe power
Will cloſe the eye of anguiſh.
Cor. All bleſs'd ſecrets,
All you unpubliſh'd virtues of the earth,
Spring with my tears; be aidant and remediant
In the good man's diſtreſs. Seek, ſeek for him;
Leſt his ungovern'd rage diſſolve the life
That wants the means to lead it.

Enter a Meſſenger.

Meſſ. News, Madam;
The Britiſh pow'rs are marching hitherward.
Cor. 'Tis known before. Our preparation ſtands
In expectation of them. O dear father,
It is thy buſineſs that I go about;
Therefore great France
My mourning and important tears hath pitied.
No blown ambition doth our arms incite,
But love, dear love, and our ag'd father's right.
Soon may I hear and ſee him! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

Regan's *Palace.*

Enter Regan, *and Steward.*

Reg. But are my brother's powers ſet forth?
Stew. Ay, Madam.
Reg. Himſelf in perſon there?
Stew. With much ado.
Your ſiſter is the better ſoldier.
Reg. Lord Edmund ſpake not with your Lady at home?
Stew. No, Madam.
Reg. What might import my ſiſter's letter to him?
Stew. I know not, Lady.
Reg. 'Faith, he is poſted hence on ſerious matter.
It was great ign'rance, Glo'ſter's eyes being out,
To let him live; where he arrives, he moves
All hearts againſt us. Edmund, I think, is gone,
In pity of his miſery, to diſpatch
His nighted life; moreover, to deſcry
The ſtrength o' th' enemy.
Stew. I muſt needs after him, Madam, with my letter.
Reg. Our troops ſet forth to-morrow; ſtay with us;
The ways are dangerous.
Stew. I may not, Madam;
My Lady charg'd my duty in this buſineſs.
Reg. Why ſhould ſhe write to Edmund? might not you
Tranſport her purpoſes by word? belike,
Something—I know not what—I'll love thee much—
Let me unſeal the letter.
Stew. Madam, I had rather———
Reg. I know your lady does not love her huſband:
I'm ſure of that; and, at her late being here,
She gave ſtrange œiliads, and moſt ſpeaking looks
To noble Edmund. I know you're of her boſom.
Stew. I, Madam?

Reg. I ſpeak in underſtanding: you are; I know't:
Therefore I do adviſe you, take this note.
My Lord is dead; Edmund and I have talk'd,
And more convenient is he for my hand,
Than for your Lady's. You may gather more.
If you do find him, pray you give him this;
And when your miſtreſs hears this much from you,
I pray deſire her call her wiſdom to her. So farewell.
If you do chance to hear of that blind traitor,
Preferment falls on him that cuts him off.

Stew. 'Would I could meet him, Madam, I ſhould ſhew
What party I do follow.

Reg. Fare thee well. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI*

The Country near Dover.

Enter Glo'ſter, *and* Edgar *as a Peaſant.*

Glo. When ſhall I come to th' top of that ſame hill?

Edg. You do climb up it now. Look how we labour.

Glo. Methinks the ground is even.

Edg. Horrible ſteep.
Hark, do you hear the ſea?

Glou. No, truly.

Edg. Why then your other ſenſes grow imperfect
By your eye's anguiſh.

Glou. So may it be, indeed.
Methinks thy voice is alter'd; and thou ſpeak'ſt
In better phraſe and matter than thou didſt.

Edg. You're much deceiv'd: in nothing am I chang'd
But in my garments.

* This ſcene and the ſtratagem by which Glo'ſter is cured of his deſperation, are wholly borrowed from Sidney's Arcadia. *Johnſon.*

Glou. Sure you're better ſpoken.

Edg. Come on, Sir, here's the place. Stand ſtill.
—How fearful
And dizzy 'tis to caſt one's ſo low!
The crows and choughs, that wing the midway air,
Shew ſcarce ſo groſs as beetles. Half way down
Hangs one that gathers ſamphire; dreadful trade!
Methinks he ſeems no bigger than his head.
The fiſhermen, that walk upon the beach,
Appear like mice; and yond tall anchoring bark,
Diminiſh'd to her cock; her cock a buoy
Almoſt too ſmall for ſight. The murmuring ſurge,
That on th' unnumber'd idle pebbles chafes,
Cannot be heard ſo high. I'll look no more,
Leſt my brain turn, and the deficient ſight
Topple down headlong.

Glou. Set me where you ſtand.

Edg. Give me your hand. You're now within a foot
Of th' extreme verge: for all below the moon
Would I not leap upright.

Glou. Let go my hand.
Here, friend, 's another purſe, in it a jewel
Well worth a poor man's taking. Fairies and gods
Proſper it with thee! Go thou further off;
Bid me farewell, and let me hear thee going.

Edg. Now fare ye well, good Sir. [*Seems to go.*

Glou. With all my heart.

Edg. Why do I trifle thus with his deſpair?
'Tis done to cure it.

Glou. O you mighty Gods!
This world I do renounce; and in your ſights
Shake patiently my great affliction off:
If I could bear it longer, and not fall
To quarrel with your great oppoſeleſs wills,
My ſnuff and loathed part of nature ſhould
Burn itſelf out. If Edgar live, O bleſs him!
—Now, fellow, fare thee well.
[*He leaps, and falls along.*

Edg. Good Sir, farewell.
—And yet I know not how conceit may rob

The treasury of life, when life itself
Yields to the theft. Had he been where he thought,
By this had thought been past.—Alive or dead?
Hoa, you, here you, friend?—Sir! Sir!—Speak!
Thus might he pass indeed——yet he revives.
What are you, Sir?

Glou. Away, and let me die.

Edg. Had'st thou been aught but gos'mer *, feathers, air,
So many fathom down precipitating,
Thou'dst shiver'd like an egg; but thou dost breathe,
Hast heavy substance, bleed'st not; speak'st, art sound.
Ten masts at each make not the altitude
Which thou hast perpendicularly fall'n.
Thy life's a miracle. Speak yet again.

Glou. But have I fall'n, or no?

Edg. From the dread summit of this chalky bourn!
Look up a-height. The shrill-gorg'd lark so far
Cannot be seen or heard. Do but look up.

Glou. Alack, I have no eyes.
Is wretchedness depriv'd that benefit,
To end itself by death? 'Twas yet some comfort,
When misery could beguile the tyrant's rage,
And frustrate his proud will.

Edg. Give me your arm.
Up. So.—How is't? feel you your legs? you stand.

Glou. Too well, too well.

Edg. This is above all strangeness.
Upon the crown o' th' cliff, what thing was that
Which parted from you?

Glou. A poor unfortunate beggar.

Edg. As I stood here below, methought his eyes
Were two full moons; he had a thousand noses,
Horns welk'd and wav'd like the enridged sea.
It was some fiend. Therefore, thou happy father,
Think that the clearest Gods †, who make them honours

* *Gossomore*, the white and cob-web like exhalations that fly about in hot sunny weather. *Dr Gray.*

† The purest, the most free from evil. *Johnson.*

Of men's impoſſibilities, have preſerv'd thee.

Glou. I do remember now. Henceforth I'll bear
Affliction, 'till it do cry out itſelf,
Enough, enough, and die. That thing you ſpeak of,
I took it for a man; often 'twould ſay,
The fiend, the fiend—He led me to that place.

Edg. Bear free and patient thoughts.

SCENE VII.

Enter Lear, *mad.*

But who comes here?
The ſafer * ſenſe will ne'er accommodate
His maſter thus.

Lear. No, they cannot touch me for coining; I am the King himſelf.

Edg. O thou ſide-piercing ſight!

Lear. Nature's above art in that reſpect. There's your preſs-money. That fellow handles his bow like a crow-keeper †. Draw me a clothier's yard. Look, look, a mouſe! Peace, peace;—this piece of toaſted cheeſe will do't.—There's my gauntlet, I'll prove it on a giant. Bring up the brown bills. O, well flown, bird! i' th' clout, i' th' clout: hewgh.—Give the word ‡.

Edg. Sweet marjoram.

Lear. Paſs.

Glou. I know that voice.

Lear. Ha! Gonerill!—With a white beard?—They flattered me like a dog, and told me I had white hairs in my beard, ere the black ones were there. To ſay ay, and no, to every thing that I ſaid—Ay and no too was no good divinity. When the rain came to wet me once, and the wind to make me chatter; when the thunder would not peace at my bidding; there I found 'em, there I

* *The* ſober *ſenſe.* Warburton.

† *i. e.* a ſcare-crow. *Theobald.*

‡ Lear ſuppoſes himſelf in a garriſon, and before he lets Edgar paſs, requires the watch-word. *Johnſon.*

ſmelt 'em out. Go to, they are not men o' their words; they told me I was every thing; 'tis a lie, I am not ague-proof.

Glou. The trick of that voice I do well remember:
Is't not the King?

Lear. Ay, every inch a king.
When I do ſtare, ſee how the ſubject quakes.
I pardon that man's life. What was the cauſe?
Adultery?
Thou ſhalt not die; die for adultery? No,
The wren goes to't, and the ſmall gilded flie
Does lecher in my ſight.
Let copulation thrive, for Glo'ſter's baſtard ſon
Was kinder to his father, than my daughters
Got 'tween the lawful ſheets.
To't, luxury, pell mell; for I lack ſoldiers.
Behold yond ſimpering dame,
Whoſe face between her forks * preſages ſnow;
That minces virtue, and does ſhake the head
To hear of pleaſure's name.
The fitchew †, nor the ſoyled ‡ horſe, goes to't
With a more riotous appetite.
Down from the waiſt they're centaurs,
Though women all above;
But to the girdle do the Gods inherit,
Beneath is all the fiend's; there's hell, there's darkneſs,
There is the ſulphurous pit, burning, ſcalding, ſtench, conſumption. Fy, fy, fy; pah, pah;
Give me an ounce of civet, good apothecary,
To ſweeten my imagination! there's money for thee.

* I believe that the *forks* were two prominences of the ruff riſing on each ſide of the face. *Johnſon.*

† A polecat. *Pope.*

‡ A horſe is ſaid to be *ſoyled* when he is turned out, after being long ſtalled, for a few weeks in the Spring, to take the firſt ſluſh of new graſs, which both cleanſes him, and fills him with blood. *Reviſal.*

Glou. O, let me kiſs that hand.

Lear. Let me wipe it firſt, it ſmells of mortality.

Glou. O ruin'd piece of nature! This great world
Shall ſo wear out to nought. Doſt thou know me?

Lear. I remember thine eyes well enough: doſt thou ſquint at me? No, do thy worſt, blind Cupid; I'll not love. Read thou this challenge, mark but the penning of it.

Glou. Were all the letters ſuns, I could not ſee one.

Edg. I would not take this from report. It is,
And my heart breaks at it.

Lear. Read.

Glou. What, with this caſe of eyes?

Lear. Oh, ho, are you there with me? no eyes in your head, nor no money in your purſe? your eyes are in a heavy caſe, your purſe in a light; yet you ſee how this world goes?

Glou. I ſee it feelingly.

Lear. What, art mad? a man may ſee how this world goes, with no eyes. Look with thine ears: ſee how yond juſtice rails upon yond ſimple thief. Hark in thine ear. Change places, and handy-dandy, which is the juſtice, which is the thief? Thou haſt ſeen a farmer's dog bark at a beggar?

Glou. Ay, Sir.

Lear. And the creature run from the cur. There thou might'ſt behold the great image of authority; a dog's obey'd in office.——
Thou raſcal beadle, hold thy bloody hand;
Why doſt thou laſh that whore? ſtrip thy own back;
Thou hotly luſt'ſt to uſe her in that kind
For which thou whip'ſt her. Th' uſurer hangs the cozener.
Through tatter'd cloaths ſmall vices do appear;
Robes and furr'd gowns hide all. Plate ſin with gold,
And the ſtrong lance of juſtice hurtleſs breaks:
Arm it in rags, a pigmy's ſtraw doth pierce it.
None does offend, none, I ſay, none; I'll able 'em;
Take that of me, my friend, who have the pow'r

To ſeal th' accuſer's lips. Get thee glaſs eyes,
And, like a ſcurvy politician, ſeem
To ſee the things thou doſt not.
Now, now, now, now. Pull off my boots. Harder, harder. So.

Edg. O matter and impertinency mix'd!
Reaſon in madneſs!

Lear. If thou wilt weep my fortunes, take my eyes.
I know thee well enough, thy name is Glo'ſter.
Thou muſt be patient; we came crying hither;
Thou know'ſt the firſt time that we ſmell the air,
We wawle and cry. I will preach to thee. Mark—

Glou. Alack, alack the day!

Lear. When we are born, we cry that we are come
To this great ſtage of fools.—This a good block!—
It were a delicate ſtratagem to ſhoe
A troop of horſe with felt; I'll put't in proof;
And when I've ſtol'n upon theſe ſons-in-law,
Then kill, kill, kill, kill, kill, kill.

SCENE VIII.

Enter a Gentleman with Attendants.

Gent. O, here he is, lay hand upon him.—Sir,
Your moſt dear daughter———

Lear. No reſcue? What, a priſoner? I am even
The natural fool of fortune. Uſe me well,
You ſhall have ranſom. Let me have ſurgeons,
I am cut to th' brains *.

Gent. You ſhall have any thing.

Lear. No ſeconds? all myſelf?
Why, this would make a man a man of ſalt,
To uſe his eyes for garden water-pots,
And laying Autumn's duſt. I will die bravely,
Like a ſmug bridegroom. What? I will be jovial.
Come, come, I am a king, my maſters; know you that?

* He imagines himſelf taken captive, and mortally wounded. *Warton.*

Gent. You are a royal one, and we obey you.

Lear. Then there's life in't. Come, an you get it, you ſhall get it by running. Sa, ſa, ſa, ſa. [*Exit.*

Gent. A ſight moſt pitiful in the meaneſt wretch,
Paſt ſpeaking of in a king. Thou haſt one daughter,
Who redeems nature from the general curſe
Which twain have brought her to.

Edg. Hail, gentle Sir.

Gent. Sir, ſpeed you. What's your will?

Edg. Do you hear aught, Sir, of a battle toward?

Gent. Moſt ſure, and vulgar; every one hears that,
Which can diſtinguiſh ſound.

Edg. But by your favour,
How near's the other army?

Gent. Near, and on ſpeedy foot. The main deſcry *
Stands on the hourly thought.

Edg. I thank you, Sir. That's all.

Gent. Though that the Queen on ſpecial cauſe is here,
Her army is mov'd on.

Edg. I thank you, Sir. [*Exit* Gent.

Glou. You ever gentle Gods, take my breath from me;
Let not my worſer ſpirit tempt me again
To die before you pleaſe!

Edg. Well pray you, father.

Glou. Now, good Sir, what are you?

Edg. A moſt poor man, made tame to fortune's blows,
Who, by the art of known and feeling ſorrows †,
Am pregnant to good pity. Give me your hand,
I'll lead you to ſome bidding.

Glou. Hearty thanks;

* The *main* body is *expected* to be *deſcry'd* every hour. The expreſſion is harſh. *Johnſon.*

† *i. e.* ſorrows paſt and preſent. *Warburton.*

The bounty and the benizon of Heav'n
To boot, and boot!———

SCENE IX.

Enter Steward.

Stew. A proclaim'd prize! moſt happy!
—That eyeleſs head of thine was firſt fram'd fleſh,
To raiſe my fortunes. Old unhappy traitor,
Briefly thyſelf remember. The ſword is out
That muſt deſtroy thee.

Glou. Let thy friendly hand
Put ſtrength enough to it. [Edgar *oppoſes.*

Stew. Wherefore, bold peaſant,
Dar'ſt thou ſupport a publiſh'd traitor? Hence,
Leſt that th' infection of his fortune take
Like hold on thee. Let go his arm.

Edg. Chill not let go, Zir, without vurther 'caſion.

Stew. Let go, ſlave, or thou dy'ſt.

Edg. Good gentleman, go your gaite, and let poor volk paſs. And 'chud ha' been zwagger'd out of my life, 'twould not ha' been zo long as 'tis by a vortnight. Nay, come not near the old man; keep out, che vor' ye *, or iſe try whether your coſtard or my bat be the harder; chill be plain with you.

Stew. Out, dunghill!

Edg. Chill pick your teeth, Sir. Come, no matter vor your foyns. [Edgar *knocks him down.*

Stew. Slave, thou haſt ſlain me. Villain, take my purſe.
If ever thou wilt thrive, bury my body,
And give the letters, which thou find'ſt about me,
To Edmund Earl of Glo'ſter; ſeek him out
Upon the Engliſh party. Oh, untimely death!—
[*Dies.*

Edg. I know thee well, a ſerviceable villain;

* Che vor' ye, *I warn you.* Edgar counterfeits the weſtern dialect. *Johnſon.*

As duteous to the vices of thy miſtreſs,
As badneſs would deſire.

Glou. What, is he dead?

Edg. Sit you down, father; reſt you.
Let's ſee theſe pockets; the letters that he ſpeaks of
May be my friends. He's dead; I'm only ſorry
He had no other death's-man. Let us ſee——
By your leave, gentle wax and manners. Blame us not;
To know our enemies' minds, we rip their hearts;
Their papers are more lawful †.

Reads the letter.

Let our reciprocal vows be remembered. You have many opportunities to cut him off: if your will want not, time and place will be fruitfully offer'd. There is nothing done, if he return the conqueror. Then am I the priſoner, and his bed my goal; from the loathed warmth whereof deliver me, and ſupply the place for your labour.

Your (wife, ſo I would ſay) affectionate ſervant,
Gonerill.

Oh, undiſtinguiſh'd ſpace of woman's will *!
A plot upon her virtuous huſband's life,
And the exchange my brother. Here, i' th' ſands
Thee I'll rake up, the poſt unſanctified
Of murd'rous lechers; and in the mature time,
With this ungracious paper ſtrike the ſight
Of the death-practis'd Duke; for him 'tis well
That of thy death and buſineſs I can tell.

Glou. The King is mad; how ſtiff is my vile ſenſe,
That I ſtand up, and have ingenious feeling

† This is darkly expreſſed: the meaning is, Our enemies are put upon the rack, and torn in pieces to extort confeſſion of their ſecrets; to tear open their letters is more lawful. *Warburton.*

* Honeſt Sancho explains this thought with infinite humour, *Entre el ſi y el no de la muger no me atreveria yo à poner una punta d' Alfiler. Between a woman's yes and no I would not undertake to thruſt a pin's point.* Warburton.

Of my huge ſorrows; better I were diſtract,
So ſhould my thoughts be ſever'd from my griefs,
[*Drum afar off.*
And woes, by wrong imagination, loſe
The knowledge of themſelves.
Edg. Give me your hand.
Far off, methinks, I hear the beaten drum.
Come, further. I'll beſtow you with a friend.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE X.

Changes to a Chamber.

Enter Cordelia, Kent, *and Phyſician.*

Cor. O, thou good Kent, how ſhall I live and work
To match thy goodneſs? life will be too ſhort,
And ev'ry meaſure fail me.
Kent. To be acknowledg'd, Madam, is o'erpaid.
All my reports go with the modeſt truth,
Nor more, nor clip'd, but ſo.
Cor. Be better ſuited.
Theſe weeds are memories of thoſe worſer hours;
I pr'ythee put them off.
Kent. Pardon, dear Madam.
Yet to be known, ſhortens my made intent;
My boon I make it, that you know me not,
'Till time and I think meet.
Cor. Then be it ſo, my good Lord.
—How does the King? [*To the Phyſician.*
Phyſ. Madam, ſleeps ſtill.
Cor. O you kind Gods!
Cure this great breach in his abuſed nature;
Th' untun'd and jarring ſenſes, O, wind up
Of this child-changed father.
Phyſ. Pleaſe your Majeſty
That we may wake the King? he hath ſlept long.
Cor. Be govern'd by your knowledge, and proceed
I' th' ſway of your own will. Is he array'd?

Enter Lear *in a chair, carried by Servants.*

Phyſ. Ay, Madam; in the heavineſs of ſleep
We put freſh garments on him.
Be by, good Madam, when we do awake him;
I doubt not of his temperance.
Cor. O my dear father! Reſtoration, hang
Thy medicine on my lips; and let this kiſs
Repair thoſe violent harms that my two ſiſters
Have in thy reverence made! [*Kiſſes him.*
Kent. Kind and deareſt Princeſs!
Cor. Had you not been their father, theſe white flakes
Did challenge pity of them. Was this a face
To be expos'd againſt the warring winds;
To ſtand againſt the deep, dread-bolted thunder;
In the moſt terrible and nimble ſtroke
Of quick, croſs lightning; to watch, poor Perdu,
With this thin helm? My very enemy's dog,
Though he had bit me, ſhou'd have ſtood that night
Againſt my fire. And waſt thou fain, poor father,
To hovel thee with ſwine and rogues forlorn,
In ſhort and muſty ſtraw? alack, alack!
'Tis wonder that thy life and wits, at once,
Had not concluded all.—He wakes; ſpeak to him.
Phyſ. Madam, do you, 'tis fitteſt.
Cor. How does my royal Lord? how fares your Majeſty?
Lear. You do me wrong to take me out o' th' grave
Thou art a ſoul in bliſs, but I am bound
Upon a wheel of fire; that mine own tears
Do ſcald like molten lead.
Cor. Sir, do you know me?
Lear. You are a ſpirit, I know. When did you die?
Cor Still, ſtill far wide——
Phyſ. He's ſcarce awake; let him alone a while.
Lear. Where have I been? where am I? fair day-light?

I'm mightily abus'd *. I ſhould even die with pity
To ſee another thus. I know not what to ſay;
I will not ſwear theſe are my hands. Let's ſee,
I feel this pin prick. 'Would I were aſſur'd
Of my condition.

Cor. O look upon me, Sir,
And hold your hand in benediction o'er me.
No, Sir, you muſt not kneel.

Lear. Pray, do not mock me:
I am a very fooliſh fond old man,
Fourſcore and upward; and, to deal plainly,
I fear I am not in my perfect mind.
Methinks I ſhould know you, and know this man;
Yet I am doubtful; for I am mainly ignorant
What place this is; and all the ſkill I have,
Remembers not theſe garments; nay, I know not
Where I did lodge laſt night. Do not laugh at me;
For, as I am a man, I think this lady
To be my child Cordelia.

Cor. And ſo I am, I am.——

Lear. Be your tears wet? Yes, 'faith. I pray you weep not.
If you have poiſon for me, I will drink it:
I know you do not love me; for your ſiſters
Have, as I do remember, done me wrong.
You have ſome cauſe, they have not.

Cor. No cauſe, no cauſe.

Lear. Am I in France?

Kent. In your own kingdom, Sir.

Lear. Do not abuſe me.

Phyſ. Be comforted, good Madam; the great rage,
You ſee, is cur'd in him:—And, yet 'twere danger
To make him even o'er the time h' has loſt †.
Deſire him to go in; trouble him no more,
'Till further ſettling.

Cor. Will't pleaſe your Highneſs walk?

* I am ſtrangely impoſed on by appearances; I am in a ſtrange miſt of uncertainty. *Johnſon.*

† *i. e.* to reconcile it to his apprehenſion. *Warb.*

Lear. You muſt bear with me.
Pray you now, forget and forgive;
I am old and fooliſh.
[*Exeunt* Lear, Cordelia, *Phyſician, and Attendants.*

Manent Kent *and Gentleman.*

Gent. Holds it true, Sir, that the Duke of Cornwall was ſo ſlain?

Kent. Moſt certain, Sir.

Gent. Who is conductor of his people?

Kent. As 'tis ſaid, the baſtard ſon of Glo'ſter.

Gent. They ſay Edgar, his baniſh'd ſon, is with the Earl of Kent in Germany.

Kent. Report is changeable. 'Tis time to look about; the powers of the kingdom approach apace.

Gent. The arbitrement is like to be bloody.——
Fare you well, Sir. [*Exit* Gent.

Kent. My point and period will be throughly wrought,
Or well, or ill, as this day's battle's fought.
[*Exit* Kent.

ACT V. SCENE I.

A Camp.

Enter Edmund, Regan, *Gentleman, and Soldiers.*

Edmund.

KNow of the Duke if his laſt purpoſe hold,
Or whether ſince he is adviſ'd by aught
To change the courſe? He's full of alteration,
And ſelf-reproving. Bring his conſtant pleaſure.

Reg. Our ſiſter's man is certainly miſcarry'd.

Edm. 'Tis to be doubted, Madam.

Reg. Now, ſweet Lord,
You know the goodneſs I intend upon you;
—Tell me—but truly—but then ſpeak the truth,
Do you not love my ſiſter?

Edm. In honour'd love *.

Reg. I never ſhall endure her. Dear my Lord,
Be not familiar with her.

Edm. Fear not. She, and the Duke her huſband——

Enter Albany, Gonerill, *and Soldiers.*

Gon. I'd rather loſe the battle, than that ſiſter
Should looſen him and me——— [*Aſide.*

Alb. Our very loving ſiſter, well be met.
Sir, this I hear, the King is come to his daughter,
With others whom the rigour of our ſtate
Forc'd to cry out. Where I could not be honeſt,
I never yet was valiant: for this buſineſs,
It toucheth us, as France invades our land,
Not holds to the King, with others, whom, I fear,
Moſt juſt and heavy cauſes make oppoſe——

Edm. Sir, you ſpeak nobly.

Reg. Why is this reaſon'd?

Gon. Combine together 'gainſt the enemy:
For theſe domeſtic and particular broils
Are not the queſtion here.

Alb. Let's then determine with th' ancient of war
On our proceeding.

Edm. I ſhall attend you preſently at your tent.

Reg. Siſter, you'll go with us?

Gon. No.

Reg. 'Tis moſt convenient. Pray you, go with us.

Gon. aſide.] Oh, ho, I know the riddle. I will go.

* After this line, the quarto of 1608 continues the dialogue thus; and I ſee no reaſon why it ſhould be omitted.

Reg. *But have you never found my brother's way*
To the forefended place?

Baſt. *That thought abuſes you.*

Reg. *I am doubtful that you have been conjunct*
And boſom'd with her, as far as we call hers.

Baſt. *No, by mine honour, Madam.* Steevens.

SCENE II.

As they are going out, Enter Edgar *diſguis'd.*

Edg. If e'er your Grace had ſpeech with man ſo poor,
Hear me one word.

Alb. I'll overtake you.——Speak.

[*Exeunt* Edm. Reg. Gon. *and Attendants.*

Edg. Before you fight the battle, ope this letter.
If you have vict'ry, let the trumpet ſound
For him that brought it. Wretched though I ſeem,
I can produce a champion that will prove
What is avouched there. If you miſcarry,
Your buſineſs of the world hath ſo an end,
And machination ceaſes. Fortune love you!

Alb. Stay 'till I've read the letter.

Edg. I was forbid it.
When time ſhall ſerve, let but the herald cry,
And I'll appear again. [*Exit.*

Alb. Why, fare thee well. I will o'erlook thy paper.

Re-enter Edmund.

Edm. The enemy's in view, draw up your powers.
Hard is the gueſs of their true ſtrength and forces,
By diligent diſcovery; but your haſte
Is now urg'd on you.

Alb. We will greet the time. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.

Edm. To both theſe ſiſters have I ſworn my love:
Each jealous of the other, as the ſtung
Are of the adder. Which of them ſhall I take?
Both? one? or neither? Neither can be enjoy'd,
If both remain alive. To take the widow,
Exaſperates, makes mad her ſiſter Gonerill;
And hardly ſhall I carry out my ſide *,
Her huſband being alive. Now then, we'll uſe

* Bring my purpoſe to a ſucceſsful iſſue, to completion. *Johnſon.*

His countenance for the battle; which being done,
Let her, who would be rid of him, deviſe
His ſpeedy taking off. As for the mercy
Which he intends to Lear and to Cordelia,
The battle done, and they within our power,
Shall never ſee his pardon. For my ſtate
Stands on me to defend, not to debate. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV.

Another open Field.

Alarm within. Enter with drum and colours, Lear, Cordelia, *and Soldiers over the ſtage, and exeunt.*

Enter Edgar *and* Glo'ſter.

Edg. Here, father, take the ſhadow of this tree
For your good hoſt; pray that the right may thrive.
If ever I return to you again,
I'll bring you comfort.

Glou. Grace be with you, Sir! [*Exit* Edgar.

[*Alarm and retreat within.*

Re-enter Edgar.

Edg. Away, old man; give me thy hand, away.
King Lear hath loſt, he and his daughter ta'en.
Give me thy hand. Come on.

Glou. No further, Sir; a man may rot ev'n here.

Edg. What, in ill thoughts again? men muſt endure
Their going hence, ev'n as their coming hither.
Ripeneſs is all. Come on.

Glou. And that's true too. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

Enter in conqueſt, with drum and colours, Edmund; Lear *and* Cordelia, *as priſoners; Soldiers, Captain.*

Edm. Some officers take them away. Good guard,
Until their greater pleaſures firſt be known,
That are to cenſure them.

Cor. We're not the firſt
Who with beſt meaning have incurr'd the worſt.
For thee, oppreſſed King, am I caſt down;
Myſelf could elſe out-frown falſe fortune's frown.
—Shall we not ſee theſe daughters and theſe ſiſters?

Lear. No, no, no, no! come, let's away to priſon;
We two alone will ſing, like birds i' th' cage.
When thou doſt aſk me bleſſing, I'll kneel down,
And aſk of thee forgiveneſs. So we'll live,
And pray, and ſing, and tell old tales, and laugh
At gilded butterflies; and hear poor rogues
Talk of court-news, and we'll talk with them too,
Who loſes and who wins; who's in, who's out;
And take upon's the myſtery of things,
As if we were God's ſpies *. And we'll wear out,
In a wall'd priſon, packs and ſects of great ones,
That ebb and flow by th' moon.

Edm. Take them away.

Lear. Upon ſuch ſacrifices, my Cordelia,
The Gods themſelves throw inſenſe. Have I caught thee?
He that parts us, ſhall bring a brand from heav'n,
And fire us hence like foxes. Wipe thine eye;
The goujeers ſhall devour them, fleſh and fell †,
Ere they ſhall make us weep; we'll ſee them ſtarv'd firſt.
Come. [*Exeunt* Lear *and* Cordelia *guarded.*

Edm. Come hither, Captain. Hark.
Take thou this note; go, follow them to priſon.
One ſtep I have advanc'd thee; if thou doſt
As this inſtructs thee, thou doſt make thy way
To noble fortunes. Know thou this, that men
Are as the time is; to be tender-minded
Does not become a ſword. Thy great employment
Will not bear queſtion; either ſay thou'lt do't,
Or thrive by other means.

* I take the meaning to be; And take upon us to penetrate and unfold the myſtery of public affairs, as if we were commiſſioned and enabled by God himſelf to pry into their moſt hidden ſecrets. *Reviſal.*

† Fleſh and ſkin. *Johnſon.*

Capt. I'll do't, my Lord.

Edm. About it, and write happy, when thou'ſt done.
Mark, I ſay, *inſtantly*; and carry it ſo,
As I have ſet it down. [*Exit Captain.*

SCENE VI.

Flouriſh. Enter Albany, Gonerill, Regan, *and Soldiers.*

Alb. Sir, you have ſhew'd to-day your valiant ſtrain,
And fortune led you well. You have the captives
Who were the oppoſites of this day's ſtrife;
We do require them of you, ſo to uſe them
As we ſhall find their merits and our ſafety
May equally determine.

Edm. Sir, I thought it fit
To ſend the old and miſerable King
To ſome retention and appointed guard;
Whoſe age has charms in it, whoſe title more,
To pluck the common boſoms on his ſide,
And turn our impreſs'd lances in our eyes,
Which do command them. With him I ſent the Queen;
My reaſon all the ſame: and they are ready
To-morrow, or at further ſpace, t' appear
Where you ſhall hold your ſeſſion. At this time
We ſweat and bleed; the friend hath loſt his friend;
And the beſt quarrels, in the heat, are curs'd
By thoſe that feel their ſharpneſs.——
The queſtion of Cordelia and her father
Requires a fitter place.

Alb. Sir, by your patience,
I hold you but a ſubject of this war,
Not as a brother.

Reg. That's as we liſt to grace him.
Methinks our pleaſure might have been demanded,
Ere you had ſpoke ſo far. He led our pow'rs;
Bore the commiſſion of my place and perſon;

The which immediacy * may well ſtand up,
And call itſelf your brother,
Gon. Not ſo hot:
In his own grace he doth exalt himſelf,
More than in your advancement.
Reg. In my right,
By me inveſted, he compeers the beſt.
Alb. That were the moſt, if he ſhould huſband you.
Reg. Jeſters do oft prove prophets.
Gon. Holla, holla!
That eye that told you ſo look'd but aſquint.
Reg. Lady, I am not well, elſe I ſhould anſwer
From a full flowing ſtomach. General,
Take thou my ſoldiers, priſoners, patrimony;
Diſpoſe of them, of me; the walls are thine.
Witneſs the world, that I create thee here
My lord and maſter.
Gon Mean you to enjoy him?
Alb. The lett alone lyes not in your good will.
Edm. Nor in thine, Lord.
Alb. Half-blooded fellow, yes.
Reg. Let the drum ſtrike, and prove my title thine.
Alb. Stay yet; hear reaſon. Edmund, I arreſt thee
On capital treaſon; and, in thy arreſt,
[*Pointing to* Gonerill.
This gilded ſerpent. For your claim, fair ſiſter,
I bar it in the intereſt of my wife;
'Tis ſhe is ſub-contracted to this Lord;
And I, her huſband, contradict your banes.
If you will marry, make your love to me,
My Lady is beſpoke.
Gon. An interlude!——
Alb. Thou art arm'd, Glo'ſter; let the trumpet ſound:
If none appear to prove upon thy perſon
Thy heinous, manifeſt, and many treaſons,
There is my pledge, I'll prove it on thy heart

* *Supremacy*, in oppoſition to *ſubordination*. Johnſon.

Ere I taſte bread, thou art in nothing leſs
Than I have here proclaim'd thee.
Reg. Sick, O ſick——
Gon. If not, I'll ne'er truſt medicine. [*Aſide.*
Edm. There's my exchange. What in the world he is,
That names me traitor, villain-like he lies.
Call by thy trumpet. He that dares approach,
On him, on you, (who not?) I will maintain
My truth and honour firmly.
Alb. A herald, ho!

Enter a Herald.

Truſt to thy ſingle virtue; for thy ſoldiers,
All levied in my name, have in my name
Took their diſcharge.
Reg. This ſickneſs grows upon me.
Alb. She is not well, convey her to my tent.
[*Exit* Regan *led.*

SCENE VII.

Come hither, herald. Let the trumpet ſound,
And read out this. [*A trumpet ſounds.*

Herald reads.

If any man of quality or degree, within the liſts of the army, will maintain upon Edmund ſuppoſed Earl of Gloſter, that he is a manifold traitor, let him appear by the third ſound of the trumpet. He is bold in his defence.
1 *trumpet.*
Her. Again.
2 *trumpet.*
Her. Again.
3 *trumpet.*
[*Trumpet anſwers within.*

Enter Edgar *armed.*

Alb. Aſk him his purpoſes, why he appears
Upon this call o' th' trumpet.
Her. What are you?
Your name, your quality, and why you anſwer
This preſent ſummons?
Edg. Know, my name is loſt,

By treaſon's tooth bare gnawn, and canker-bit;
Yet am I noble, as the adverſary
I come to cope.
Alb. Which is that adverſary?
Edg. What's he that ſpeaks for Edmund Earl of Glo'ſter?
Edm. Himſelf. What ſay'ſt thou to him?
Edg. Draw thy ſword,
That if my ſpeech offend a noble heart,
Thy arm may do thee juſtice; here is mine.
Behold, it is my privilege,
The privilege of mine honours, my oath *, and my profeſſion.
I proteſt,
Maugre thy ſtrength, place, youth, and eminence,
Spite of thy victor-ſword, and fire-new fortune,
Thy valour, and thy heart, thou art a traitor;
Falſe to thy Gods, thy brother, and thy father;
Conſpirant 'gainſt this high illuſtrious Prince,
And from th' extremeſt upward of thy head,
To the deſcent and duſt below thy foot,
A moſt toad-ſpotted traitor. Say thou, no;
This ſword, this arm, and my beſt ſpirits are bent
To prove upon thy heart, whereto I ſpeak,
Thou lieſt.
Edm. In wiſdom I ſhould aſk thy name:
But ſince thy out-ſide looks ſo fair and warlike,
And that thy tongue ſome 'ſay † of breeding breathes;
What ſafe and nicely I might well delay
By rule of knighthood, I diſdain and ſpurn.
Back do I toſs theſe treaſons to thy head,
With the hell-hated lie o'erwhelm thy heart;
Which, for they yet glance by, and ſcarcely bruiſe,
This ſword of mine ſhall give them inſtant way,

* The *privilege* of his *oath* means the privilege gained by taking the oath adminiſtered in the regular initiation of a knight profeſſed *Johnſon.*

† *'Say*, for *eſſay*, ſome ſhew or probability. *Pope.*

Where thou ſhalt reſt for ever. Trumpets, ſpeak.
[*Alarm. Fight.*

Alb. Save him, ſave him.

Gon. This is practice, Glo'ſter.
By th' law of war thou waſt not bound to anſwer
An unknown oppoſite; thou art not vanquiſh'd,
But cozen'd and beguil'd.

Alb. Shut your mouth, dame,
Or with this paper ſhall I ſtop it. Hold, Sir,
Thou worſe than any name, read thine own evil.
—No tearing.—Lady, I perceive you know it.
[*Gives the letter to* Edmund.

Gon. Say if I do; the laws are mine, not thine;
Who can arraign me for't?

Alb. Monſter, know'ſt thou this paper?

Gon. Aſk me not what I know— [*Exit* Gon.

Alb. Go after her. She's deſperate, govern her.

SCENE VIII.

Edm. What you have charg'd me with, that I have done,
And more, much more; the time will bring it out.
'Tis paſt, and ſo am I. But what art thou,
That haſt this fortune on me? If thou'rt noble,
I do forgive thee.

Edg. Let's exchange charity.
I am no leſs in blood than thou art, Edmund;
If more, the more thou'ſt wrong'd me.
My name is Edgar, and thy father's ſon.
The Gods are juſt, and of our pleaſant vices
Make inſtruments to ſcourge us;
The dark and vicious place where thee he got,
Coſt him his eyes.

Edm. Thou'ſt ſpoken right, 'tis true.
The wheel is come full circle; I am here.

Alb. Methought thy very gait did propheſy
A royal nobleneſs. I muſt embrace thee.
Let ſorrow ſplit my heart, if ever I
Did hate thee, or thy father!

Edg. Worthy Prince, I know't

Alb. Where have you hid yourſelf?

How have you known the miſeries of your father?

Edg. By nurſing them, my Lord. Liſt a brief tale;
And, when 'tis told, O that my heart would burſt!
The bloody proclamation to eſcape
That follow'd me ſo near, (O our lives' ſweetneſs!
That we the pain of death would hourly bear,
Rather than die at once), taught me to ſhift
Into a madman's rags, t' aſſume a ſemblance
The very dogs diſdain'd; and in this habit
Met I my father with his bleeding rings,
Their precious gems now loſt; became his guide,
Led him, begg'd for him, ſav'd him from deſpair;
Never (O fault!) reveal'd myſelf unto him,
Until ſome half hour paſt, when I was arm'd;
Not ſure, though hoping of this good ſucceſs,
I aſk'd his bleſſing, and from firſt to laſt
Told him my pilgrimage. But his flaw'd heart,
Alack, too weak the conflict to ſupport,
'Twixt two extremes of paſſion, joy and grief,
Burſt ſmilingly.

Edm. This ſpeech of yours hath mov'd me,
And ſhall, perchance, do good: but ſpeak you on;
You look as you had ſomething more to ſay.

Alb. If there be more, more woful, hold it in,
For I am almoſt ready to diſſolve,
Hearing of this.

Edg. This would have ſeem'd a period,
To ſuch as love not ſorrow: but another,
To amplify too much, would make much more,
And top extremity*!
Whilſt I was big in clamour came there a man,
Who having ſeen me in my worſer ſtate,

* That is, this ſad diſaſter, to ſuch as love not ſorrow for ſorrow's ſake, would have ſeemed the utmoſt limit of affliction: but another (meaning Kent, concerning whom the narration is immediately continued) to amplify what was already too much, would make that much ſtill more, and ſtill accumulate affliction upon that which was already carried to the very extremity of ſufferance. *Reviſal.*

Shun'd my abhorr'd ſociety; but now finding
Who 'twas had ſo endur'd, with his ſtrong arms
He faſten'd on my neck, and bellow'd out,
As he'd burſt heaven; threw him on my father;
Told the moſt piteous tale of Lear and him,
That ever ear receiv'd; which in recounting
His grief grew puiſſant, and the ſtrings of life
Began to crack. Twice then the trumpet ſounded,
And there I left him tranc'd.

Alb. But who was this?

Edg. Kent, Sir, the baniſh'd Kent, who in diſguiſe
Follow'd his enemy King, and did him ſervice
Improper for a ſlave.

SCENE IX.

Enter a Gentleman.

Gent. Help, help!

Edg. What kind of help?

Alb. Speak, man.

Edg. What means this bloody knife?

Gent. 'Tis hot, it ſmoaks; it came ev'n from the heart
Of—O! ſhe's dead.——

Alb. Who's dead? Speak, man.

Gent. Your lady, Sir, your lady; and her ſiſter
By her is poiſon'd; ſhe confeſſes it.

Edm. I was contracted to them both. All three
Now marry in an inſtant.

Edg. Here comes Kent.

Enter Kent.

Alb. Produce the bodies, be they alive or dead.
[Gonerill *and* Regan's *bodies brought out.*
This judgment of the heav'ns, that makes us tremble,
Touches us not with pity.——
O! is this he? The time will not allow
The compliment which very manners urge.

Kent. I am come
To bid my King and Maſter aye good night.
Is he not here?

Alb. Great thing of us forgot!
Speak, Edmund, where's the King? and where's Cordelia?
See'ſt thou this object, Kent?
Kent. Alack, why thus?
Edm. Yet Edmund was belov'd:
The one the other poiſon'd for my ſake,
And after ſlew herſelf.
Alb. Even ſo. Cover their faces.
Edm. I pant for life; ſome good I mean to do,
Deſpight of mine own nature. Quickly ſend,
Be brief—into the caſtle; for my writ
Is on the life of Lear and on Cordelia.
—Nay, ſend in time.
Alb. Run, run, O run———
Edg. To whom, my Lord? Who has the office? Send
Thy token of reprieve.
Edm. Well thought on. Take my ſword,
Give it the Captain———
Edg. Haſte thee for thy life. [*Exit Meſſenger.*
Edm. He hath commiſſion from thy wife and me
To hang Cordelia in the priſon, and
To lay the blame upon her own deſpair,
That ſhe foredid herſelf.
Alb. The Gods defend her! Bear him hence a while. [Edmund *is borne off.*

SCENE X.

Enter Lear, *with* Cordelia *dead in his arms.*

Lear. Howl, howl, howl, howl!—O, you are men of ſtone;
Had I your tongues and eyes, I'd uſe them ſo
That heaven's vault ſhould crack. She's gone for ever.
I know when one is dead, and when one lives;
She's dead as earth! Lend me a looking-glaſs;
If that her breath will miſt or ſtain the ſtone,
Why then ſhe lives.

Kent. Is this the promis'd end?
Edg. Or image of that horror——
Alb. Fall, and ceaſe.
Lear. This feather ſtirs, ſhe lives: if it be ſo,
It is a chance which does redeem all ſorrows
That ever I have felt.
Kent. O my good maſter! [*Kneeling.*
Lear. Pr'ythee, away——
Edg. 'Tis noble Kent, your friend.
Lear. A plague upon you, murd'rous traitors al!
I might have ſav'd her; now ſhe's gone for ever!
Cordelia, Cordelia, ſtay a little. Ha!——
What is't thou ſay'ſt? Her voice was ever ſoft,
Gentle and ſlow; an excellent thing in woman.
I kill'd the ſlave that was a hanging thee.
Gent. 'Tis true, my Lords, he did.
Lear. Did I not, fellow?
I've ſeen the day with my good biting faulchion
I would have made them ſkip: I am old now,
And theſe ſame croſſes ſpoil me. Who are you?
Mine eyes are none o' th' beſt.—I'll tell you ſtrait.
Kent. If Fortune brag of two ſhe lov'd and hated,
One of them we behold.
Lear. This is a dull ſight. Are you not Kent?
Kent. The ſame; your ſervant Kent;
Where is your ſervant Caius?
Lear. 'Twas a good fellow, I can tell you that.
He'd ſtrike, and quickly too. He's dead and rotten.
Kent. No, my good Lord, I am the very man,—
Lear. I'll ſee that ſtrait.
Kent. That from your firſt of difference and decay *,
Have follow'd your ſad ſteps——
Lear. You're welcome hither.
Kent. Nor no man elſe. All's cheerleſs, dark, and dead.
Your eldeſt daughters have fore-done themſelves,
And deſp'rately are dead.
Lear. Ay, ſo I think.

* *Decay* for misfortune. *Warburton.*

Alb. He knows not what he ſays; and vain is it
That we preſent us to him.
Edg. Very bootleſs.

Enter a Meſſenger.

Meſſ. Edmund is dead, my Lord.
Alb. That's but a trifle here.
You lords and noble friends, know our intent;
What comfort to this great decay † may come,
Shall be apply'd. For us, we will reſign,
During the life of this old Majeſty,
To him our abſolute power, to you your rights,
[*To* Edgar.
With boot and ſuch addition as your honours
Have more than merited. All friends ſhall taſte
The wages of their virtue, and all foes
The cup of their deſervings. O ſee, ſee——
Lear. And my poor fool is hang'd. No, no, no life.
Why ſhould a dog, a horſe, a rat have life, [life.
And thou no breath at all? Thou'lt come no more,
Never, never, never, never, never——
Pray you, undo this button. Thank you, Sir.
Do you ſee this? Look on her, look, her lips,
Look there, look there—— [*He dies.*
Edg. He faints. My Lord,——
Kent. Break heart, I pr'ythee break!
Edg. Look up, my Lord.
Kent. Vex not his ghoſt. O let him paſs. He hates him
That would upon the rack of this rough world
Stretch him out longer.
Edg. He is gone indeed.
Kent. The wonder is he hath endur'd ſo long;
He but uſurp'd his life.
Alb. Bear them from hence; our preſent buſineſs
Is general woe. Friends of my ſoul, you twain
[*To* Kent *and* Edgar.
Rule in this realm, and the gor'd ſtate ſuſtain.
Kent. I have a journey, Sir, ſhortly to go;
My maſter calls me; I muſt not ſay no. [*Dies.*

† *Decay* for deſolation. *Warburton.*

Alb. The weight of this ſad time we muſt obey,
Speak what we feel, not what we ought to ſay.
The oldeſt hath borne moſt; we that are young
Shall never ſee ſo much, nor live ſo long.

[*Exeunt with a dead march* *.

* The tragedy of Lear is deſervedly celebrated among the dramas of Shakeſpeare. There is perhaps no play which keeps the attention ſo ſtrongly fixed, which ſo much agitates our paſſions, and intereſts our curioſity. The artful involutions of diſtinct intereſts, the ſtriking oppoſition of contrary characters, the ſudden changes of fortune, and the quick ſucceſſion of events, fill the mind with a perpetual tumult of indignation, pity, and hope. There is no ſcene which does not contribute to the aggravation of the diſtreſs or conduct of the action, and ſcarce a line which does not conduce to the progreſs of the ſcene. So powerful is the current of the poet's imagination, that the mind which once ventures within it, is hurried irreſiſtibly along.

My learned friend Mr Warton, who has in the *Adventurer* very minutely criticiſed this play, remarks, that the inſtances of cruelty are too ſavage and ſhocking, and that the intervention of Edmund deſtroys the ſimplicity of the ſtory. Theſe objections may, I think, be anſwered, by repeating, that the cruelty of the daughters is an hiſtorical fact, to which the poet has added little, having only drawn it into a ſeries by dialogue and action. But I am not able to apologiſe with equal plauſibility for the extruſion of Glouceſter's eyes, which ſeems an act too horrid to be endured in dramatick exhibition, and ſuch as muſt always compel the mind to relieve its diſtreſs by incredulity. Yet let it be remembered, that our author well knew what would pleaſe the audience for which he wrote.

The injury done by Edmund to the ſimplicity of the action is abundantly recompenſed by the addition of variety, by the art with which he is made to co-operate with the chief deſign, and the opportunity which he gives the poet of combining perfidy with perfidy, and connecting the wicked ſon with the wicked daughters, to impreſs this important moral, that villainy is never at a ſtop, that crimes lead to crimes, and at laſt terminate in ruin. *Johnſon.*

TIMON

OF

ATHENS.

Dramatis Perſonæ.

TIMON, a noble Athenian.

LUCIUS,
LUCULLUS,
SEMPRONIUS, } Lords.

APEMANTUS, a philoſopher.

ALCIBIADES.

FLAVIUS, ſteward to Timon.

FLAMINIUS,
LUCILIUS,
SERVILIUS, } Timon's ſervants.

CAPHIS,
VARRO,
PHILO,
TITUS,
LUCIUS,
HORTENSIUS, } Servants.

VENTIDIUS, one of Timon's friends.

CUPID and Maſkers.

Strangers.

PHRYNIA,
TIMANDRA, } Miſtreſſes to Alcibiades.

Thieves, Senators, Poet, Painter, Jeweller, and Merchant; with Servants and Attendants.

SCENE *Athens, and the Woods not far from it.*

From LUCIAN's dialogues.

TIMON of ATHENS.

ACT I. SCENE I.

A Hall in Timon's *Houſe.*

Enter Poet, Painter, Jeweller, *and* Merchant, *at ſeveral doors.*

Poet.

GOOD day, Sir.

Pain. I'm glad y'are well.

Poet. I have not ſeen you long. How goes the world?

Pain. It wears, Sir, as it goes.

Poet. Ay, that's well known.
But what particular rarity? what ſo ſtrange,
Which manifold record not matches? See,
Magick of bounty! all theſe ſpirits thy power
Hath conjur'd to attend. I know the merchant.

Pain. I know them both; th' other's a jeweller.

Mer. O 'tis a worthy Lord!

Jew. Nay, that's moſt fix'd.

Mer. A moſt incomparable man, breath'd as it were
To an untirable and continuate goodneſs.
He paſſes——

Jew. I have a jewel here.

Mer. O, pray, let's ſee't.
For the Lord Timon, Sir?

Jew. If he will touch the eſtimate. But for that——

Poet. When we for recompence have prais'd the vile,

It ſtains the glory in that happy verſe
Which aptly ſings the good *.

Mer. 'Tis a good form. [*Looking on the jewel.*

Jew. And rich. Here is a water! Look ye.

Pain. You're rapt, Sir, in ſome work, ſome dedication
To the great Lord.

Poet. A thing ſlip'd idly from me.
Our poeſy is as a gum, which oozes
From whence 'tis nouriſhed. The fire i' th' flint
Shows not 'till it be ſtruck: our gentle flame
Provokes itſelf, and like the current flies
Each bound it chafes. What have you there?

Pain. A picture, Sir. When comes your book forth?

Poet. Upon the heels of my preſentment †, Sir.
Let's ſee your piece.

Pain. 'Tis a good piece.

Poet. So 'tis.
This comes off well and excellent.

Pain. Indiff'rent.

Poet. Admirable! how this grace
Speaks his own ſtanding ‡? What a mental power
This eye ſhoots forth? How big imagination
Moves in this lip? to the dumbneſs of the geſture
One might interpret.

Pain. It is a pretty mocking of the life.
Here is a touch. Is't good?

Poet. I'll ſay of it,
It tutors nature; artificial ſtrife
Lives in thoſe touches livelier than life.

* We muſt here ſuppoſe the poet buſy reading his own work; and that theſe three lines are the introduction of the poem addreſſed to Timon, which he afterwards gives the painter an account of. *Warb.*

† As ſoon as my book has been preſented to Lord Timon. *Johnſon.*

‡ ——*how this grace*
Speaks underſtanding? *Ib.*

Enter certain Senators.

Pain. How this Lord is followed!
Poet. The ſenators of Athens! happy men!
Pain. Look, more!
Poet. You ſee this confluence, this great flood of viſitors.
I have, in this rough work, ſhap'd out a man,
Whom this beneath-world doth embrace and hug
With ampleſt entertainment. My free drift
Halts not particularly *, but moves itſelf
In a wide ſea of wax †; no levell'd malice
Infects one comma in the courſe I hold,
But flies an eagle-flight, bold, and forth on,
Leaving no tract behind.
Pain. How ſhall I underſtand you?
Poet. I'll unbolt to you.
You ſee how all conditions, how all minds,
As well of glib and ſlippery creatures ‡, as
Of grave and auſtere quality, tender down
Their ſervice to Lord Timon: his large fortune,
Upon his good and gracious nature hanging,
Subdues and properties to his love and tendence
All ſorts of hearts, yea, from the glaſs-fac'd || flatterer
To Apemantus, that few things loves better
Than to abhor himſelf; ev'n he drops down
The knee before him, and returns in peace
Moſt rich in Timon's nod.
Pain. I ſaw them ſpeak together.
Poet. I have upon a high and pleaſant hill
Feign'd Fortune to be thron'd. The baſe o' th' mount

* My deſign does not ſtop at any ſingle characters. *Johnſon.*

† Anciently they wrote upon waxen tables with an iron ſtile. *Hanm.*

‡ Slipp'ry *natures*. Warb. Hanmer.

|| That ſhows in his own looks, as by reflection, the looks of his patron. *Johnſon.*

Is rank'd with all deſerts *, all kind of natures
That labour on the boſom of this ſphere
To propagate their ſtates †; amongſt them all,
Whoſe eyes are on this ſov'reign Lady fix'd,
One do I perſonate of Timon's frame,
Whom Fortune with her iv'ry hand wafts to her,
Whoſe preſent grace to preſent ſlaves and ſervants
Tranſlates his rivals.

Pain. 'Tis conceiv'd to ſcope ‡.
This throne, this Fortune, and this hill, methinks,
With one man beckon'd from the reſt below,
Bowing his head againſt the ſteepy mount
To climb his happineſs, would be well expreſs'd
In our condition.

Poet. Nay, but hear me on:
All thoſe which were his fellows but of late,
Some better than his value, on the moment
Follow his ſtrides; his lobbies fill with 'tendance;
Rain ſacrificial whiſp'rings in his ear;
Make ſacred even his ſtirrop; and through him
Drink the free air.

Pain. Ay, marry, what of theſe?

Poet. When Fortune in her ſhift and change of mood
Spurns down her late belov'd, all his dependants,
(Which labour'd after to the mountain's top
Even on their knees and hands) let him ſlip down,
Not one accompanying his declining foot.

Pain. 'Tis common.
A thouſand moral paintings I can ſhew,
That ſhall demonſtrate theſe quick blows of fortune
More pregnantly than words; yet you do well
To ſhew Lord Timon that mean eyes ‖ have ſeen
The foot above the head.

* *Cover'd with ranks* of all kinds of men. *Johnſon.*

† To advance or improve their various conditions of life. *Ib.*

‡ Properly imagined, appoſitely, to the purpoſe. *Ib.*

‖ *That* men's *eyes have ſeen.* Theobald.

SCENE II.

Trumpets ſound. Enter Timon, *addreſſing himſelf courteouſly to every ſuitor.*

Tim. Impriſon'd is he, ſay you? [*To a Meſſenger.*

Meſſ. Ay, my good Lord. Five talents is his debt,
His means moſt ſhort, his creditors moſt ſtraight.
Your honourable letter he deſires
To thoſe have ſhut him up, which failing periods
His comfort.

Tim. Noble Ventidius! Well
I am not of that feather to ſhake off
My friend when he moſt needs me. I do know him
A gentleman that well deſerves a help,
Which he ſhall have. I'll pay the debt and free him.

Meſſ. Your Lordſhip ever binds him.

Tim. Commend me to him, I will ſend his ranſom;
And being infranchis'd, bid him come to me.
'Tis not enough to help the feeble up,
But to ſupport him after. Fare you well.

Meſſ. All happineſs to your Honour. [*Exit.*

Enter an old Athenian.

Old Ath. Lord Timon, hear me ſpeak.

Tim. Freely, good father.

Old Ath. Thou haſt a ſervant nam'd *Lucilius.*

Tim. I have ſo: what of him?

Old Ath. Moſt noble Timon, call the man before thee.

Tim. Attends he here or no? Lucilius!

Enter Lucilius.

Luc. Here at your Lordſhip's ſervice.

Old Ath. This fellow here, Lord Timon, this thy creature

By night frequents my houſe. I am a man
That from my firſt have been inclin'd to thrift,
And my eſtate deſerves an heir more rais'd,
Than one which holds a trencher.

Tim. Well, what further?

Old Ath. One only daughter have I, no kin elſe,
On whom I may confer what I have got;
The maid is fair, o' th' youngeſt for a bride,
And I have bred her at my deareſt coſt,
In qualities of the beſt. This man of thine
Attempts her love: I pray thee, noble Lord,
Join with me to forbid him her reſort;
Myſelf have ſpoke in vain.

Tim. The man is honeſt.

Old Ath. Therefore he will be, Timon.
His honeſty rewards him in itſelf,
It muſt not bear my daughter.

Tim. Does ſhe love him?

Old Ath. She is young and apt.
Our own precedent paſſions do inſtruct us
What levity's in youth.

Tim. to Lucil.] Love you the maid?

Luc. Ay, my good Lord, and ſhe accepts of it.

Old Ath. If in her marriage my conſent be miſſing,
I call the Gods to witneſs I will chuſe
Mine heir forth from the beggars of the world,
And diſpoſſeſs her all.

Tim. How ſhall ſhe be endowed,
If ſhe be mated with an equal huſband?

Old Ath. Three talents on the preſent, in future all.

Tim. This gentleman of mine hath ſerv'd me long:
To build his fortune I will ſtrain a little,
For 'tis a bond in men. Give him thy daughter;
What you beſtow, in him I'll counterpoiſe,
And make him weigh with her.

Old Ath. Moſt noble Lord,
Pawn me to this your honour, ſhe is his.

Tim. My hand to thee; mine honour on my promiſe.

Luc. Humbly I thank your Lordſhip: never
That ſtate or fortune fall into my keeping, [may
Which is not ow'd to you *!

[*Exeunt* Lucil. *and old* Ath.

Poet. Vouchſafe my labour, and long live your Lordſhip!

Tim. I thank you, you ſhall hear from me anon;
Go not away. What have you there, my friend?

Pain. A piece of painting, which I do beſeech
Your Lordſhip to accept.

Tim. Painting is welcome.
The painting is almoſt the natural man;
For ſince diſhonour trafficks with man's nature,
He is but outſide; pencil'd figures are
Ev'n ſuch as they give out. I like your work;
And you ſhall find I like it. Wait attendance
Till you hear further from me.

Pain. The Gods preſerve you?

Tim. Well fare ye, gentlemen. Give me your hand,
We muſt needs dine together. Sir, your jewel
Hath ſuffer'd under praiſe.

Jew. What, my Lord, diſpraiſe?

Tim A mere ſatiety of commendations.
If I ſhould pay you for't as 'tis extoll'd,
It would unclue me quite.

Jew My Lord, 'tis rated
As thoſe which ſell would give; but you well know
Things of like value, differing in the owners,
Are by their maſters priz'd †. Believe't, dear Lord,
You mend the jewel by the wearing it.

Tim. Well mock'd.

Mer. No, my good Lord, he ſpeaks the common tongue

* The meaning is, Let me never henceforth conſider any thing that I poſſeſs, but as *owed* or *due* to you; held for your ſervice, and at your diſpoſal. *Johnſon.*

† Are rated according to the eſteem in which their poſſeſſor is held. *Johnſon.*

Which all men ſpeak with him.

Tim. Look, who comes here.

SCENE III.

Enter Apemantus.

Will you be chid?

Jew. We'll bear it with your Lordſhip.

Mer. He'll ſpare none.

Tim. Good morrow to thee, gentle Apemantus!

Apem. Till I be gentle, ſtay for thy good morrow. When thou art Timon's dog, and theſe knaves honeſt——

Tim. Why doſt thou call them knaves? thou know'ſt them not.

Apem. Are they not Athenians?

Tim. Yes.

Apem. Then I repent not.

Tim. You know me, Apemantus.

Apem. Thou know'ſt I do, I call'd thee by thy name.

Tim. Thou art proud, Apemantus.

Apem. Of nothing ſo much, as that I am not like Timon.

Tim. Whither art going?

Apem. To knock out an honeſt Athenian's brains.

Tim. That's a deed thoul't die for.

Apem. Right, if doing nothing be death by the law.

Tim. How lik'ſt thou this picture, Apemantus?

Apem. The beſt for the innocence.

Tim. Wrought he not well that painted it?

Apem. He wrought better that made the painter; and yet he's but a filthy piece of work.

Pain. Y'are a dog.

Apem. Thy mother's of my generation; what's ſhe, if I be a dog?

Tim. Wilt dine with me, Apemantus?

Apem. No, I eat not lords.

Tim. If thou ſhouldſt thou'dſt anger ladies.

Apem. O, they eat lords; ſo they come by great bellies.

Tim. That's a laſcivious apprehenſion.

Apem. So thou apprehend'ſt. Take it for thy labour.

Tim. How doſt thou like this jewel, Apemantus?

Apem. Not ſo well as plain-dealing, which will not coſt a man a doit.

Tim. What doſt thou think 'tis worth?

Apem. Not worth my thinking. How now, Poet?

Poet. How now, Philoſopher?

Apem. Thou lieſt.

Poet. Art thou not one?

Apem. Yes.

Poet. Then I lie not.

Apem. Art not a poet?

Poet. Yes.

Apem. Then thou lieſt. Look in thy laſt work, where thou haſt feign'd him a worthy fellow.

Poet. That's not feign'd; he is ſo.

Apem. Yes, he is worthy of thee, and to pay thee for thy labour. He that loves to be flatter'd, is worthy o' th' flatterer. Heav'ns, that I were a lord!

Tim. What would'ſt do then, Apemantus?

Apem. Ev'n as Apemantus does now, hate a lord with my heart.

Tim. What, thyſelf?

Apem. Ay.

Tim. Wherefore?

Apem. That I had no angry wit * to be a lord. Art thou not a merchant?

Mer. Ay, Apemantus.

Apem. Traffic confound thee, if the Gods will not!

Mer. If traffic do it, the Gods do it.

Apem. Traffic's thy god, and thy god confound thee!

* The meaning may be, I ſhould hate myſelf for *patiently enduring to be a lord.* Johnſon.

Trumpets ſound. Enter a Meſſenger.

Tim. What trumpe's that?

Meſſ. 'Tis Alcibiades, and ſome twenty horſe
All of companionſhip.

Tim. Pray entertain them, give them guide to us.
You muſt needs dine with me. Go not you hence
Till I have thank'd you; and when dinner's done,
Shew me this piece.

Enter Alcibiades *with the reſt.*

I'm joyful of your ſights.
Moſt welcome, Sir! [*Bowing and embracing.*

Apem. So, ſo! Aches contract and ſtarve your ſupple joints! That there ſhould be ſmall love amongſt theſe ſweet knaves, and all this courteſy! The ſtrain of man's bred out into baboon and monkey.

Alc. You have ſav'd my longing, and I feed
Moſt hungerly on your ſight.

Tim. Right welcome, Sir.
Ere we do part, we'll ſhare a bounteous time
In different pleaſures. Pray you, let us in.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Manet Apemantus. *Enter* Lucius *and* Lucullus.

Luc. What time a day is't, Apemantus?

Apem. Time to be honeſt.

Luc. That time ſerves ſtill.

Apem. The more accurſed thou, that ſtill omit'ſt it.

Lucul. Thou art going to Lord Timon's feaſt.

Apem. Ay, to ſee meat fill knaves, and wine heat fools.

Lucul. Fare thee well, fare thee well.

Apem. Thou art a fool to bid me farewell twice.

Lucul. Why, Apemantus?

Apem. Thou ſhouldſt have kept one to thyſelf, for I mean to give thee none.

Luc. Hang thyſelf.

Apem. No, I will do nothing at thy bidding; make thy requeſts to thy friend.

Lucul. Away, unpeaceable dog, or——I'll ſpurn thee hence.

Apem. I will fly, like a dog, the heels o' th' aſs. [*Exit* Apem.

Luc. He's oppoſite to humanity.
Come, ſhall we in and taſte Lord Timon's bounty?
He ſure outgoes the very heart of kindneſs.

Lucul. He pours it out. Plutus the god of gold
Is but his ſteward. No meed but he repays
Sev'n-fold above itſelf; no gift to him,
But breeds the giver a return exceeding
All uſe of quittance.

Luc. The nobleſt mind he carries
That ever govern'd man.

Lucul. Long may he live in fortunes! Shall we in?

Luc. I'll keep you company. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

Another Apartment in Timon's *Houſe.*

Hautboys playing loud muſic. A great banquet ſerv'd in; and then enter Timon, Alcibiades, Lucius, Lucullus, Sempronius, *and other* Athenian *Senators, with* Ventidius. *Then comes, dropping after all,* Apemantus *diſcontentedly.*

Ven. Moſt honour'd Timon, it hath pleas'd the [Gods
To remember my father's age,
And call him to long peace.
He is gone happy, and has left me rich.
Then, as in grateful virtue I am bound
To your free heart, I do return thoſe talents,
Doubled with thanks and ſervice, from whoſe help
I deriv'd liberty.

Tim. O, by no means,
Honeſt Ventidius. You miſtake my love;
I gave it freely ever; and there's none
Can truly ſay he gives, if he receives.

If our betters play at that game, we muſt not dare
T' imitate them. Faults that are rich, are fair.

Ven. A noble ſpirit.

[*They all ſtand ceremoniouſly looking on* Timon.

Tim. Nay, ceremony was but deviſ'd at firſt
To ſet a gloſs on faint deeds, hollow welcomes,
Recanting goodneſs, ſorry ere 'tis ſhown;
But where there is true friendſhip, there needs none.
Pray, ſit; more welcome are ye to my fortunes,
Than they to me. [*They ſit down.*

Luc. We always have confeſs'd it.

Apem. Ho, ho, confeſs'd it? hang'd it, have you not?

Tim. O Apemantus! you are welcome.

Apem. No, you ſhall not make me welcome. I come to have thee thruſt me out of doors.

Tim. Fy, th'art a churl; ye have got a humour there
Does not become a man, 'tis much to blame.
They ſay, my Lords, that *Ira furor brevis eſt*;
But yonder man is ever angry.
Go, let him have a table by himſelf:
For he does neither affect company,
Nor is he fit for't indeed.

Apem. Let me ſtay at thy peril, Timon. I come to obſerve. I give thee warning on't.

Tim. I take no heed of thee; th'art an Athenian, therefore welcome; I myſelf would have no power. —Pr'ythee let my meat make thee ſilent.

Apem. I ſcorn thy meat; 'twould choke me, for I ſhould ne'er flatter thee. O you Gods! what a number of men eat Timon, and he ſees 'em not! It grieves me to ſee
So many dip their meat in one man's blood;
And all the madneſs is, he cheers them up too.
I wonder men dare truſt themſelves with men!
Methinks they ſhould invite them without knives;
Good for their meat, and ſafer for their lives.
There's much example for't; the fellow that
Sits next him now, parts bread with him, and pledges
The breath of him in a divided draught,

Is th' readieſt man to kill him. It has been prov'd.
Were I a great man, I ſhould fear to drink,
Leſt they ſhould ſpy my wind-pipe's dangerous notes:
Great men ſhould drink with harneſs on their throats.

Tim. My Lord, in heart; and let the health go round.

Lucul. Let it flow this way, my good Lord.

Apem. Flow this way!—a brave fellow! he keeps his tides well. Thoſe healths will make thee and thy ſtate look ill, Timon. Here's that which is too weak to be a ſinner, honeſt water, which ne'er left man i' th' mire;
This and my food are equal. There's no odds.
Feaſts are too proud to give thanks to the Gods.

Apemantus's grace.

Immortal Gods, I crave no pelf;
I pray for no man but myſelf:
Grant I may never prove ſo fond
To truſt man on his oath or bond;
Or a harlot for her weeping;
Or a dog that ſeems a ſleeping;
Or a keeper with my freedom;
Or my friends, if I ſhould need 'em.
Amen, Amen; ſo fall to't:
Rich men ſin, and I eat root. [Eats and drinks.

Much good dich thy good heart, Apemantus!

Tim. Captain Alcibiades, your heart's in the field now.

Alc. My heart is ever at your ſervice, my Lord.

Tim. You had rather been at a breakfaſt of enemies than a dinner of friends.

Alc. So they were bleeding new, my Lord, there's no meat like 'em. I could wiſh my friend at ſuch a feaſt.

Apem. Would all theſe flatterers were thine enemies then, that thou might'ſt kill 'em, and bid me to 'em!

Luc. Might we but have the happineſs, my Lord,

that you would once uſe our hearts, whereby we might expreſs ſome part of our zeals, we ſhould think ourſelves for ever perfect.

Tim. Oh, no doubt, my good friends, but the Gods themſelves have provided that I ſhould have much help from you; how had you been my friends elſe? why have you † that charitable title from thouſands, did not you chiefly belong to my heart? I have told more of you to myſelf than you can with modeſty ſpeak in your own behalf. And thus far I confirm you. Oh you Gods, think I, what need we have any friends, if we ſhould never have need of 'em? they would moſt reſemble ſweet inſtruments hung up in caſes, that keep their ſounds to themſelves. Why, I have oft wiſh'd myſelf poorer, that I might come nearer to you. We are born to do benefits: and what better or properer can we call our own than the riches of our friends? O what a precious comfort it is to have ſo many, like brothers, commanding one another's fortunes! O joy, e'en made away ere 't can be born; mine eyes cannot hold water. Methinks to forget their faults I drink to you.

Apem. Thou weep'ſt to make them drink, Timon.

Lucul. Joy had the like conception in our eyes,
And at that inſtant like a babe ſprung up.

Apem. Ho, ho! I laugh to think that babe a baſtard.

3 *Lord.* I promiſe you, my Lord, you mov'd me much.

Apem. Much!

Sound tucket.

Tim. What means that trump? how now?

Enter Servant.

Serv. Pleaſe you, my Lord, there are certain ladies moſt deſirous of admittance.

Tim. Ladies? what are their wills?

† *Why have you* not, *&c.* Reviſal.

Serv. There comes with them a fore-runner, my Lord, which bears that office to ſignify their pleaſures.

Tim. I pray let them be admitted.

SCENE VI.

Enter Cupid *with a maſque of Ladies, as* Amazons, *with lutes in their hands, dancing and playing.*

Cup. Hail to thee, worthy Timon, and to all
That of his bounties taſte! the five beſt ſenſes
Acknowledge thee their patron, and do come
Freely to gratulate thy plenteous boſom:
Th' ear, taſte, touch, ſmell, pleas'd from thy table riſe;
They only now come but to feaſt thine eyes.
Tim. They're welcome all; let 'em have kind admittance.
Let muſic make their welcome.
Luc. You ſee, my Lord, how amply you're belov'd.
Apem. Heyday! what a ſweep of vanity comes this way!
They dance? They are mad women.
Like madneſs is the glory of this life;
As this pomp ſhews to a little oil and root *.
We make ourſelves fools to diſport ourſelves;
And ſpend our flatteries to drink thoſe men,
Upon whoſe age we void it up again,
With poiſonous ſpite and envy.
Who lives that's not depraved, or depraves?
Who dies that bears not one ſpurn to their graves
Of their friends' gift?
I ſhould fear thoſe that dance before me now,
Would one day ſtamp upon me. 'T has been done;
Men ſhut their doors againſt the ſetting ſun.

* *The glory of this life is very near to madneſs*, as may be made appear from *this pomp* exhibited in a place where a philoſopher is feeding on *oil and roots*. When we ſee by example how few are the neceſſaries of life, we learn what madneſs there is in ſo much ſuperfluity. *Johnſon.*

The Lords riſe from table, with much adoring of Timon, *each ſingling out an* Amazon, *and all dance, men with women; a lofty ſtrain or two to the hautboys, and ceaſe.*

Tim. You have done our pleaſures much grace, fair ladies,
Set a fair faſhion on our entertainment,
Which was not half ſo beautiful and kind;
You've added worth unto't, and lively luſtre,
And entertain'd me with mine own device.
I am to thank you for it.

Luc. My Lord, you take us even at the beſt.

Apem. 'Faith, for the worſt is filthy, and would not hold taking, I doubt me.

Tim. Ladies, there is an idle banquet attends you. Pleaſe you to diſpoſe yourſelves.

All Lad. Moſt thankfully, my Lord. [*Exeunt.*

Tim. Flavius,———

Flav. My Lord.

Tim. The little caſket bring me hither.

Flav. Yes, my Lord More jewels yet? there is no croſſing him in's humour, [*Aſide.*
Elſe I ſhould tell him—well—i' faith I ſhould:
When all's ſpent, he'd be croſs'd then if he could.
'Tis pity Bounty has not eyes behind,
That man might ne'er be wretched for his mind.

Lucul. Where be our men?

Serv. Here, my Lord, in readineſs.

Luc. Our horſes.

Tim. O my good friends!
I have one word to ſay to you: look, my Lord,
I muſt entreat you honour me ſo much
As to advance this jewel, accept and wear it,
Kind my Lord!

Luc. I am ſo far already in your gifts——

All. So are we all.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. My Lord, there are certain nobles of the ſenate newly alighted, and come to viſit you.

Tim. They are fairly welcome.

Re-enter Flavius.

Flav. I beſeech your Honour vouchſafe me a word; it does concern you near.

Tim. Near! why then another time I'll hear thee. I pr'ythee let's be provided to ſhew them entertainment.

Flav. aſide.] I ſcarce know how.

Enter another Servant.

2 *Serv.* May it pleaſe your Honour, Lord Lucius, out of his free love, hath preſented to you four milk-white horſes trapt in ſilver.

Tim. I ſhall accept them fairly. Let the preſents Be worthily entertain'd.

Enter a third Servant.

How now? what news?

3 *Serv.* Pleaſe you, my Lord, that honourable gentleman, Lord Lucullus, entreats your company to-morrow to hunt with him, and has ſent your Honour two brace of greyhounds.

Tim. I'll hunt with him; and let them be receiv'd, Not without fair reward.

Flav. aſide] What will this come to? He commands us to provide, and give great gifts, and all out of an empty coffer.
Nor will he know his purſe, or yield me this,
To ſhew him what a beggar his heart is,
Being of no power to make his wiſhes good:
His promiſes fly ſo beyond his ſtate,
That what he ſpeaks is all in debt; he owes
For ev'ry word. He is ſo kind that he
Pays int'reſt for't; his land's put to their books.
Well, 'would I were gently put out of office,
Ere I were forc'd?
Happier is he that has no friend to feed,
Than ſuch that do e'en enemies exceed.
I bleed inwardly for my Lord. [*Exit.*

Tim. You do yourſelves much wrong, you 'bate too much of your own merits. Here, my Lord, a trifle of our love.

1 *Lord.* With more than common thanks I will receive it.

3 *Lord.* He has the very ſoul of bounty.

Tim. And now I remember, my Lord, you gave good words the other day of a bay courſer I rode on. 'Tis yours, becauſe you lik'd it.

2 *Lord.* Oh, I beſeech you, pardon me, my Lord, in that.

Tim. You may take my word, my Lord. I know no man
Can juſtly praiſe but what he does affect;
I weigh my friend's affection with my own.
I tell you true. I'll call on you.

All Lords. O none ſo welcome.

Tim. I take all and your ſeveral viſitations
So kind to heart, 'tis not enough to give
My thanks, I could deal kingdoms to my friends,
And ne'er be weary. Alcibiades,
Thou art a ſoldier, therefore ſeldom rich,
It comes in charity to thee; thy living
Is 'mongſt the dead; and all the lands thou haſt
Ly in a pitch'd field.

Alc. I' defiled land, my Lord.

1 *Lord.* We are ſo virtuouſly bound——

Tim. And ſo am I to you.

2 *Lord.* So infinitely endear'd——

Tim. All to you. Lights! more lights, more lights.

3 *Lord.* The beſt of happineſs, honour and for-
Keep with you, Lord Timon.—— [tunes,

Tim. Ready for his friends. [*Exeunt Lords.*

SCENE VII.

Apem. What a coil's here,
Serving of becks and jutting out of bums!
I doubt whether their legs be worth the ſums
That are giv'n for 'em; friendſhip's full of dregs;
Methinks falſe hearts ſhould never have ſound legs.
Thus honeſt fools lay out their wealth on court'ſies.

Tim. Now, Apemantus, if thou wert not ſullen,
I would be good to thee.

Apem. No, I'll nothing; for if I ſhould be brib'd too, there would be none left to rail upon thee,

and then thou wouldſt ſin the faſter. Thou giv'ſt ſo long, Timon, I fear me thou wilt give away thyſelf in paper ſhortly. What need theſe feaſts, pomps, and vain-glories?

Tim. Nay, if you begin to rail on ſociety once, I am ſworn not to give regard to you.
Farewell, and come with better muſic. [*Exit* Tim.

Apem. So———
Thou wilt not hear me now, thou ſhalt not then.
I'll lock
Thy heaven * from thee. Oh, that men's ears ſhould be
To counſel deaf, but not to flattery! [*Exit.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

A public Place in the City.

Enter a Senator.

Senator.

AND late, five thouſand. To Varro and to Iſidore
He owes nine thouſand, beſides my former ſum;
Which makes it five and twenty.—Still in motion
Of raging waſte? It cannot hold, it will not.
If I want gold, ſteal but a beggar's dog,
And give it Timon, why, the dog coins gold.
If I would ſell my horſe, and buy ten more
Better than he; why, give my horſe to Timon;
Aſk nothing, give it him, it foals me ſtraight
Ten able horſe. No porter at his gate,
But rather one that ſmiles, and ſtill invites
All that paſs by it. It cannot hold; no reaſon
Can ſound his ſtate in ſafety †. Caphis, hoa!
Caphis, I ſay.

* The pleaſure of being flattered. *Johnſon.*
† I read thus,
———*no reaſon*
Can found *his ſtate in ſafety.*
Reaſon cannot find his fortune to have any *ſafe* or ſolid *foundation.* Johnſ.

Enter Caphis.

Caph. Here, Sir, what is your pleaſure?

Sen. Get on your cloak, and haſte you to Lord Timon;
Importune him for my monies, be not ceas'd
With ſlight denial; nor then ſilenc'd, when
"*Commend me to your maſter*"—and the cap
Plays in the right hand, thus. But tell him, ſirrah,
My uſes cry to me, I muſt ſerve my turn
Out of mine own; his days and times are paſt,
And my reliance on his fracted dates
Has ſmit my credit. I love and honour him;
But muſt not break my back, to heal his finger.
Immediate are my needs, and my relief
Muſt not be toſs'd and turn'd to me in words,
But find ſupply immediate. Get you gone.
Put on a moſt importunate aſpect,
A viſage of demand; for I do fear,
When every feather ſticks in his own wing,
Lord Timon will be left a naked gull,
Who flaſhes now a phœnix. Get you gone.

Caph. I go, Sir.

Sen. I go, Sir?—Take the bonds along with you,
And have the dates in compt.

Caph. I will, Sir.

Sen. Go. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Changes to Timon's *Hall.*

Enter Flavius, *with many bills in his hand.*

Flav. No care, no ſtop. So ſenſeleſs of expence,
That he will neither know how to maintain it,
Nor ceaſe his flow of riot; takes no account
How things go from him, and reſumes no care
Of what is to continue. Never mind
Was to be ſo unwiſe, to be ſo kind *,

* To make it ſenſe and grammar, it ſhould be ſupplied thus,

———*never mind*
Was [made] *to be ſo unwiſe*, [in order] *to be ſo kind*. Warb.

What ſhall be done. He will not hear, 'till feel.
I muſt be r . nd with him, now he comes from hunting.

Enter Caphis, *with the ſervants of* Iſidore *and* Varro.

Fy, fy, fy, fy.

Caph. Good even, Varro. What, you come for money?

Var. Is't not your buſineſs too?

Caph. It is; and yours too, Iſidore?

Iſid. It is ſo.

Caph. 'Would we were all diſcharg'd!

Var. I fear it.

Caph. Here comes the Lord.

Enter Timon, *and his Train.*

Tim. So ſoon as dinner's done we'll forth again,
My Alcibiades.—Well, what's your will?
[*They preſent their bills.*

Caph. My Lord, here is a note of certain dues.

Tim. Dues? Whence are you?

Caph. Of Athens here, my Lord.

Tim. Go to my ſteward.

Caph. Pleaſe it your Lordſhip, he hath put me off,
To the ſucceſſion of new days, this month.
My maſter is awak'd by great occaſion
To call upon his own; and humbly prays you,
That with your other noble parts you'll ſuit,
In giving him his right.

Tim. Mine honeſt friend,
I pr'ythee but repair to me next morning.

Caph. Nay, good my Lord——

Tim. Contain thyſelf, good friend.

Var. One Varro's ſervant *, my good Lord——

Iſid. From Iſidore. He prays your ſpeedy payment——

Caph. If you did know, my Lord, my maſter's wants——

* Here Varro and Iſidore ſink into the ſervants of Varro and Iſidore. Whether ſervants, in our author's time, took the names of their maſters, I know not. Perhaps it is a ſlip of negligence. *Johnſon.*

Var. 'Twas due on forfeiture, my Lord, ſix weeks
And paſt.——

Iſid. Your ſteward puts me off, my Lord,
And I am ſent expreſsly to your Lordſhip.

Tim. Give me breath.
—I do beſeech you, good my Lords, keep on;
[*Exeunt Lords.*
I'll wait upon you inſtantly.—Come hither, pray you. [*To* Flavius.
How goes the world, that I am thus encountred
With clamorous demands of broken bonds,
And the detention of long-ſince-due debts,
Againſt my honour?

Flav. Pleaſe you, gentlemen,
The time is unagreeable to this buſineſs.
Your importunity ceaſe 'till after dinner;
That I may make his Lordſhip underſtand
Wherefore you are not paid.

Tim. Do ſo, my friends. See them well entertain'd. [*Exit* Timon.

Flav. Pray, draw near. [*Exit* Flavius.

SCENE III.

Enter Apemantus, *and Fool* *.

Caph Stay, ſtay, here comes the fool with Apemantus; let's have ſome ſport with 'em.

Var. Hang him, he'll abuſe us.

Iſid. A plague upon him, dog!

Var. How doſt, fool?

Apem. Doſt dialogue with thy ſhadow?

Var. I ſpeak not to thee.

Apem. No, 'tis to thyſelf. Come away.
[*To the Fool.*

Iſid. to Var.] There's the fool hangs on your back already.

* I ſuſpect ſome ſcene to be loſt, in which the entrance of the fool, and the page that follows him, was prepared by ſome introductory dialogue, and the audience was informed that they were the fool and page of Phrynia, Temandra, or ſome other courteſan, upon the knowledge of which depends the greater part of the enſuing jocularity. *Johnſon.*

Apem. No, thou ſtand'ſt ſingle, thou art not on him yet.

Caph. Where's the fool now?

Apem. He laſt aſked the queſtion. Poor rogues', and uſurers' men! bawds between gold and want!

All. What are we, Apemantus?

Apem. Aſſes.

All. Why?

Apem. That you aſk me what you are, and do not know yourſelves. Speak to 'em, fool.

Fool. How do you, gentlemen?

All. Gramercies, good fool, how does your miſtreſs?

Fool. She's e'en ſetting on water to ſcald ſuch chickens as you are. 'Would we could ſee you at Corinth *.

Apem. Good! gramercy!

Enter Page.

Fool. Look you, here comes my miſtreſs's page.

Page, to the Fool] Why, how now, captain? what do you in this wiſe company? How doſt thou, Apemantus?

Apem. 'Would I had a rod in my mouth, that I might anſwer thee profitably.

Page. Pr'ythee, Apemantus, read me the ſuperſcription of theſe letters; I know not which is which.

Apem. Canſt not read?

Page. No.

Apem. There will little learning die then that day thou art hang'd. This is to Lord Timon, this to Alcibiades. Go, thou waſt born a baſtard, and thou'lt die a bawd.

Page. Thou waſt whelp'd a dog, and thou ſhalt famiſh, a dog's death. Anſwer not, I am gone. [*Exit.*

Apem. Ev'n ſo thou outrun'ſt grace.
Fool, I will go with you to Lord Timon's.

Fool. Will you leave me there?

* A cant name for a bawdy houſe, I ſuppoſe from the diſſoluteneſs of that ancient Greek city. *Warburton.*

Apem. If Timon ſtay at home.
—You three ſerve three uſurers?

All. I would they ſerv'd us.

Apem. So would I—as good a trick as ever hangman ſerv'd thief.

Fool. Are you three uſurers' men?

All. Ay, fool.

Fool. I think no uſurer but has a fool to his ſervant. My miſtreſs is one, and I am her fool. When men come to borrow of your maſters, they approach ſadly, and go away merrily; but they enter my miſtreſs's houſe merrily, and go away ſadly. The reaſon of this?

Var. I could render one.

Apem. Do it then, that we may account thee a whore-maſter, and a knave; which notwithſtanding, thou ſhalt be no leſs eſteem'd.

Var. What is a whore-maſter, fool?

Fool. A fool in good clothes, and ſomething like thee. 'Tis a ſpirit: ſometimes it appears like a lord, ſometimes like a lawyer, ſometimes like a philoſopher, with two ſtones more than's artificial one. He is very often like a knight; and generally, in all ſhapes that man goes up and down in, from fourſcore to thirteen, this ſpirit walks in.

Var. Thou art not altogether a fool.

Fool. Nor thou altogether a wiſe man; as much foolery as I have, ſo much wit thou lack'ſt.

Apem. That anſwer might have become Apemantus.

All. Aſide, aſide, here comes Lord Timon.

Enter Timon *and* Flavius.

Apem. Come with me, fool, come.

Fool. I do not always follow lover, elder brother, and woman; ſometimes the philoſopher.

Flav. Pray you, walk near. I'll ſpeak with you anon. [*Exeunt* Creditors, Apemantus *and* Fool.

SCENE IV.

Tim. You make me marvel. Wherefore, ere this time,

Had you not fully laid my ſtate before me?
That I might ſo have rated my expence,
As I had leave of means.
Flav. You would not hear me,
At many leiſures I propos'd.
Tim. Go to:
Perchance ſome ſingle vantages you took,
When my indiſpoſition put you back;
And that unaptneſs made your miniſter
Thus to excuſe yourſelf.
Flav. O my good Lord!
At many times I brought in my accounts,
Laid them before you; you would throw them off,
And ſay you found them in mine honeſty.
When, for ſome trifling preſent, you have bid me
Return ſo much, I've ſhook my head, and wept;
Yea, 'gainſt th' authority of manners, pray'd you
To hold your hand more cloſe. I did endure
Not ſeldom, nor no ſlight checks; when I have
Prompted you in the ebb of your eſtate,
And your great flow of debts. My dear lov'd Lord,
Though you hear now, yet now's too late a time;
The greateſt of your having lacks a half
To pay your preſent debts.
Tim. Let all my land be ſold.
Flav. 'Tis all engag'd; ſome forfeited and gone;
And what remains will hardly ſtop the mouth
Of preſent dues; the future comes apace;
What ſhall defend the interim, and at length
How goes our reck'ning?
Tim. To Lacedemon did my land extend.
Flav. O my good Lord, the world is but a word:
Were it all yours, to give it in a breath,
How quickly were it gone!
Tim. You tell me true.
Flav. If you ſuſpect my huſbandry, or falſehood,
Call me before th' exacteſt auditors,
And ſet me on the proof. So the Gods bleſs me,
When all our offices have been oppreſs'd
With riotous feeders; when our vaults have wept
With drunken ſpilth of wine; when every room
Hath blaz'd with lights, and bray'd with minſtrelſy;

I have retir'd me to a waſteful cock *,
And ſet mine eyes at flow.
Tim. Pr'ythee no more.
Flav. Heav'ns! have I ſaid, the bounty of this Lord!
How many prodigal bits have ſlaves and peaſants
This night englutted! Who now is not Timon's!
What heart, head, ſword, force, means, but is Lord Timon's?
Great Timon's, noble, worthy, royal Timon's?
Ah! when the means are gone that buy this praiſe,
The breath is gone whereof this praiſe is made;
Feaſt-won, feaſt-loſt; one cloud of winter ſhow'rs,
Theſe flies are couch'd.
Tim. Come, ſermon me no further.
No villainous bounty yet hath paſt my heart;
Unwiſely, not ignobly have I giv'n.
Why doſt thou weep? canſt thou the conſcience lack,
To think I ſhall lack friends? ſecure thy heart;
If I would broach the veſſels of my love,
And try the arguments of hearts by borrowing,
Men and men's fortunes could I frankly uſe,
As I can bid thee ſpeak.
Flav. Aſſurance bleſs your thoughts!
Tim. And in ſome ſort theſe wants of mine are crown'd,
That I account them bleſſings; for by theſe
Shall I try friends. You ſhall perceive how you
Miſtake my fortunes: I'm wealthy in my friends.
Within there, ho! Servilius, Flaminius!

SCENE V.

Enter Flaminius, Servilius, *and other Servants.*

Serv. My Lord, my Lord.
Tim. I will diſpatch you ſev'rally.
You to 'Lord Lucius—to Lord Lucullus you.—I hunted with his honour to-day—You to Sempro-

* *i. e.* a *cockloft*, a garret. And a *waſteful cock* ſignifies a garret lying in waſte, neglected, put to no uſe.
Hanmer.

nius—Commend me to their loves; and I am proud, ſay, that my occaſions have found time to uſe 'em toward a ſupply of money. Let the requeſt be fifty talents.

Flam. As you have ſaid, my Lord.

Flav. Lord Lucius and Lord Lucullus? hum—

Tim. Go you, Sir, to the Senators; [*To* Flavius.
Of whom, even to the ſtate's beſt health, I have
Deſerv'd this hearing; bid 'em ſend o' th' inſtant
A thouſand talents to me.

Flav. I've been bold,
For that I knew it the moſt gen'ral way,
To them to uſe your ſignet and your name;
But they do ſhake their heads, and I am here
No richer in return.

Tim. Is't true? can't be?

Flav. They anſwer in a joint and corporate voice,
That now they are at fall, want treaſure, cannot
Do what they would; are ſorry—You are honourable—
But yet they could have wiſh'd—They know not—
Something hath been amiſs—a noble nature
May catch a wrench—'Would all were well—'Tis pity—
And ſo intending other ſerious matters,
After diſtaſteful looks, and theſe hard fractions,
With certain half-caps, and cold moving nods,
They froze me into ſilence.

Tim. You Gods reward them!
I pr'ythee, man, look cheerly. Theſe old fellows
Have their ingratitude in them hereditary;
Their blood is cak'd, 'tis cold, it ſeldom flows;
'Tis lack of kindly warmth they are not kind;
And nature, as it grows again tow'rd earth,
Is faſhion'd for the journey, dull and heavy.
Go to Ventidius—Pr'ythee be not ſad,
Thou'rt true and juſt; ingenuouſly I ſpeak,
No blame belongs to thee.—Ventidius lately
Bury'd his father, by whoſe death he's ſtepp'd
Into a great eſtate: when he was poor,
Impriſon'd, and in ſcarcity of friends,

I clear'd him with five talents. Greet him from me;
Bid him ſuppoſe ſome good neceſſity
Touches his friend, which craves to be remember'd
With thoſe five talents. That had, give't theſe fellows
To whom 'tis inſtant due. Ne'er ſpeak or think
That Timon's fortunes 'mong his friends can ſink.
Stew. 'Would I could not: that thought is bounty's foe;
Being free itſelf, it thinks all others ſo. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

Lucullus's *Houſe in* Athens.

Flaminius *waiting*, *Enter a Servant to him.*

Servant.

I Have told my Lord of you; he is coming down to you.

Flam. I thank you, Sir.

Enter Lucullus.

Serv. Here's my Lord.

Lucul. aſide.] One of Lord Timon's men; a gift, I warrant. Why, this hits right; I dream'd of a ſilver baſon and ewre to-night. Flaminius, honeſt Flaminius, you are very reſpectively welcome, Sir. —Fill me ſome wine.—And how does that honourable, complete, free-hearted gentleman of Athens, thy very bountiful good Lord and maſter?

Flam. His health is well, Sir.

Lucul. I am right glad that his health is well, Sir: and what haſt thou there under thy cloak, pretty Flaminius?

Flam. 'Faith, nothing but an empty box, Sir, which, in my Lord's behalf, I come to intreat your Honour to ſupply, who, having great and inſtant occaſion to uſe fifty talents, hath ſent to your Lordſhip to furniſh him, nothing doubting your preſent aſſiſtance therein.

Lucul. La, la, la, la,—Nothing doubting, ſays he? alas, good Lord. A noble gentleman 'tis, if he would not keep ſo good a houſe. Many a time and often I ha' din'd with him, and told him on't; and come again to ſupper to him, on purpoſe to have him ſpend leſs; and yet he would embrace no counſel, take no warning by my coming. Every man hath his fault, and honeſty is his. I ha' told him on't, but I could never get him from't.

Enter a Servant, with wine.

Serv. Pleaſe your Lordſhip, here is the wine.

Lucul. Flaminius, I have noted thee always wiſe. Here's to thee.

Flam. Your Lordſhip ſpeaks your pleaſure.

Lucul. I have obſerv'd thee always for a towardly prompt ſpirit, give thee thy due, and one that knows what belongs to reaſon, and canſt uſe the time well, if the time uſe thee well. Good parts in thee.—Get you gone, ſirrah, [*To the ſervant, who goes out.*]—Draw near, honeſt Flaminius. Thy Lord's a bountiful gentleman; but thou art wiſe, and thou knoweſt well enough, altho' thou comeſt to me, that this is no time to lend money, eſpecially upon bare friendſhip without ſecurity. Here's three Solidares for thee. Good boy, wink at me, and ſay thou ſaw'ſt me not. Fare thee well.

Flam. Is't poſſible the world ſhould ſo much differ,
And we alive that liv'd? Fly, damned baſeneſs,
To him that worſhips thee.
[*Throwing the money away.*

Lucul. Ha! now I ſee thou art a fool, and fit for thy maſter. [*Exit* Lucullus.

Flam. May theſe add to the number that may ſcald thee;
Let molten coin be thy damnation,
Thou diſeaſe of a friend, and not himſelf!
Has friendſhip ſuch a faint and milky heart
It turns in leſs than two nights? O you Gods!
I feel my maſter's paſſion. This ſlave
Unto this hour has my Lord's meat in him:

Why ſhould it thrive, and turn to nutriment,
When he is turn'd to poiſon?
O! may diſeaſes only work upon't!
And when he's ſick to death, let not that part
Of nurture my Lord paid for, be of power
To expel ſickneſs, but prolong his hour! [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

A public Street.

Enter Lucius *with three Strangers.*

Luc. Who, the Lord Timon? He is my very good friend, and an honourable gentleman.

1 *Stran.* We know him for no leſs, tho' we are but ſtrangers to him. But I can tell you one thing, my Lord, and which I hear from common rumours; now Lord Timon's happy hours are done and paſt, and his eſtate ſhrinks from him.

Luc. Fy, no. Do not believe it; he cannot want for money.

2 *Stran.* But believe you this, my Lord, that not long ago one of his men was with the Lord Lucullus, to borrow fifty talents, nay urg'd extremely for't, and ſhewed what neceſſity belong'd to't, and yet was deny'd.

Luc. How!

2 *Stran.* I tell you, deny'd, my Lord.

Luc. What a ſtrange caſe was that! Now, before the Gods I am aſham'd on't. Deny'd that honourable man? There was very little honour ſhew'd in that. For my own part, I muſt needs confeſs I have received ſome ſmall kindneſſes from him, as money, plate, jewels, and ſuch like trifles, nothing comparing to his; yet had he miſtook him, and ſent him to me, I ſhould ne'er have deny'd his occaſions ſo many talents.

Enter Servilius.

Ser. See, my good hap, yonder's my Lord; I have ſweat to ſee his Honour.—My honour'd Lord—— [*To* Lucius.

Luc. Servilius? you are kindly met, Sir. Fare thee well. Commend me to thy honourable virtuous Lord, my very exquiſite friend.

Ser. May it pleaſe your Honour, my Lord hath ſent——

Luc. Ha! what hath he ſent? I am ſo much endear'd to that Lord. He's ever ſending. How ſhall I thank him, think'ſt thou? and what has he ſent now?

Ser. H'as only ſent his preſent occaſion now, my Lord, requeſting your Lordſhip to ſupply his inſtant uſe with fifty talents.

Luc. I know his Lordſhip is but merry with me; He cannot want fifty five hundred talents.

Ser. But in the mean time he wants leſs, my Lord. If his occaſion were not virtuous *,
I ſhould not urge it half ſo faithfully †.

Luc. Doſt thou ſpeak ſeriouſly, Servilius?

Ser. Upon my ſoul, 'tis true, Sir.

Luc. What a wicked beaſt was I, to diſfurniſh myſelf againſt ſuch a good time, when I might ha' ſhewn myſelf honourable! How unluckily it happ'ned, that I ſhould purchaſe the day before for a little part ‡, and undo a great deal of honour! Servilius, now before the Gods I am not able to do—The more beaſt, I ſay—I was ſending to uſe Lord Timon myſelf, theſe gentlemen can witneſs; but I would not, for the wealth of Athens, I had done't now. Commend me bountifully to his good Lordſhip; and, I hope, his Honour will conceive the faireſt of me, becauſe I have no power to be kind. And tell him this from me, I count it one of my greateſt afflictions that I cannot pleaſure ſuch an honourable gentleman. Good Servilius, will you befriend me ſo far as to uſe my own words to him?

Ser. Yes, Sir, I ſhall.

* *Virtuous*, for ſtrong, forceable, preſſing. *Warburton.*
† *Faithfully*, for fervently. *Ibid.*
‡ *A little* profit. *Reviſal.*

Luc. I'll look ye out a good turn, Servilius.
[*Exit* Servilius.
—True, as you ſaid, Timon is ſhrunk indeed;
And he that's once deny'd will hardly ſpeed. [*Exit.*

1 *Stran.* Do you obſerve this, Hoſtilius?

2 *Stran.* Ay, too well.

1 *Stran.* Why, this is the world's ſoul;
And juſt of the ſame piece is every flatterer's ſpirit †.
Who can call him his friend
That dips in the ſame diſh? For, in my knowing,
Timon has been this Lord's father,
And kept his credit with his purſe,
Supported his eſtate; nay, Timon's money
Has paid his men their wages. He ne'er drinks,
But Timon's ſilver treads upon his lip:
And yet, oh ſee the monſtrouſneſs of man,
When he looks out in an ungrateful ſhape!
He does deny him, in reſpect of his ‡,
What charitable men afford to beggars.

3 *Stran.* Religion groans at it.

1 *Stran.* For mine own part,
I never taſted Timon in my life;
Nor any of his bounties came o'er me,
To mark me for his friend. Yet, I proteſt,
For his right noble mind, illuſtrious virtue,
And honourable carriage,
Had his neceſſity made uſe of me,
I would have put my wealth into donation,
And the beſt half ſhould have return'd to him,
So much I love his heart. But I perceive
Men muſt learn now with pity to diſpenſe,
For policy ſits above conſcience. [*Exeunt.*

† Mr Upton reads thus,
Why, this is the world's ſport:
Of the ſame piece is ev'ry flatterer's ſoul.

‡ That is, *in reſpect of his* fortune. *Johnſon.*

SCENE III.

Enter a third Servant with Sempronius.

Sem. Muſt he needs trouble me in't? Hum!
Above all others?
He might have tried Lord Lucius, or Lucullus;
And now Ventidius is wealthy too,
Whom he redeem'd from priſon; all theſe
Owe their eſtates unto him.
Serv. Oh, my Lord,
They've all been touch'd, and all are found baſe metal,
For they have all deny'd him.
Sem. How! deny'd him?
Ventidius and Lucullus both deny'd him?
And does he ſend to me? three! hum——
It ſhews but little love or judgment in him.
Muſt I be his laſt refuge? His friends, like phyſicians,
Thrive, give him over; muſt I take th' cure upon me?
H' as much diſgrac'd me in't; I'm angry at him;
He might have known my place. I ſee no ſenſe for't,
But his occaſions might have wooed me firſt;
For, in my conſcience, I was the firſt man
That e'er receiv'd gift from him:
And does he think ſo backwardly of me,
That I'll requite it laſt? No.
So it may prove an argument of laughter
To th' reſt, and I 'mongſt lords be thought a fool.
I'd rather than the worth of thrice the ſum,
He had ſent to me firſt, but for my mind's ſake;
I'd ſuch a courage to do him good.
But now return,
And with their faint reply this anſwer join;
Who 'bates mine honour, ſhall not know my coin.
[*Exit.*

Serv. Excellent! your Lordſhip's a goodly villain. The devil knew not what he did, when he made man politic; he croſs'd himſelf by't: and I cannot think but in the end the villainies of man will ſet

him clear. How fairly this Lord ſtrives to appear foul! takes virtuous copies to be wicked! like thoſe that under hot ardent zeal would ſet whole realms on fire.

Of ſuch a nature is his politic love.
This was my Lord's beſt hope; now all are fled,
Save the Gods only. Now his friends are dead;
Doors, that were ne'er acquainted with their wards
Many a bounteous year, muſt be employ'd
Now to guard ſure their maſter.
And this is all a liberal courſe allows;
Who cannot keep his wealth, muſt keep his houſe *.
[*Exit.*

SCENE IV.

Changes to Timon's *Hall.*

Enter Varro, Titus, Hortenſius, Lucius †, *and other Servants of* Timon's *creditors, who wait for his coming out.*

Var. Well met, good morrow, Titus and Hortenſius.

Tit. The like to you, kind Varro.

Hor. Lucius? What, do we meet together?

Luc. And, I think, one buſineſs does command us all.
For mine is money.

Tit. So is theirs, and ours.

Enter Philotus.

Luc. And Sir Philotus too.

Phi. Good day, at once.

Luc. Welcome, good brother. What d' you think the hour.

Phi. Labouring for nine.

Luc. So much?

Phi. Is not my Lord ſeen yet?

Luc. Not yet.

* That is, keep within doors for fear of duns. *Johnſ.*
† Lucius is here again for the ſervant of Lucius. *Ib.*

Phi. I wonder: he was wont to ſhine at ſeven.
Luc. Ay, but the days are waxed ſhorter with him.
You muſt conſider that a prodigal's courſe
Is like the ſun's, but not like his recoverable.
I fear
'Tis deepeſt winter in Lord Timon's purſe;
That is,
One may reach deep enough, and yet find little.
Phi. I am of your fear for that.
Tit. I'll ſhew you how t' obſerve a ſtrange event.
Your Lord ſends now for money.
Hor. True, he does.
Tit. And he wears jewels now of Timon's gift,
For which I wait for money.
Hor. Againſt my heart.
Luc. How ſtrange it ſhows,
Timon in this ſhould pay more than he owes!
And e'en as if your Lord ſhould wear rich jewels,
And ſend for money for 'em.
Hor. I'm weary of this charge, the Gods can witneſs.
I know my Lord hath ſpent of Timon's wealth;
And now ingratitude makes it worſe than ſtealth.
Var. Yes, mine's three thouſand crowns; what's yours?
Luc. Five thouſand.
Var. 'Tis too much deep, and it ſhould ſeem by th' ſum,
Your maſter's confidence was above mine;
Elſe ſurely his had equall'd.

Enter Flaminius.

Tit. One of Lord Timon's men.
Luc. Flaminius! Sir, a word. Pray, is my Lord ready to come forth?
Flam. No, indeed, he is not.
Tit. We attend his Lordſhip; pray ſignify ſo much.
Flam. I need not tell him that, he knows you are too diligent.

Enter Flavius *in a cloak muffled.*

Luc. Ha! is not that his ſteward muffled ſo?
He goes away in a cloud. Call him, call him.
Tit. Do you hear, Sir——
Var. By your leave, Sir.
Flav. What do you aſk of me, my friend?
Tit. We wait for certain money here, Sir.
Flav. If money were as certain as your waiting,
'Twere ſure enough.
Why then preferr'd you not your ſums and bills,
When your falſe maſters eat of my Lord's meat?
Then they would ſmile and fawn upon his debts,
And take down th' intereſt in their glutt'nous maws;
You do yourſelves but wrong to ſtir me up,
Let me paſs quietly.
Believe't, my Lord and I have made an end;
I have no more to reckon, he to ſpend.
Luc. Ay, but this anſwer will not ſerve.
Flav. If 'twill not ſerve, 'tis not ſo baſe as you;
For you ſerve knaves. [*Exit.*
Var. How! what does his caſhier'd worſhip mutter?
Tit. No matter what. He's poor, and that's revenge enough. Who can ſpeak broader than he that has no houſe to put his head in? Such may rail againſt great buildings.

Enter Servilius.

Tit. Oh, here's Servilius; now we ſhall have ſome anſwer.
Serv. If I might beſeech you, gentlemen, to repair ſome other hour, I ſhould derive much from it. For take it of my ſoul,
My Lord leans wond'rouſly to diſcontent,
His comfortable temper has forſook him,
He is much out of health, and keeps his chamber.
Luc. Many do keep their chambers, are not ſick;
And if he be ſo far beyond his health,
Methinks he ſhould the ſooner pay his debts,

And make a clear way to the Gods.

Ser. Good Gods!

Tit. We cannot take this for an anſwer.

Flam. within.] Servilius, help—my Lord! my Lord!

SCENE V.

Enter Timon *in a rage.*

Tim. What, are my doors oppos'd againſt my paſſage?
Have I been ever free, and muſt my houſe
Be my retentive enemy, my goal?
The place which I have feaſted, does it now,
Like all mankind, ſhew me an iron-heart?

Luc. Put in now, Titus.

Tit. My Lord, here's my bill.

Luc. Here's mine.

Var. And mine, my Lord.

Caph. And ours, my Lord.

Phi. And our bills.

Tim. Knock me down with 'em. Cleave me to the girdle.

Luc. Alas! my Lord.

Tim. Cut out my heart in ſums.

Tit. Mine, fifty talents.

Tim. Tell out my blood.

Luc. Five thouſand crowns, my Lord.

Tim. Five thouſand drops pay that.
What yours——and yours?

Var. My Lord———

Caph. My Lord———

Tim. Here tear me, take me, and the Gods fall on you! [*Exit.*

Hor. 'Faith, I perceive our Maſters may throw their caps at their money. Theſe debts may be well call'd deſperate ones, for a madman owes 'em. [*Exeunt.*

Re-enter Timon *and* Flavius.

Tim. They have e'en put my breath from me, the ſlaves. Creditors!——devils.

Flav. My dear Lord,——
Tim. What if it ſhould be ſo?——
Flav. My dear Lord,——
Tim. I'll have it ſo——My ſteward!
Flav. Here, my Lord.
Tim. So fitly!—Go, bid all my friends again,
Lucius, Lucullus, and Sempronius. All.——
I'll once more feaſt the raſcals.
Flav. O my Lord!
You only ſpeak from your diſtracted ſoul;
There's not ſo much left as to furniſh out
A moderate table.
Tim. Be it not thy care.
Go, and invite them all, let in the tide
Of knaves once more; my cook and I'll provide.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.

Changes to the Senate Houſe.

Senators, and Alcibiades.

1 *Sen.* My Lord, you have my voice to't. The fault's bloody;
'Tis neceſſary he ſhould die.
Nothing emboldens ſin ſo much as mercy.
2 *Sen.* Moſt true; the law ſhall bruiſe him.
Alc. Health, honour, and compaſſion to the ſenate!
1 *Sen* Now, Captain?
Alc. I am an humble ſuitor to your virtues;
For pity is the virtue of the law,
And none but tyrants uſe it cruelly.
It pleaſes time and fortune to ly heavy
Upon a friend of mine, who in hot blood
Hath ſtept into the law, which is paſt depth
To thoſe that without heed do plunge into't.
He is a man, ſetting his fault aſide,
Of comely virtues;
Nor did he ſoil the fact with cowardiſe,
An honour in him which buys out his fault;

But with a nobly fury, and fair ſpirit,
Seeing his reputation touch'd to death,
He did oppoſe his foe;
And with ſuch ſober and unnoted * paſſion
He did behave † his anger ere 'twas ſpent,
As if he had but prov'd an argument.

1 *Sen.* You undergo too ſtrict a paradox ‡,
Striving to make an ugly deed look fair;
Your words have took ſuch pains, as if they labour'd
To bring manſlaughter into form, and ſet quarrelling
Upon the head of valour; which, indeed,
Is valour miſbegot, and came into the world
When ſects and factions were but newly born.
He's truly valiant, that can wiſely ſuffer
The worſt that man can breathe, and make his wrongs
His outſides; wear them like his raiment, careleſly;
And ne'er prefer his injuries to his heart,
To bring it into danger.
If wrongs be evils, and inforce us kill,
What folly 'tis to hazard life for ill?

Alc. My Lord, ——

1 *Sen* You cannot make groſs ſins look clear;
It is not valour to revenge, but bear.

Alc. My Lords, then, under favour, pardon me,
If I ſpeak like a captain.
Why do fond men expoſe themſelves to battle,
And not endure all threatnings, ſleep upon't,
And let the foes quietly cut their throats,
Without repugnancy? but if there be
Such valour in the bearing, what make we
Abroad? why then, ſure, women are more valiant,
That ſtay at home, if bearing carry it;
The aſs, more than the lion; and the fellow,
Loaden with irons, wiſer than the judge;
If wiſdom be in ſuff'ring. Oh, my Lords,

* *Unnoted*, for common, hounded *Warburton.*
† *Behave*, for curb, manage. *Ibid.*
‡ You *undertake* a paradox too *hard*. *Johnſon.*

As you are great, be pitifully good;
Who cannot condemn rashness in cold blood?
To kill, I grant, is sin's extremest gust,
But, in defence, by mercy, 'tis most just.
To be in anger is impiety;
But who is man, that is not angry?
Weigh but the crime with this.

2 *Sen.* You breathe in vain.

Alc. In vain? His service done
At Lacædemon and Byzantium,
Were a sufficient briber for his life.

1 *Sen.* What's that?

Alc. Why, I say, my Lords, h' as done fair service,
And slain in battle many of your enemies:
How full of valour did he bear himself
In the last conflict, and made plenteous wounds!

2 *Sen.* He has made too much plenty with 'em,
He's a sworn rioter; he has a sin
That often drowns him, and takes valour prisoner.
If there were no foes, that were enough
To overcome him. In that beastly fury
He has been known to commit outrages,
And cherish factions. 'Tis inferr'd to us,
His days are foul, and his drink dangerous.

1 *Sen.* He dies.

Alc. Hard fate! he might have died in war.
My Lords, if not for any parts in him,
(Though his right arm might purchase his own time,
And be in debt to none;) yet more to move you,
Take my deserts to his, and join 'em both.
And for I know your reverend ages love
Security, I'll pawn my victories,
All my honour to you, on his good returns.
If by this crime he owes the law his life,
Why, let the war receive 't in valiant gore;
For law is strict, and war is nothing more.

1 *Sen.* We are for law; he dies. Urge it no more,
On height of our displeasure. Friend or brother,
He forfeits his own blood, that spills another.

Alc. Muſt it be ſo? it muſt not be.
My Lords, I do beſeech you know me.
2 *Sen.* How?
Alc. Call me to your remembrances.
3 *Sen.* What!——
Alc. I cannot think but your age hath forgot me;
It could not elſe be I ſhould prove ſo baſe,
To ſue, and be deny'd ſuch common grace.
My wounds ake at you.
1 *Sen.* Do you dare our anger?
'Tis in few words, but ſpacious in effect;
We baniſh thee for ever.
Alc. Baniſh me!
Baniſh your dotage, baniſh uſury,
That make the ſenate ugly.
1 *Sen.* If, after two days ſhine, Athens contains thee,
Attend our weightier judgment.
And, not to ſwell our ſpirit *,
He ſhall be executed preſently. [*Exeunt.*
Alc. Gods keep you old enough, that you may live
Only in bone, that none may look on you!
I'm worſe than mad. I have kept back their foes,
While they have told their money, and let out
Their coin upon large intereſt; I myſelf
Rich only in large hurts.—All thoſe, for this?
Is this the balſam that the uſuring ſenate
Pours into captains wounds? Baniſhment?
It comes not ill; I hate not to be baniſh'd:
It is a cauſe worthy my ſpleen and fury,
That I may ſtrike at Athens. I'll cheer up
My diſcontented troops, and lay for hearts.
'Tis honour with moſt hands to be at odds;
Soldiers as little ſhould brook wrongs, as Gods.
[*Exit.*

* *And* now *to ſwell* your *ſpirit*, *i. e.* to provoke you ſtill more. *Warburton.*

SCENE VII.

Changes to Timon's *Houſe.*

Enter divers Senators, at ſeveral doors.

1 *Sen.* The good time of the day to you, Sir.

2 *Sen.* I alſo wiſh it to you. I think this honourable Lord did but try us this other day.

1 *Sen.* Upon that were my thoughts tiring, when we encountred. I hope it is not ſo low with him, as he made it ſeem in the trial of his ſeveral friends.

2 *Sen.* It ſhould not be, by the perſuaſion of his new feaſting.

1 *Sen.* I ſhould think ſo. He hath ſent me an earneſt inviting, which many my near occaſions did urge me to put off; but he hath conjur'd me beyond them, and I muſt needs appear.

2 *Sen.* In like manner was I in debt to my importunate buſineſs; but he would not hear my excuſe. I am ſorry, when he ſent to borrow of me, that my proviſion was out.

1 *Sen.* I am ſick of that grief too, as I underſtand how all things go.

2 *Sen.* Every man here's ſo. What would he have borrow'd of you?

1 *Sen.* A thouſand pieces.

2 *Sen.* A thouſand pieces!

1 *Sen.* What of you?

3 *Sen.* He ſent to me, Sir——Here he comes.

Enter Timon *and Attendants.*

Tim. With all my heart, Gentlemen both!——and how fare you?

1 *Sen.* Ever at the beſt, hearing well of your Lordſhip.

2 *Sen.* The ſwallow follows not ſummer more willingly than we your Lordſhip.

Tim. aſide.] Nor more willingly leaves winter; ſuch ſummer-birds are men.——Gentlemen, our dinner will not recompenſe this long ſtay. Feaſt

your ears with the muſic a while, if they will fare ſo harſhly as on the trumpet's ſound; we ſhall to't preſently.

1 *Sen.* I hope it remains not unkindly with your Lordſhip, that I return'd you an empty meſſenger.

Tim. O Sir, let it not trouble you.

2 *Sen.* My noble Lord.

Tim. Ah, my good friend, what cheer?

[*The banquet brought in.*

2 *Sen.* Moſt honourable Lord, I'm e'en ſick of ſhame, that when your Lordſhip t' other day ſent to me, I was ſo unfortunate a beggar.

Tim. Think not on't, Sir.

2 *Sen.* If you had ſent but two hours before——

Tim. Let it not cumber your better remembrance. Come, bring in all together.

2 *Sen.* All cover'd diſhes!

1 *Sen.* Royal cheer, I warrant you.

3 *Sen.* Doubt not that, if money and the ſeaſon can yield it.

1 *Sen.* How do you? what's the news?

3 *Sen.* Alcibiades is baniſh'd. Hear you of it?

Both. Alcibiades baniſh'd!

3 *Sen.* 'Tis ſo; be ſure of it.

1 *Sen.* How? how?

2 *Sen.* I pray you, upon what?

Tim. My worthy friends, will you draw near?

3 *Sen.* I'll tell ye more anon. Here's a noble feaſt toward.

2 *Sen.* This is the old man ſtill.

3 *Sen.* Will't hold? will't hold?

2 *Sen.* It does, but time will.—And ſo——

3 *Sen.* I do conceive.

Tim. Each man to his ſtool, with that ſpur as he would to the lip of his miſtreſs. Your diet ſhall be in all places alike. Make not a city-feaſt of it, to let the meat cool ere we can agree upon the firſt place. Sit, ſit.

The Gods require our thanks.

You great Benefactors, ſprinkle our ſociety with thankfulneſs. For your own gifts make yourſelves

prais'd; but reserve still to give, lest your Deities be despised. Lend to each man enough, that one need not lend to another; for were your Godheads to borrow of men, men would forsake the Gods. Make the meat beloved, more than the man that gives it. Let no assembly of twenty be without a score of villains. If there sit twelve women at the table, let a dozen of them be as they are—The rest of your foes, O Gods, the senators of Athens, together with the common lag of people, what is amiss in them, you Gods, make suitable for destruction. For these my friends——as they are to me nothing, so in nothing bless them, and to nothing are they welcome.

Uncover—dogs, and lap.

[*The dishes uncovered are full of warm water.*

Some speak. What does his Lordship mean?

Some other. I know not.

Tim. May you a better feast never behold,
You knot of mouth friends. Smoke, and lukewarm water
Is your perfection. This is Timon's last.
Who stuck and spangled you with flatteries,
Washes it off, and sprinkles in your faces
[*Throwing water in their faces.*
Your reeking villainy. Live loath'd, and long,
Most smiling, smooth, detested parasites,
Courteous destroyers, affable wolves, meek bears,
You fools of fortune, trencher-friends, time-flies,
Cap and knee slaves, vapors, and minute-jacks;
Of man and beast the infinite malady
Crust you quite o'er!—What, dost thou go?
Soft, take thy physic first—thou too—and thou—
Stay, I will lend thee money, borrow none.
What! all in motion? henceforth be no feast,
Whereat a villain's not a welcome guest.
Burn house, sink Athens, henceforth hated be
Of Timon, man, and all humanity! [*Exit.*

Re-enter the Senators.

1 *Sen.* How now, my Lords?

2 *Sen.* Know you the quality of Lord Timon's fury!

3 *Sen.* Piſh, did you ſee my cap?

4 *Sen.* I've loſt my gown

1 *Sen* He's but a mad lord, and nought but humour ſways him. He gave me a jewel the other day, and now he has beat it out of my cap. Did you ſee my jewel?

2 *Sen.* Did you ſee my cap?

3 *Sen.* Here 'tis.

4 *Sen.* Here lyes my gown.

1 *Sen.* Let's make no ſtay.

2 *Sen.* Lord Timon's mad.

3 *Sen.* I feel 't upon my bones.

4 *Sen.* One day he gives us diamonds, next day ſtones. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Without the Walls of Athens.

Enter Timon.

LET me look back upon thee, O thou wall,
That girdleſt in thoſe wolves! dive in the earth,
And fence not Athens! Matrons, turn incontinent;
Obedience fail in children; ſlaves and fools
Pluck the grave wrinkled ſenate from the bench,
And miniſter in their ſteads; to general filth
Convert o' th' inſtant, green virginity!
Do't in your parents' eyes. Bankrupts, hold faſt;
Rather than render back, out with your knives,
And cut your truſters' throats. Bound ſervants, ſteal;
Large-handed robbers your grave maſters are,
And pill by law. Maid, to thy maſter's bed;
Thy miſtreſs is i' th' brothel. Son of ſixteen,
Pluck the lin'd crutch from thy old limping ſire,
With it beat out his brains. Fear and piety,

Religion to the Gods, peace, juſtice, truth,
Domeſtic awe, night reſt, and neighbourhood,
Inſtruction, manners, myſteries and trades,
Degrees, obſervances, cuſtoms and laws,
Decline to your confounding contraries!
And yet confuſion live!—Plagues incident to men,
Your potent and infectious fevers heap
On Athens, ripe for ſtroke! Thou cold Sciatica,
Cripple our ſenators, that their limbs may halt
As lamely as their manners. Luſt and liberty
Creep in the minds and marrows of our youth,
That 'gainſt the ſtream of virtue they may ſtrive,
And drown themſelves in riot! itches, blains,
Sow all th' Athenian boſoms, and their crop
Be general leproſy. Breath infect breath,
That their ſociety, as their friendſhip, may
Be merely poiſon. Nothing I'll bear from thee,
But nakedneſs, thou deteſtable town!
Take thou that too, with multiplying banns.
Timon will to the woods, where he ſhall find
Th' unkindeſt beaſt much kinder than mankind.
The Gods confound (hear me, ye good Gods all)
Th' Athenians both within and out that wall;
And grant, as Timon grows, his hate may grow,
To the whole race of mankind, high and low!
[*Exit.*

SCENE II.

Changes to Timon's *Houſe.*

Enter Flavius, *with two or three Servants.*

1 *Serv.* Hear you, good Maſter Steward. Where's our maſter?
Are we undone, caſt off, nothing remaining?
Flav. Alack, my fellows, what ſhould I ſay to you?
Let me be recorded by the righteous Gods,
I am as poor as you.
1 *Serv.* Such a houſe broke!
So noble a maſter fall'n! all gone! and not

One friend to take his fortune by the arm,
And go along with him?

2 Serv. As we do turn our backs
From our companion thrown into his grave,
So his familiars from his buried fortunes
Slink all away; leave their falſe vows with him,
Like empty purſes pick'd: and his poor ſelf,
A dedicated beggar to the air,
With his diſeaſe of all-ſhun'd poverty,
Walks, like Contempt, alone.—More of our fellows.

Enter other Servants.

Flav. All broken implements of a ruin'd houſe!

2 Serv. Yet do our hearts wear Timon's livery,
That ſee I by your faces; we are fellows ſtill,
Serving alike in ſorrow. Leak'd is our bark,
And we, poor mates, ſtand on the dying deck,
Hearing the ſurges threat; we muſt all part
Into the ſea of air.

Flav. Good fellows all,
The lateſt of my wealth I'll ſhare amongſt you.
Where-ever we ſhall meet, for Timon's ſake
Let's yet be fellows; let's ſhake our heads, and ſay,
As 'twere a knell unto our maſter's fortunes,
We have ſeen better days. Let each take ſome;
[*Giving them money.*
—Nay, put out all your hands—not one word more.
Thus part we rich in ſorrow, parting poor.
[*They embrace, and part ſeveral ways.*
Oh the fierce wretchedneſs that glory brings us!
Who would not wiſh to be from wealth exempt,
Since riches point to miſery and contempt?
Who'd be ſo mock'd with glory, as to live
But in a dream of friendſhip,
To have his pomp and all what ſtate compounds,
But only painted like his varniſh'd friends?
Poor honeſt Lord! brought low by his own heart,
Undone by goodneſs: ſtrange unuſual blood,
When man's worſt ſin is, he does too much good.
Who then dares to be half ſo kind again?
For bounty, that makes Gods, does ſtill mar men.

My deareſt Lord, bleſs'd to be moſt accurs'd,
Rich only to be wretched; thy great fortunes
Are made thy chief afflictions. Alas, kind Lord!
He's flung in rage from this ungrateful ſeat
Of monſtrous friends;
Nor has he with him to ſupply his life,
Or that which can command it.
I'll follow and enquire him out:
I'll ever ſerve his mind with my beſt will;
Whilſt I have gold, I'll be his ſteward ſtill. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.

The Woods.

Enter Timon.

Tim. O bleſſed, breeding ſun, draw from the earth
Rotten humidity; below thy ſiſter's orb
Infect the air. Twinn'd brothers of one womb,
Whoſe procreation, reſidence, and birth
Scarce is dividant, touch with ſeveral fortunes;
The greater ſcorns the leſſer. Not ev'n nature,
To whom all ſores lay ſiege, can bear great fortune,
But by contempt of nature.
Raiſe me this beggar, and denude that Lord;
The ſenator ſhall bear contempt hereditary,
The beggar native honour.
It is the paſture lards the brother's ſides,
The want that makes him leave. Who dares, who dares,
In purity of manhood ſtand upright,
And ſay, this man's a flatterer? if one be,
So are they all, for every greeze * of fortune
Is ſmooth'd by that below. The learned pate
Ducks to the golden fool. All is oblique;
There's nothing level in our curſed natures,
But direct villainy. Then be abhorr'd,

* *Greeze*, for ſtep or degree. *Pope.*

All feaſts, ſocieties, and throngs of men!
His ſemblance, yea, *himſelf*, Timon diſdains.
Deſtruction fang mankind!—Earth, yield me roots!
[*Digging the earth.*
Who ſeeks for better of thee, ſawce his palate
With thy moſt operant poiſon?
What's here? gold? yellow, glittering, precious gold?
No, Gods, I am no idle votariſt.
Roots, you clear heav'ns!
Thus much
Of this will make black, white; fair, foul; wrong, right;
Baſe, noble; old, young; coward, valiant.
You Gods! why this? What? This you Gods? Why, this
Will lug your prieſts and ſervants from your ſides:
Pluck ſtout mens' pillows from below their heads †.
This yellow ſlave
Will knit and break religions; bleſs th' accurs'd;
Make the hoar leproſy ador'd; place thieves,
And give them title, knee, and approbation,
With ſenators on the bench. This is it
That makes the wappen'd widow wed again;
She whom the ſpittle-houſe, and ulcerous ſores
Would caſt the gorge at, this embalms and ſpices
To th' April day again. Come, damned earth,
Thou common whore of mankind, that putt'ſt odds
Among the rout of nations, I will make thee
Do thy right nature ‡.—[*March afar off.*] Ha, a drum?——Thou'rt quick,
But yet I'll bury thee. Thou'lt go, ſtrong thief,
When gouty keepers of thee cannot ſtand.
—Nay, ſtay thou out for earneſt. [*Keeping ſome gold.*

† This alludes to an old cuſtom of drawing away the pillow from under the heads of men in their laſt agonies, to make their departure the eaſier. *Warburton.*

‡ Ly in the earth, where nature laid thee. *Johnſon.*

SCENE IV.

Enter Alcibiades *with drum and fife in warlike manner, and* Phrynia *and* Timandra.

Alc. What art thou there? ſpeak.
Tim. A beaſt, as thou art. Cankers gnaw thy heart,
For ſhewing me again the eyes of man!
Alc. What is thy name? Is man ſo hateful to thee,
That art thyſelf a man?
Tim. I am Miſanthropos, and hate mankind.
For thy part, I do wiſh thou wert a dog,
That I might love thee ſomething.
Alc. I know thee well;
But in thy fortunes am unlearn'd and ſtrange.
Tim. I know thee too; and more than that I know thee,
I not deſire to know. Follow thy drum;
With man's blood paint the ground. Gules! gules!
Religious canons, civil laws are cruel;
Then what ſhould war be? this fell whore of thine
Hath in her more deſtruction than thy ſword,
For all her cherubin look.
Phry. Thy lips rot off!
Tim. I will not kiſs thee, then the rot returns
To thine own lips again.
Alc. How came the noble Timon to this change?
Tim. As the moon does, by wanting light to give:
But then renew I could not like the moon,
There were no ſuns to borrow of.
Alc. Noble Timon, what friendſhip may I do thee?
Tim. None, but to maintain my opinion.
Alc. What is it, Timon?
Tim. Promiſe me friendſhip, but perform none. If thou wilt not promiſe, the Gods plague thee, for thou art a man; if thou doſt perform, confound thee, for thou art a man!
Alc. I've heard in ſome ſort of thy miſeries.
Tim. Thou ſaw'ſt them when I had proſperity.
Alc. I ſee them now; then was a bleſſed time.

Tim. As thine is now, held with a brace of harlots.
Timan. Is this th' Athenian minion, whom the world
Voic'd ſo regardfully?
Tim. Art thou Timandra?
Timan. Yes.
Tim. Be a whore ſtill. They love thee not that uſe thee;
Give them diſeaſes, leaving with thee their luſts;
Make uſe of thy ſalt hours, ſeaſon the ſlaves
For tubs and baths; bring down the roſe-cheek'd youth
To th' tub faſt, and the diet.
Timan. Hang thee, monſter!
Alc. Pardon him, ſweet Timandra, for his wits
Are drown'd and loſt in his calamities.
—I have but little gold of late, brave Timon,
The want whereof doth daily make revolt
In my penurious band. I heard and griev'd,
How curſed Athens, mindleſs of thy worth,
Forgetting thy great deeds, when neighbour ſtates,
But for thy ſword and fortune, trod upon them——
Tim. I pr'ythee beat thy drum, and get thee gone.
Alc. I am thy friend, and pity thee, dear Timon.
Tim. How doſt thou pity him whom thou doſt trouble?
I'd rather be alone.
Alc. Why, fare thee well.
Here's gold for thee.
Tim. Keep it, I cannot eat it.
Alc. When I have laid proud Athens on a heap—
Tim. Warr'ſt thou 'gainſt Athens?
Alc. Ay, Timon, and have cauſe.
Tim. The Gods confound them all then in thy conqueſt,
And after, thee, when thou haſt conquered!
Alc. Why me, Timon?
Tim. That by killing of villains thou waſt born to conquer my country.
Put up thy gold. Go on—Here's gold—Go on;
Be as a planetary plague, when Jove

Will o'er ſome high-vic'd city hang his poiſon
In the ſick air. Let not thy ſword ſkip one;
Pity not honour'd age for his white beard,
He is an uſurer. Strike me the counterfeit matron;
It is her habit only that is honeſt,
Herſelf's a bawd. Let not the virgin's cheek
Make ſoft thy trenchant ſword; for thoſe milk-paps,
That thro' the window-barn * bore at mens' eyes,
Are not within the leaf of pity writ;
Set them down horrible traitors. Spare not the babe,
Whoſe dimpled ſmiles from fools exhauſt their mercy;
Think it a baſtard, whom the oracle
Hath doubtfully pronounc'd thy throat ſhall cut,
And mince it ſans remorſe. Swear againſt objects:
Put armour on thine ears and on thine eyes;
Whoſe proof, nor yells of mothers, maids, nor babes,
Nor ſight of prieſt in holy veſtments bleeding,
Shall pierce a jot. There's gold to pay thy ſoldiers.
Make large confuſion; and thy fury ſpent,
Confounded be thyſelf! Speak not, be gone.

Alc. Haſt thou gold yet?
I'll take the gold thou giv'ſt me, not thy counſel.

Tim. Doſt thou, or doſt thou not, Heav'n's curſe upon thee!

Both. Give us ſome gold, good Timon. Haſt thou more?

Tim. Enough to make a whore forſwear her trade,
And to make whore a bawd. Hold up, you ſluts,
Your aprons mountant; you're not oathable,
Although, I know, you'll ſwear, terribly ſwear
Into ſtrong ſhudders, and to heav'nly agues,
Th' immortal Gods that hear you. Spare your oaths;
I'll truſt to your conditions; be whores ſtill.
And he whoſe pious breath ſeeks to convert you,
Be ſtrong in whore, allure him, burn him up;

* —*Window-lawn*—*i. e.* lawn almoſt as tranſparent as glaſs windows. *Warburton.*

Let your close fire predominate his smoke,
And be no turn-coats.
Yet may your pain six months be quite contrary.
And thatch
Your poor thin roofs with burdens of the dead,
(Some that were hang'd, no matter)
Wear them, betray with them, and whore on still;
Paint till a horse may mire upon your face;
A pox of wrinkles!

Both. Well, more gold——What then?
Believe that we'll do any thing for gold.

Tim. Consumptions sow
In hollow bones of man, strike their sharp shins,
And mar men's spurring. Crack the lawyer's voice,
That he may never more false title plead,
Nor found his quillets shrilly. Hoar the Flamen,
That scolds against the quality of flesh,
And not believes himself. Down with the nose,
Down with it flat; take the bridge quite away
Of him, that his particular to foresee
Smells from the gen'ral weal. Make curl'd-pate ruffians bald,
And let the unscarr'd braggarts of the war
Derive some pain from you. Plague all;
That your activity may defeat and quell
The source of all erection.—There's more gold.—
Do you damn others, and let this damn you,
And ditches grave you all!

Both. More counsel with more money, bounteous Timon.

Tim. More whore, more mischief, first. I've given you earnest.

Alc. Strike up the drum tow'rds Athens. Farewell, Timon;
If I thrive well, I'll visit thee again.

Tim. If I hope well, I'll never see thee more.

Alc. I never did thee harm.

Tim. Yes, thou spok'st well of me.

Alc. Call'st thou that harm?

Tim. Men daily find it. Get thee hence. Away,
And take thy beagles with thee.

Alc. We but offend him. Strike.

[*Drum beats. Exeunt* Alcibiades, Phrynia *and* Timandra.

SCENE V.

Tim. digging.] That nature being ſick of man's unkindneſs,
Should yet be hungry! common mother, thou
Whoſe womb unmeaſurable, and infinite breaſt
Teems, and feeds all; oh thou! whoſe ſelf-ſame metal,
Whereof thy proud child arrogant man is puft,
Engenders the black toad and adder blue,
The gilded newt and eyeleſs venom'd worm;
With all th' abhorred births below criſp heav'n,
Whereon Hyperion's quick'ning fire doth ſhine;
Yield him who all thy human ſons does hate,
From forth thy plenteous boſom, one poor root!
Enſear thy fertile and conceptious womb,
Let it no more bring out ingrateful man;
Go great with tygers, dragons, wolves and bears,
Teem with new monſters, whom thy upward face
Hath to the marbled manſion all above
Never preſented—O, a root—Dear thanks!
Dry up thy marrows, vines, and plough-torn leas,
Whereof ingrateful man with liqu'riſh draughts,
And morſels unctuous, greaſes his pure mind,
That from it all conſideration ſlips.———

SCENE VI.

Enter Apemantus.

More man? plague! plague!———

Apem. I was directed hither. Men report
Thou doſt affect my manners, and doſt uſe them.

Tim. 'Tis then becauſe thou doſt not keep a dog
Whom I would imitate. Conſumption catch thee!

Apem. This is in thee a nature but affected,
A poor unmanly melancholy, ſprung
From change of fortune. Why this ſpade? this place?

This ſlave-like habit, and theſe looks of care?
Thy flatt'rers yet wear ſilk, drink wine, ly ſoft;
Hug their diſeas'd perfumes, and have forgot
That ever Timon was. Shame not theſe woods,
By putting on the cunning of a carper.
Be thou a flatt'rer now, and ſeek to thrive
By that which has undone thee; hinge thy knee,
And let his very breath, whom thou'lt obſerve,
Blow off thy cap; praiſe his moſt vicious ſtrain,
And call it excellent. Thou waſt told thus;
Thou gav'ſt thine ears (like tapſters, that bid welcome)
To knaves and all approachers; 'tis moſt juſt
That thou turn raſcal. Hadſt thou wealth again,
Raſcals ſhould have't. Do not aſſume my likeneſs.

Tim. Were I like thee, I'd throw away myſelf.

Apem. Thou'ſt caſt away thyſelf, being like thyſelf,
So long a madman, now a fool. What, think'ſt thou
That the bleak air, thy boiſterous chamberlain,
Will put thy ſhirt on warm? Will theſe moiſt* trees,
That have out-liv'd the eagle, page thy heels,
And ſkip when thou point'ſt out? Will the cold brook,
Candied with ice, cawdle thy morning taſte
To cure thy o'er-night's ſurfeit? Call the creatures,
Whoſe naked natures live in all the ſpight
Of wreakful heav'n, whoſe bare unhouſed trunks,
To the conflicting elements expos'd,
Anſwer mere nature; bid them flatter thee;
Oh! thou ſhalt find———

Tim. A fool of thee; depart.

Apem. I love thee better now than e'er I did.

Tim. I hate thee worſe.

Apem. Why?

Tim. Thou flatt'reſt miſery.

Apem. I flatter not, but ſay thou art a caitiff.

Tim. Why doſt thou ſeek me out?

* Hanmer very elegantly reads *moſs'd* trees. *Johnſon.*

Apem. To vex thee.

Tim. Always a villain's office, or a fool's.
Do'ſt pleaſe thyſelf in't?

Apem. Ay.

Tim. What! a knave too?

Apem. If thou didſt put thy four cold habit on
To caſtigate thy pride, 'twere well; but thou
Doſt it enforcedly: thou'dſt courtier be,
Wert thou not beggar. Willing miſery
Outlives incertain pomp, is crown'd before;
The one is filling ſtill, never compleat;
The other, at high wiſh. Beſt ſtates, contentleſs,
Have a diſtracted and moſt wretched being;
Worſe than the worſt, content.
Thou ſhould'ſt deſire to die, being miſerable.

Tim. Not by his breath that is more miſerable.
Thou art a ſlave, whom fortune's tender arm
With favour never claſp'd, but bred a dog.
Hadſt thou, like us, from our firſt ſwath † proceeded
Through ſweet degrees that this brief world affords,
To ſuch as may the paſſive drugs of it
Freely command, thou would'ſt have plung'd thyſelf
In general riot, melted down thy youth
In different beds of luſt, and never learn'd
The icy precepts of reſpect, but followed
The ſugar'd game before thee. But myſelf,
Who had the world at my confectionary,
The mouths, the tongues, the eyes, the hearts of men
At duty, more than I could frame employments
That numberleſs upon me ſtuck, as leaves
Do on the oak; have with one winter's bruſh
Fall'n from their boughs, and left me open, bare
For every ſtorm that blows. I to bear this,
That never knew but better, is ſome burden.
Thy nature did commence in ſuff'rance, time
Hath made thee hard in't. Why ſhould'ſt thou hate men?
They never flatter'd thee. What haſt thou giv'n?
If thou wilt curſe, thy father that poor rag

† *Swath* is the dreſs of a new-born child. *Johnſon.*

Muſt be thy ſubject, who in ſpight put ſtuff
To ſome ſhe-beggar, and compounded thee
Poor rogue hereditary. Hence! Be gone——
If thou hadſt not been born the worſt of men,
Thou hadſt been knave and flatterer.

Apem Art thou proud yet?

Tim Ay, that I am not thee.

Apem. I, that I was no prodigal.

Tim. I, that I am one now.
Were all the wealth I have ſhut up in thee,
I'd give thee leave to hang it. Get thee gone.
—That the whole life of Athens were in this!
Thus would I eat it. [*Eating a root.*

Apem. Here. I will mend thy feaſt.
[*Offering him another.*

Tim Firſt mend my company, take away thyſelf.

Apem. So I ſhall mend my own, by th' lack of thine.

Tim. 'Tis not well mended ſo, it is but botch'd;
If not, I would it were.

Apem What wouldſt thou have to Athens?

Tim. Thee thither in a whirlwind, if thou wilt.
Tell them there, I have gold. Look, ſo I have.

Apem. Here is no uſe for gold.

Tim. The beſt and trueſt:
For here it ſleeps, and does no hired harm.

Apem. Where ly'ſt o'nights, Timon?

Tim. Under that's above me.
Where feed'ſt thou o'days, Apemantus?

Apem. Where my ſtomach finds meat, or rather where I eat it.

Tim. 'Would poiſon were obedient, and knew my mind!

Apem. Where wouldſt thou ſend it?

Tim To ſauce thy diſhes.

Apem The middle of humanity thou never knewеſt, but the extremity of both ends. When thou waſt in thy gilt and thy perfume, they mock'd thee for too much curioſity *; in thy rags thou

* *i. e.* for too much finical delicacy. *Warburton.*

knoweſt none, but art deſpis'd for the contrary. There's a medlar for thee, eat it.

Tim. On what I hate I feed not.

Apem. Doſt hate a medlar?

Tim. Ay, though it look like thee.

Apem. An th' hadſt hated medlars ſooner, thou ſhouldſt have loved thyſelf better now. What man didſt thou ever know unthrift, that was belov'd after his means?

Tim. Who, without thoſe means thou talk'ſt of, didſt thou ever know beloved?

Apem. Myſelf.

Tim. I underſtand thee, thou hadſt ſome means to keep a dog.

Apem. What things in the world canſt thou neareſt compare to thy flatterers?

Tim. Women neareſt; but men, men are the things themſelves. What wouldſt thou do with the world, Apemantus, if it lay in thy power?

Apem. Give it the beaſts, to be rid of the men.

Tim. Wouldſt thou have thyſelf fall in the confuſion of men, or remain a beaſt with the beaſts?

Apem. Ay, Timon.

Tim. A beaſtly ambition, which the Gods grant thee to attain to! If thou wert a lion, the fox would beguile thee; if thou wert the lamb, the fox would eat thee; if thou wert the fox, the lion would ſuſpect thee, when, peradventure, thou wert accus'd by the aſs; if thou wert the aſs, thy dulneſs would torment thee, and ſtill thou liv'dſt but as a breakfaſt to the wolf. If thou wert the wolf, thy greedineſs would afflict thee, and oft thou ſhouldſt hazard thy life for thy dinner. Wert thou the unicorn, pride and wrath would confound thee, and make thine own ſelf the conqueſt of thy fury. Wert thou a bear, thou wouldſt be kill'd by the horſe; wert thou a horſe, thou wouldſt be ſeiz'd by the leopard: wert thou a leopard, thou wert german to the lion, and the ſpots of thy kindred were jurors on thy life. All thy ſafety were remotion, and thy defence abſence. What

beaſt couldſt thou be, that were not ſubject to a beaſt? and what a beaſt art thou already, and ſeeſt not thy loſs in transformation!

Apem. If thou couldſt pleaſe me with ſpeaking to me, thou might'ſt have hit upon it here. The commonwealth of Athens is become a foreſt of beaſts.

Tim. How has the aſs broke the wall, that thou art out of the city?

Apem. Yonder comes a poet and a painter. The plague of company light upon thee! I will fear to catch it, and give way. When I know not what elſe to do, I'll ſee thee again.

Tim. When there is nothing living but thee, thou ſhalt be welcome. I had rather be a beggar's dog, than Apemantus.

Apem. Thou art the cap of all the fools alive.

Tim. 'Would thou wert clean enough to ſpit upon.

A plague on thee!

Apem. Thou art too bad to curſe.

Tim. All villains, that do ſtand by thee, are pure.

Apem. There is no leproſy but what thou ſpeak'ſt.

Tim. If I name thee.—I'll beat thee, but I ſhould infect my hands.

Apem. I would my tongue could rot them off!

Tim. Away, thou iſſue of a mangy dog!

Choler does kill me that thou art alive:

I ſwoon to ſee thee.

Apem. 'Would thou wouldſt burſt!

Tim. Away, thou tedious rogue, I am ſorry I ſhall loſe a ſtone by thee.

Apem. Beaſt!

Tim. Slave!

Apem. Toad!

Tim. Rogue! rogue! rogue!

[Apemantus *retreats backward as going.*

I am ſick of this falſe world, and will love nought

But ev'n the mere neceſſities upon it.

Then, Timon, preſently prepare thy grave;

Ly where the light foam of the ſea may beat

Thy grave-ſtone daily; make thine epitaph,

That death in thee at others' lives may laugh.
O thou ſweet king-killer, and dear divorce
[*Looking on the gold.*
'Twixt natural ſon and ſire! thou bright defiler
Of Hymen's pureſt bed! thou valiant Mars!
Thou ever young, freſh, lov'd, and delicate wooer,
Whoſe bluſh doth thaw the conſecrated ſnow
That lyes on Diana's lap! thou viſible God,
That ſoldreſt cloſe impoſſibilities,
And mak'ſt them kiſs? that ſpeak'ſt with every tongue,
To every purpoſe! Oh, thou touch of hearts!
Think thy ſlave man rebels; and by thy virtue
Set them into confounding odds, that beaſts
May have the world in empire.

Apem. 'Would 'twere ſo.
But not 'till I am dead! I'll ſay thou haſt gold:
Thou wilt be throng'd to ſhortly.

Tim. Throng'd to?

Apem. Ay.

Tim. Thy back, I pr'ythee.——

Apem Live, and love thy miſery!

Tim. Long live ſo, and ſo die! I am quit.
More things like men——Eat, Timon, and abhor them. [*Exit* Apemantus.

SCENE VII.

Enter Thieves.

1 *Thief.* Where ſhould he have this gold? It is ſome poor fragment, ſome ſlender ort of his remainder. The mere want of gold, and the falling off of friends, drove him into this melancholy.

2 *Thief* It is noiſ'd, he hath a maſs of treaſure.

3 *Thief.* Let us make the aſſay upon him: if he care not for't, he will ſupply us eaſily; if he covetouſly reſerve it, how ſhall's get it?

2 *Thief.* True; for he bears it not about him; 'tis hid.

1 *Thief.* Is not this he?

All. Where?

2 *Thief.* 'Tis his deſcription.
3 *Thief.* He; I know him.
All. Save thee, Timon.
Tim. Now, thieves.
All. Soldiers, not thieves.
Tim. Both too, and women's ſons.
All. We are not thieves, but men that much do want.
Tim. Your greateſt want is, you want much of meat.
Why ſhould you want? behold the earth hath roots;
Within this mile break forth an hundred ſprings;
The oaks bear maſt, the briars ſcarlet hips:
The bounteous huſwife nature on each buſh
Lays her full meſs before you. Want? why want?
1 *Thief.* We cannot live on graſs, on berries, water,
As beaſts, and birds, and fiſhes.
Tim. Nor on the beaſts themſelves, the birds and fiſhes;
You muſt eat men. Yet thanks I muſt you con,
That you are thieves profeſs'd, that you work not
In holier ſhapes; for there is boundleſs theft
In limited profeſſions. Raſcals, thieves,
Here's gold. Go, ſuck the ſubtle blood o' th' grape,
'Till the high fever ſeeth your blood to froth,
And ſo 'ſcape hanging. Truſt not the phyſician,
His antidotes are poiſon, and he ſlays
More than you rob, takes wealth and life together.
Do villainy, do, ſince you profeſs to do't,
Like workmen; I'll example you with thievery.
The ſun's a thief, and with his great attraction
Robs the vaſt ſea. The moon's an arrant thief,
And her pale fire ſhe ſnatches from the ſun.
The ſea's a thief, whoſe liquid ſurge reſolves
The moon into ſalt tears. The earth's a thief,
That feeds and breeds by a compoſture ſtoln
From gen'ral excrements. Each thing's a thief.
The laws, your curb and whip, in their rough power
Have uncheck'd theft. Love not yourſelves. Away.
Rob one another. There's more gold; cut throats;

All that you meet are thieves. To Athens go,
Break open ſhops, for nothing can you ſteal
But thieves do loſe it. Steal not leſs, for this
I give you, and gold confound you howſoever! *Amen.*
[*Exit.*

3 *Thief.* H'as almoſt charm'd me from my profeſſion, by perſuading me to it.

1 *Thief.* 'Tis in the malice of mankind that he thus adviſes us, not to have us thrive in our myſtery.

2 *Thief.* I'll believe him as an enemy, and give over my trade.

1 *Thief.* Let us firſt ſee peace in Athens.

2 *Thief.* There is no time ſo miſerable, but a man may be true. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

The Woods, and Timon's *Cave.*

Enter Flavius.

Flavius.

OH, you Gods!
Is yon deſpis'd and ruinous man my Lord,
Full of decay and failing?
Oh, monument and wonder of good deeds,
Evilly beſtow'd!
What change of honour deſp'rate want has made!
What viler thing upon the earth, than friends
Who can bring nobleſt minds to baſeſt ends?
How rarely does it meet with this time's guiſe,
When man was wiſh'd to love his enemies?
Grant I may ever love, and rather woo
Thoſe that would miſchief me, than thoſe that do!
H'as caught me in his eye; I will preſent
My honeſt grief to him; and, as my Lord,
Still ſerve him with my life.—My deareſt maſter!

Timon *comes forward from his Cave.*

Tim. Away! what art thou?

Flav. Have you forgot me, Sir?
Tim. Why doſt thou aſk that? I have forgot all men.
Then, if thou granteſt that thou art a man,
I have forgot thee.
Flav. An honeſt poor ſervant of yours.
Tim. Then I know thee not:
I ne'er had honeſt man about me, all
I kept were knaves, to ſerve in meat to villains.
Flav. The Gods are witneſs,
Ne'er did poor ſteward wear a truer grief
For his undone Lord, than mine eyes for you.
Tim. What, doſt thou weep? Come nearer, then I love thee,
Becauſe thou art a woman, and diſclaim'ſt
Flinty mankind, whoſe eyes do never give
But thorough luſt and laughter. Pity's ſleeping;
Strange times, that weep with laughing, not with weeping!
Flav. I beg of you to know me, good my Lord,
T'accept my grief; and, whilſt this poor wealth laſts,
To entertain me as your ſteward ſtill.
Tim. Had I a ſteward
So true, ſo juſt, and now ſo comfortable?
It almoſt turns my dangerous nature wild.
—Let me behold thy face. Surely this man
Was born of woman.
Forgive my gen'ral and exceptleſs raſhneſs,
Perpetual, ſober Gods! I do proclaim
One honeſt man. Miſtake me not. But one;
No more, I pray; and he's a ſteward.
How fain would I have hated all mankind,
And thou redeem'ſt thyſelf; but all, ſave thee,
I fell with curſes.
Methinks thou art more honeſt now than wiſe;
For, by oppreſſing and betraying me,
Thou might'ſt have ſooner got another ſervice;
For many ſo arrive at ſecond maſters,
Upon their firſt Lord's neck. But tell me true,
For I muſt ever doubt, tho' ne'er ſo ſure,
Is not thy kindneſs ſubtle, covetous,

A uſuring kindneſs, as rich men deal gifts,
Expecting in return twenty for one?

Flav. No, my moſt worthy maſter, in whoſe breaſt
Doubt and ſuſpect, alas, are plac'd too late.
You ſhould have fear'd falſe times when you did feaſt:
Suſpect ſtill comes where an eſtate is leaſt.
That which I ſhew, Heav'n knows, is merely love,
Duty, and zeal, to your unmatched mind,
Care of your food and living: and, believe it,
My moſt honour'd Lord,
For any benefit that points to me
Either in hope, or preſent, I'd exchange
For this one wiſh, that you had power and wealth
To requite me by making rich yourſelf.

Tim. Look thee, 'tis ſo. Thou ſingly honeſt man,
Here, take. The Gods out of my miſery
Have ſent thee treaſure. Go, live rich and happy,
But thus condition'd; thou ſhalt build from men;
Hate all, curſe all, ſhew charity to none,
But let the famiſh'd fleſh ſlide from the bone,
Ere thou relieve the beggar. Give to dogs
What thou deny'ſt to men; let priſons ſwallow 'em,
Debts wither 'em. Be men like blaſted woods,
And may diſeaſes lick up their falſe bloods.
And ſo farewell, and thrive.

Flav. O, let me ſtay, and comfort you, my maſter.

Tim. If thou hat'ſt curſes,
Stay not, but fly, whilſt thou art bleſt and free;
Ne'er ſee thou man, and let me ne'er ſee thee.

[*Exeunt ſeverally.*

SCENE II.

Enter Poet and Painter.

Pain. As I took note of the place, it can't be far where he abides.

Poet. What's to be thought of him? Does the rumour hold for true, that he is ſo full of gold?

Pain. Certain. Alcibiades reports it; Phrynia and Timandra had gold of him; he likewiſe en-

rich'd poor ſtraggling ſoldiers with great quantity. 'Tis ſaid he gave his ſteward a mighty ſum.

Poet. Then this breaking of his has been but a trial of his friends?

Pain. Nothing elſe: you ſhall ſee him a palm in Athens again, and flouriſh with the higheſt. Therefore 'tis not amiſs we tender our loves to him, in this ſuppos'd diſtreſs of his: it will ſhew honeſtly in us, and is very likely to load our purpoſes with what they travel for, if it be a juſt and true report that goes of his having.

Poet. What have you now to preſent unto him?

Pain. Nothing at this time but my viſitation; only I will promiſe him an excellent piece.

Poet. I muſt ſerve him ſo too; tell him of an intent that's coming toward him.

Pain. Good as the beſt. Promiſing is the very air o' th' time; it opens the eyes of expectation. Performance is ever the duller for his act; and, but in the plainer and ſimpler kind of people, the deed is quite out of uſe. To promiſe is moſt courtly and faſhionable; performance is a kind of will or teſtament, which argues a great ſickneſs in his judgment that makes it.

Re-enter Timon *from his cave, unſeen.*

Tim. Excellent workman! thou canſt not paint a man ſo bad as thyſelf.

Poet. I am thinking what I ſhall ſay I have provided for him. It muſt be a perſonating of himſelf; a ſatire againſt the ſoftneſs of proſperity, with a diſcovery of the infinite flatteries that follow youth and opulency.

Tim. Muſt thou needs ſtand for a villain in thine own work? Wilt thou whip thine own faults in other men? Do ſo, I have gold for thee.

Poet. Nay, let's ſeek him.
Then do we ſin againſt our own eſtate,
When we may profit meet, and come too late.

Pain. True:
While the day ſerves, before black-corner'd night,

Find what thou want'ſt, by free and offer'd light.
Come.
Tim. I'll meet you at the turn.
What a God's gold, that he is worſhipped
In baſer temples than where ſwine do feed!
'Tis thou that rigg'ſt the bark, and plow'ſt the foam;
Settleſt admired rev'rence in a ſlave.
To thee be worſhip, and thy ſaints for ay
Be crown'd with plagues, that thee alone obey!
—'Tis fit I meet them.
Poet. Hail! worthy Timon.
Pain. Our late noble maſter.
Tim. Have I once liv'd to ſee two honeſt men?
Poet. Sir, having often of your bounty taſted,
Hearing you were retir'd, your friends fall'n off,
Whoſe thankleſs natures, (oh abhorred ſpirits!)
Not all the whips of heav'n are large enough—
What! to you!
Whoſe ſtar-like nobleneſs gave life and influence
To their whole being! I am rapt, and cannot
Cover the monſtrous bulk of this ingratitude
With any ſize of words.
Tim. Let it go naked, men may ſee't the better.
You that are honeſt, by being what you are,
Make them beſt ſeen and known.
Pain. He, and myſelf,
Have travell'd in the great ſhower of your gifts,
And ſweetly felt it.
Tim. Ay, you're honeſt men.
Pain. We're hither come to offer you our ſervice.
Tim. Moſt honeſt men! Why, how ſhall I requite you?
Can you eat roots, and drink cold water? no.
Both. What we can do, we'll do, to do you ſervice.
Tim. Y'are honeſt men. You've heard that I have gold;
I'm ſure you have. Speak truth, y'are honeſt men.
Pain. So it is ſaid, my noble Lord; but therefore
Came not my friend, nor I.
Tim. Good honeſt man! thou draw'ſt a counterfeit

Beſt in all Athens; thou'rt, indeed, the beſt;
Thou conterfeit'ſt moſt lively.
Pain. So ſo, my Lord.
Tim. Ev'n ſo, Sir, as I ſay. And for thy fiction,
[*To the Poet.*
Why, thy verſe ſwells with ſtuff ſo fine and ſmooth,
That thou art even natural in thine art.
But for all this, my honeſt-natur'd friends,
I muſt needs ſay you have a little fault;
Marry 'tis not monſtrous in you; neither wiſh I
You take much pains to mend.
Both. Beſeech your Honour
To make it known to us.
Tim. You'll take it ill.
Both. Moſt thankfully, my Lord.
Tim. Will you, indeed?
Both. Doubt it not, worthy Lord.
Tim. There's ne'er a one of you but truſts a knave,
That mightily deceives you.
Both. Do we, my Lord?
Tim. Ay, and you hear him cog, ſee him diſſemble,
Know his groſs patchery, love him, and feed him,
Keep in your boſom, yet remain aſſur'd
That he's a made-up villain *.
Pain. I know none ſuch, my Lord.
Poet. Nor I.
Tim. Look you, I love you well. I'll give you gold.
Rid me theſe villains from your companies;
Hang them, or ſtab them, drown them in a draught †,
Confound them by ſome courſe, and come to me,
I'll give you gold enough.
Both. Name them, my Lord, let's know them.

* That is, a villain that adopts qualities and characters not properly belonging to him; a hypocrite. *Johnſon.*

† That is, in the jakes. *Ib.*

Tim. You that way, and you this. But two in company——
Each man apart, all ſingle and alone,
Yet an arch villain keeps him company.
If where thou art, two villains ſhall not be,
[*To the Painter.*
Come not near him.—If thou wouldſt not reſide
[*To the Poet.*
But where one villain is, then him abandon.
Hence, pack, there's gold; ye came for gold, ye ſlaves.
You have work for me; there is your payment. Hence!
You are an alchymiſt, make gold of that.
Out, raſcal dogs! [*Beating, and driving 'em out.*

SCENE III.

Enter Flavius *and two Senators.*

Flav. It is in vain that you would ſpeak with Timon:
For he is ſet ſo only to himſelf,
That nothing but himſelf, which looks like man,
Is friendly with him.

1 *Sen.* Bring us to his cave.
It is our part and promiſe to th' Athenians
To ſpeak with Timon.

2 *Sen.* At all times alike
Men are not ſtill the ſame; 'twas time and griefs
That fram'd him thus. Time with his fairer hand
Offering the fortunes of his former days,
The former man may make him; bring us to him,
And chance it as it may.

Flav. Here is his cave.
Peace and Content be here. Lord Timon! Timon!
Look out, and ſpeak to friends. Th' Athenians,
By two of their moſt rev'rend ſenate, greet thee.
Speak to them, noble Timon.

Enter Timon *out of his cave.*

Tim. Thou ſun, that comfort'ſt, burn!—Speak, and be hang'd!

For each true word a bliſter, and each falſe
Be cauterizing to the root o' th' tongue,
Conſuming it with ſpeaking!

1 *Sen.* Worthy Timon,——

Tim.——Of none but ſuch as you, and you of Timon.

2 *Sen.* The ſenators of Athens, greet thee, Timon.

Tim. I thank them. And would ſend them back the plague,
Could I but catch it for them.

1 *Sen.* O, forget
What we are ſorry for; ourſelves in thee.
The ſenators, with one conſent of love,
Intreat thee back to Athens; who have thought
On ſpecial dignities, which vacant ly
For thy beſt uſe and wearing.

2 *Sen.* They confeſs
Tow'rd thee forgetfulneſs, too general, groſs;
And now the publick body, which doth ſeldom
Play the recanter, feeling in itſelf
A lack of Timon's aid, hath ſenſe withal
Of its own fall, reſtraining aid to Timon;
And ſends us forth to make their ſorrowed tender,
Together with a recompence more fruitful
Than their offence can weigh down by the dram;
Ay, ev'n ſuch heaps and ſums of love and wealth,
As ſhall to thee blot out what wrongs were theirs;
And write in thee the figures of their love,
Ever to read them thine.

Tim. You witch me in it,
Surprize me to the very brink of tears.
Lend me a fool's heart, and a woman's eyes,
And I'll beweep theſe comforts, worthy ſenators.

Sen. Therefore ſo pleaſe thee to return with us,
And of our Athens, thine and ours, to take
The Captainſhip; thou ſhalt be met with thanks,
Allow'd * with abſolute power, and thy good name
Live with authority.—So ſhall we ſoon drive back
Of Alcibiades th' approaches wild,

* *Allowed* is *licenſed, privileged, uncontrolled.* Johnſon.

Who, like a boar too ſavage, doth root up
His country's peace.
2 *Sen.* And ſhakes his threatning ſword
Againſt the walls of Athens.
1 *Sen.* Therefore, Timon ——
Tim. Well, Sir, I will. Therefore I will, Sir. Thus—
If Alcibiades kill my countrymen,
Let Alcibiades know this of Timon,
That——Timon cares not. But if he ſack fair Athens,
And take our goodly aged men by the beards,
Giving our holy virgins to the ſtain
Of contumelious, beaſtly, mad-brain'd war;
Then let him know—and tell him Timon ſpeaks it,
In pity of our aged, and our youth,
I cannot chuſe but tell him, that—I care not.
And let him take't at worſt. For their knives I care not,
While you have throats to anſwer. For myſelf,
There's not a whittle in th' unruly camp,
But I do prize it at my love, before
The rev'rend'ſt throat in Athens. So I leave you
To the protection of the proſp'rous Gods,
As thieves to keepers *.
Flav. Stay not. All's in vain.
Tim. Why, I was writing of my epitaph;
It will be ſeen to-morrow. My long ſickneſs
Of health and living now begins to mend,
And nothing brings me all things. Go, live ſtill:
Be Alcibiades your plague; you his;
And laſt ſo long enough!
1 *Sen.* We ſpeak in vain.
Tim. But yet I love my country, and am not
One that rejoices in the common wreck,
As common bruit doth put it.
1 *Sen.* That's well ſpoke.
Tim. Commend me to my loving countrymen.

* *Viz.* To be reſerved for condign puniſhment.

Reviſal,

1 *Sen.* Theſe words become your lips, as they paſs thro' them.

2 *Sen.* And enter in our ears, like great triumphers
In their applauding gates.

Tim. Commend me to them.
And tell them, that to eaſe them of their griefs,
Their fears of hoſtile ſtrokes, their aches, loſſes,
Their pangs of love, with other incident throes,
That nature's fragile veſſel doth ſuſtain
In life's uncertain voyage, I will do
Some kindneſs to them, I'll teach them to prevent
Wild Alcibiades' wrath.

2 *Sen.* I like this well, he will return again.

Tim. I have a tree which grows here in my cloſe,
That mine own uſe invites me to cut down,
And ſhortly muſt I fell it. Tell my friends,
Tell Athens, in the ſequence of degree
From high to low throughout, that whoſo pleaſe
To ſtop affliction, let him take his haſte;
Come hither ere my tree hath felt the ax,
And hang himſelf—I pray you do my greeting.

Flav. Vex him no further, thus you ſtill ſhall find him.

Tim. Come not to me again; but ſay to Athens,
Timon hath made his everlaſting manſion
Upon the beached verge of the ſalt flood,
Which once a-day with his embofſed froth
The turbulent ſurge ſhall cover. Thither come,
And let my grave-ſtone be your oracle.
Lips, let four words go by, and language end:
What is amiſs, plague and infection mend!
Graves only be men's works, and death their gain!
Sun, hide thy beams! Timon hath done his reign.

[*Exit* Timon.

1 *Sen.* His diſcontents are unremoveably coupled to his nature.

2 *Sen.* Our hope in him is dead. Let us return,
And ſtrain what other means is left unto us
In our dear peril.

1 *Sen.* It requires ſwift foot, [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Changes to the Walls of Athens.

Enter two other Senators, with a Meſſenger.

1 *Sen.* Thou haſt painfully diſcover'd; are his files
As full as thy report?
Meſſ. I have ſpoke the leaſt.
Beſides, his expedition promiſes
Preſent approach.
2 *Sen.* We ſtand much hazard, if they bring not Timon.
Meſſ. I met a courier, one mine ancient friend;
Who though in general part we were oppos'd,
Yet our old love made a particular force,
And made us ſpeak like friends. This man was riding
From Alcibiades to Timon's cave,
With letters of intreaty, which imported
His fellowſhip i' th' cauſe againſt your city,
In part for his ſake mov'd.

Enter the other Senators.

1 *Sen.* Here come our brothers.
3 *Sen.* No talk of Timon, nothing of him expect.
The enemies' drum is heard, and fearful ſcouring
Doth choak the air with duſt In, and prepare;
Ours is the fall, I fear, our foe's the ſnare.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

Changes to the Woods.

Enter a Soldier, ſeeking Timon.

Sol. By all deſcription this ſhould be the place.
Who's here? ſpeak, ho.—No anſwer?—What is this?

Timon is dead, who hath out-ſtretch'd his ſpan:
Some beaſt read this; here does not live a man.
Dead, ſure, and this his grave; what's on this tomb
I cannot read; the character I'll take with wax;
Our captain hath in every figure ſkill,
An ag'd interpreter, though young in days:
Before proud Athens he's ſet down by this,
Whoſe fall the mark of his ambition is. [*Exit.*

SCENE VI.

Before the Walls of Athens.

Trumpets ſound. Enter Alcibiades *with his Powers.*

Alc. Sound to this coward and laſcivious town
Our terrible approach.

[*Sound a parley. The Senators appear upon the walls.*

'Till now you have gone on, and fill'd the time
With all licentious meaſure, making your wills
The ſcope of juſtice. 'Till now myſelf, and ſuch
As ſlept within the ſhadow of your power,
Have wander'd with our travers'd arms, and breath'd
Our ſufferance vainly. Now the time is fluſh *,
When crouching marrow in the bearer ſtrong
Cries of itſelf, *no more*; now breathleſs Wrong
Shall ſit and pant in your great chairs of eaſe,
And purſy inſolence ſhall break his wind
With fear and horrid flight.

1 *Sen.* Noble and young,
When thy firſt griefs were but a mere conceit,
Ere thou hadſt power, or we had cauſe to fear,
We ſent to thee, to give thy rages balm,
To wipe out our ingratitude with loves
Above their quantity.

2 *Sen.* So did we woo
Tranſformed Timon to our city's love
By humble meſſage, and by promis'd means.

* *Fluſh* is *mature.* Johnſon.

We were not all unkind, nor all deſerve
The common ſtroke of war.

1 *Sen.* Theſe walls of ours
Were not erected by their hands from whom
You have receiv'd your griefs, nor are they ſuch,
That theſe great tow'rs, trophies and ſchools ſhould fall
For private faults in them.

2 *Sen.* Nor are they living
Who were the motives that you firſt went out;
Shame that they wanted cunning, in exceſs
Hath broke their hearts. March on, oh noble Lord,
Into our city with thy banners ſpread;
By decimation and a tithed death,
If thy revenges hunger for that food
Which nature loaths, take thou the deſtin'd tenth;
And by the hazard of the ſpotted dye,
Let die the ſpotted.

1 *Sen.* All have not offended:
For thoſe that were, it is not ſquare to take
On thoſe that are, revenge. Crimes, like to lands,
Are not inherited. Then, dear countryman,
Bring in thy ranks, but leave without thy rage;
Spare thy Athenian cradle, and thoſe kin,
Which in the bluſter of thy wrath muſt fall
With thoſe that have offended. Like a ſhepherd,
Approach the fold and cull th' infected forth,
But kill not all together.

2 *Sen.* What thou wilt,
Thou rather ſhalt enforce it with thy ſmile,
Than hew to't with thy ſword.

1 *Sen.* Set but thy foot
Againſt our rampir'd gates, and they ſhall ope,
So thou wilt ſend thy gentle heart before,
To ſay thou'lt enter friendly.

2 *Sen.* Throw thy glove,
Or any token of thine honour elſe,
That thou wilt uſe the wars as thy redreſs,
And not as our confuſion, all thy powers
Shall make their harbour in our town, till we

Have ſeal'd thy full deſire.
Alc. Then there's my glove.
Deſcend, and open your uncharged ports.
Thoſe enemies of Timon's, and mine own,
Whom you yourſelves ſhall ſet out for reproof,
Fall, and no more; and to atone your fears
With my more noble meaning, not a man
Shall paſs his quarter, or offend the ſtream
Of regular juſtice in your city's bounds,
But ſhall be remedied to public laws
At heavieſt anſwer.
Both. 'Tis moſt nobly ſpoken.
Alc. Deſcend, and keep your words.

Enter a Soldier.

Sol. My noble General, Timon is dead;
Entomb'd upon the very hem o' th' ſea;
And on the grave-ſtone this inſculpture, which
With wax I brought away; whoſe ſoft impreſſion
Interpreteth for my poor ignorance.

[Alcibiades *reads the epitaph.*]

Here lyes a wretched corſe, of wretched ſoul bereft.
Seek not my name: a plague conſume you wicked caitiffs left!
Here ly I, Timon, *who all living men did hate:*
Paſs by, and curſe thy fill, but paſs, and ſtay not here thy gait.

Theſe well expreſs in thee thy latter ſpirits:
Tho' thou abhorr'dſt in us our human griefs,
Scorn'dſt our brains' flow, and thoſe our droplets, which
From niggard nature fall; yet rich conceit
Taught thee to make vaſt Neptune weep for aye
On thy low grave.——On——faults forgiven.——
Dead
Is noble Timon, of whoſe memory
Hereafter more——Bring me into your city,
And I will uſe the olive with my ſword;

Make war breed peace; make peace ſtint war; make each
Preſcribe to other, as each other's leach.
Let our drums ſtrike. [*Exeunt* *.

* The play of Timon is a domeſtic tragedy, and therefore ſtrongly faſtens on the attention of the reader. In the plan there is not much art, but the incidents are natural, and the characters various and exact. The cataſtrophe affords a very powerful warning againſt that oſtentatious liberality, which ſcatters bounty, but confers no benefits, and buys flattery, but not friendſhip.

Johnſon.

END OF VOLUME SEVENTH.

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